

HOME NEWS

—Miss Minnie Gaminou is spending this week on Beaver creek.

—S. B. Moore, Esq., of Edray was in town Monday.

—Miss Mattie Raynos, of Alderson is visiting, Misses Minnie and Mary Beard, on Beaver creek.

—H. P. McLaughlin, Esq., wife, and little son have returned from visiting relatives and friends in Highland county.

—We understand that M. J. McNeel, Esq., of Mill Point, has made application at the County Court for the appointment as Sheriff of Pocahontas County.

—Last week we stated that Mrs. Bettie Yeager, of Traveler's Repose had fallen and broken both legs. Since we have learned that but one leg was broken, and that she is doing well.

—Let everybody rest easy; we don't think there is any immediate danger of war with Germany. If anything of the kind should occur we promise to let our readers know in time to load their carbines.

—One of our most welcome visitors is Jno. B. Alden's Illustrated "Literature," published at 393 Pearl St. N. Y. for 50 cents a year. Subscribe for it.

—The Housekeeper, published at Minneapolis, Minn., 16, 18 & 20 North Fourth St., Semi-Monthly, still visits us regularly. This paper is very cleverly popular with housekeepers.

—The Ladies Home Journal, Published Monthly at 435 Arch Street Philadelphia is one of the very largest and best ladies papers we receive. Terms 50 cents a year. You cannot do better than to subscribe for it.

—Babyhood, a monthly periodical published at No. 5 Beekman Street, N. Y., at \$1.50 per year for the month of February is exceptionally good. The contribution by Dr. Wm. H. Flint on "Common or Winter Colds" deserves special attention.

—We have received the February number of the Cosmopolitan, published by John B. Walker, 363 Fifth Ave. N. Y. Mr. Walker has recently taken charge of this magazine, and will no doubt keep it up to its usual excellence, if we may judge by his past labors.

REWARD.—I shall pay the above amount to any one giving information that will lead to the discovery of the person who has been stealing my wood.

H. S. RUCKER.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. John H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Flats, Feb. 4th and remain 4 days; Edray, Feb. 9th, 8 days; Mill Point, Feb. 20th, 3 days; Huntersville, Feb. 28th, 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all operations in Dentistry. Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine, Gold fillings inserted in artificial teeth, which add very much to their natural appearance.

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A Card of Thanks.

On last Saturday night, a large crowd of our friends from this and adjacent neighborhoods came to the Parsonage and gave us a good "pounding". They "pounded" us with a great variety of weapons in the shape of beef, pork, corn, cabbage, clothing, groceries, &c., &c., and also with the hard cash. We recovered however, from the shock sufficiently to thank them for their liberal donation, but we desire to express our heartfelt thanks to all of our friends through the columns of the TIMES. Special thanks are due to Misses Minnie and Mary Beard for getting up the donation. We also tender our thanks to friends in Huntersville who donated to us, but were not present.

M. M. EVERLY,
Pastor.

—Mr. McGuire, of Addison, the present assessor of Webster county, was at Huntersville this week. His business was to obtain signatures to a petition requesting the Hon. O. P. Dorr to abandon his present tactics, fall into line and be one of his party. No Democrat who was approached with the paper hesitated to add his name.

Accidental Shooting.

Mr. George Halliday, a young Englishman who for some time past has been boarding at the home of H. M. Lockridge, Esq., on Knapp's Creek, was accidentally shot last Thursday. He was at Dr. J. B. Lockridge's at the time the shooting occurred. It seems that he and one Dick Jordan, (Col.) were carelessly handling a pistol when Dick in his effort to "show off" pointed the pistol at Halliday and discharged it. The ball entered Halliday's right side just below his vest and ranged backward, lodging somewhere in the region of the spine behind the hip bone.

He was attended by Drs. Lockridge, Ligon and McClintic. He is doing as well, perhaps as could be expected; but must, of course be in a right critical condition.

Halliday is about seventeen years of age. Dick, the colored boy, about sixteen, but very much of a man in his own opinion.

A Row is Tied.

Our usually quiet town was the scene of some very disorderly conduct on last Saturday night. One Edward Martin who had for some time been boarding at Hotel Pocahontas left a few days ago and took up quarters at the Huntersville Hotel. Saturday night, while under the excitement of little much snake medicine, he concluded to go back to Hotel Pocahontas and "paint it red." Several times he was asked by the proprietor, Mr. Geo. W. Wagner, to leave the house, but Martin refused to obey, saying he would not leave. At last when he found he would be put on his heels he began a promiscuous assault on the inmates of the Hotel. In the difficulty he seized a large iron-stone pitcher that happened to be in the office and threw it across the room striking one Daniel Murry, a boarder, on the right eye, smashing the pitcher and inflicting a very ugly and dangerous wound on Mr. Murry's face. Martin was finally expelled from the office with two black eyes.

Dr. S. P. Patterson was called in to see both Murry and Martin.

On Tuesday morning a warrant for Martin was issued by Justice R. C. Shrader and put into the hands of Constable J. H. Buzzard, who executed the same by arresting said Martin and bringing him before said Justice Shrader for preliminary examination. A number of witnesses were examined at length, when the Court decided that Mr. Martin should give bond in the penalty of \$500, to appear before the next grand jury, in default of which said Martin was committed to jail.

Mr. Murry was at the time paying a short visit to his friend Mr. Conger, a boarder at Hotel Pocahontas.

He seems to be a very quiet, gentlemanly young man, and everybody regrets exceedingly his misfortune.

It is not known as yet how his wound may terminate; at present his condition is somewhat discouraging and it is thought that even if he gets well, he will lose the sight of his eye.

Illinois gamblers are vexed over a question of ownership. A lottery ticket stolen from the mulla and sold to an innocent third party, drew a \$1,000 prize. The party to whom the ticket was sold was not the owner of the ticket. There is no precedent to establish the nature of such property as prizes in a lottery; therefore the judges fear their wigs.

Deacons Delege.

Not much news since the logs have gone out of the ford.

Wm. H. Cackley, of the firm of Cackley & Co., has sold his interest in the Dunmore Store to R. L. Nottingham.

Misses Bullock and Mary Wakenian, arrived here last week from Warren Co., Va. They are first class dressmakers and milliners.

Rev. W. T. Price preached at this place Sunday night.

The ladies about Green Bank and Frost have been making war on the foxes; they have caught seven.

Several schools in this district have closed.

Wm. H. Hull of Green Bank shipped eighteen whole deer to Staunton this winter.

J. P. Woodrill and Geo. C. Cooper have built new houses at Green Bank.

Feb. 4th. 1889.

What a War Would do for Us.

If our government is in the humor to adopt a vigorous foreign policy the Samoan affair offers a very inviting opening.

Without reviewing the causes of the strained relations now existing between this country and Germany, it will be of interest to consider some of the advantages and disadvantages of a foreign war, so far as this country is concerned.

A war of any magnitude, lasting a year or so, with such a power as Germany would keep us busily occupied. The probability is that it would not be altogether a naval warfare. There would be fighting on land and sea, and our weak coast defenses would tempt the enemy to attack our seaboard cities.

Hundreds of thousands of men would be withdrawn from their peaceful occupations, and scarcity of labor and higher wages would necessarily follow. Large army contracts for food, clothing, and munitions of war would keep our industries booming. The government would again flood the country with greenbacks, making flush times and stimulating speculation. Everything would be unsettled, and fortunes would be lost and made in a hurry.

Unexpected events would occur. Germany would make desperate attempt to extend her colonizing policy to this hemisphere. France would be certain to take advantage of the situation by occupying and fortifying the isthmus of Panama. The war, beginning with a squabble over far-off Samoa, would perhaps extend the scope of its operations until it circled the globe. The example of France on the isthmus would be followed by the British in Venezuela, and there would be an odor of gunpowder in every direction.

That the United States would finally come out with flying colors is a safe prediction to make, but it would be a costly triumph in blood and treasure. Then would follow long years of taxation to pay off the increased national debt, years of currency contraction, and last, but not least, a flood of new pension bills.

There are other things to be considered. A foreign war would shake the American people busy their sectional differences, but it would also bring with it widespread demoralization. It would build up and it would destroy. It would enrich, and it would impoverish. It would make our flag feared and respected, but it might excite a war-like spirit that would not rest satisfied for a generation to come.

In view of the past policy of our government, it is not likely that the Samoan trouble will lead to a war with Germany, but it can do no harm to take a long look ahead and estimate the results of such a conflict.—Atlanta Constitution.

There is a movement to revive the old half cent and add it to the currency.

NOTICE.

A reward of \$10 will be paid to any one who may give information leading to the recovery of any of our tools, etc. that have been stolen from the woods or along the railroad.

ST. LAWRENCE BROOM & MFG CO.,
Dunmore, W. Va.

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SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of Nursery Stocks. All new, choice and Fast-growing Specialties. I can furnish PAYING PHILITONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instructions. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Cash free. Apply at once, and secure chains of territory.

EDWARD F. MULLER,
Rocky Mountain, N. Y.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

Jan. 31 1889.

Hinman's Liver Regulator produces no unpleasant effect upon the stomach no matter how long it is taken. A little taken at night insures refreshing sleep and a natural evacuation of the bowels. A little taken in the morning sharpens the appetite, cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath. "I never recommend a medicine unless I know it to be good. In a minority of twenty-five years I have often felt the need of such a medicine, and when I found it I exclaimed: 'Blessed!'"—Rev. J. P. PARKER, Proprietor "Christian Visitor," Smithfield, N. C. 1884.

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction on the 1st day of March, 1889, the following property 225 Sheep mostly ewes, 27 two-year old Cattle, 4 Cows and 1 two-year old bull, 4 horses, one buggy and harness, one cane mill and household and kitchen furniture.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock, a. m. JACOB MCGLAUGHLIN.

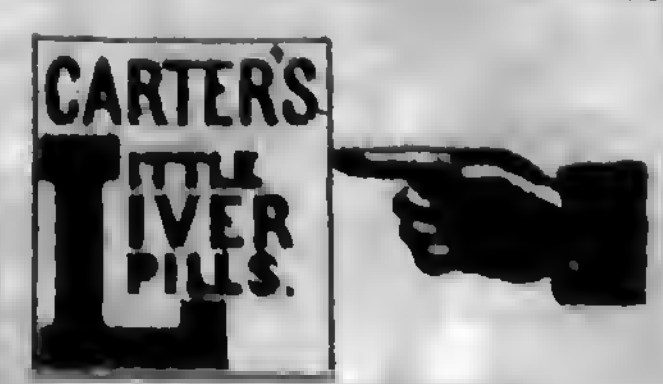
SHOEMAKER'S SHOP.

Huntersville, W. Va. I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done in neat style. J. C. THOMPSON.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste,
JOHN J. BEARD, CLK.
Jan 10 41 Printers fee \$4.63.



CURE SICK HEADACHE

Stick Pinches and relieves all the troubles that result from a bilious state of the system, such as Headaches, Nausea, Dizziness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

ACHE

is the basis of so many great evils that here is where we make our great head. The pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are entirely vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action cleanse the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

And they would be almost certain to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all that head

Jan 10 41

JACOB BOBER

CHEAPEST

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, and the BEST goods.

For his receipt of the 1st of DECEMBER 1888, of the PROCEEDS of the sale of the land, he will you 25 per cent. more than any other store in the county, and exchange goods for produce.

Come and see for yourselves, at Huntersville, W. Va.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 10th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of John W. McNeill's adms'r.

John W. McNeill's Heirs, et al.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in pursuance of the Court House of said County, to sell at public auction in the highest bidder, subject to the terms of the decree therein, on the

5TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889.

the following real estate, situated in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillboro on the Hill's Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeill from James Griffin. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in six and twelve months respectively from date, and a sum will be retained as ultimate security.

E. S. RUCKER, Special Commissioner.

Bond, as required by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, CLK.
Jan. 10 41 Printers fee \$4.71.

Notice to Lien Holders.

To all persons holding liens by Judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. McNeill.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John F. McNeill to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said John F. McNeill, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to meet my office, in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

5TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this 5th day of Jan., 1889.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Jan. 10 41 Printers fee \$3.21.

IF YOU WANT

Letter Heads,
Envelopes,
Business Cards,
Official Blanks,
Posters,
or
Anything
in That Line,
REMEMBER
AT
THE TIMES OFFICE
They may be procured
at
lowest Rates
and of
Best Style
and
QUALITY
TRY US

...and the

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
County Attorney, L. M. McClinton.
Deputy Sheriff, J. J. Beard.
Deputy Sheriff, C. O. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, C. F. Moore.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. Baxter.

TAX COURTS.

County Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

Attorney-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. S. P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Distinguished Business Educator

Prof. Smith, President of the Commercial College of W. Va. University, has received the Gold Medal and Diploma of Honor at the World's Exposition for his work in the Department of Bookkeeping and General Business Education. He is a native of W. Va. and has been a resident of the State for many years. He is a member of the American Association of Business Educators and the National Association of Teachers of Bookkeeping. He is a man of high character and high ability, and his work has been highly praised by the public. He is a man of high character and high ability, and his work has been highly praised by the public.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; Intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWATH'S OINTMENT stops the itching & bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases moves the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases.

DR. J. A. YANE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia.

A Little Hand.

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things,
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But I thank the Lord for his blessings,
And the clasp of a little hand.

A little hand that softly stole
Into my own that day,
When I needed the touch that I love so
To strengthen me on the way.

Softer it seemed than the softest down,
On the breast of the gentlest dove;
But it's timid press and its faint caress
Were strong in the strength of love.

It seemed to say in a strange sweet way:
"I love you and understand,"
And calmed my fears as my hot, heart
Tears.

Fell over that little hand.

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things,
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;
But I thank the Lord for his blessings,
And the clasp of a little hand.

—F. L. STAXON.

The Moon and the Weather.

Adam Forepaugh sat on a nail keg on the elevated seats. "Chicago!" said he, "why Chicago is the greatest show town in the world; and then the moon—why, we've got another week of the moon before the change."

"What's that got to do with it?" the reporter asked.

"A good deal," he answered. "It's a dry moon. Whenever you see a moon lie on its back, it never rains."

The above conversation took place one afternoon, and within thirty-six hours thereafter the first rain in several weeks was falling.

Of all surviving pseudo superstitious, that of the influence of the moon on the weather dies the hardest; not the belief that the (so called) "changes" of the moon are accompanied or followed by changes in the condition of the terrestrial atmosphere is still to be found among a very large number indeed of otherwise educated and enlightened people. A recent writer in The English Mechanic has examined the grounds of this belief and attributes it to the weather predictions in the almanacs of the early part of the century.

As to the moon "changing," one would imagine, to hear the majority of people talk, that a "change" of the moon is in some sense cognate with a conjuring trick, in which the performer, after showing that he has nothing in his hand, instantaneously produces an egg, an orange, or a bull from it. Now nothing could well be farther from the truth than this, the fact being that the moon is always changing—10 seconds after it she is waxing, and so throughout her monthly path. When her (celestial) longitude is identical with that of the sun she is said in the almanac to be "new," when such longitude differs 90 degrees from the sun's toward the east she is in her "first quarter," when they are separated by 180 degrees the moon is "full," and when she has traveled to that point in her orbit in which she is 90 degrees to the west of the sun she is said to be in her "last quarter." In each case it being assumed that she is viewed from the earth's center. The use of the word "change," then, in connection with her position in these four points of her orbit, is a solecism, pure and simple.

"But," people are heard to say, "as the moon influences the tides, why should it not affect the atmosphere too?" To which the immediately obvious reply is that the tides are a semi-diurnal phenomenon, and that, on this principle, the weather ought to change twice a day also—a conclusion too absurd to be on the face of it.

no minute an under ordinary circumstances, to be masked by other fluctuations. The existence of these atmospheric tides, which are definitely established by the observations of the late Professor Daniell, but if these minute tides influenced the weather in the slightest degree it must change twice a day—a supposition too ridiculous to merit notice.

The "moon on her back," as a weather sign would appear to be, a good deal like the old woman's indigo test—if the dye was pure "it would either sink or swim, she disremembered which." Mr. Forepaugh says it's a "dry moon," but in many parts of the country, and uniformly in England, the belief prevails that when the young moon is "lying on her back"—in other words, when the line joining her cusps is nearly or quite parallel to the horizon she is "holding water," and rain will certainly follow. How either belief arose it would be idle to speculate, but the explanation of the phenomenon itself is sufficiently simple. In the outset the moon is never much more than 4 degrees either to the north or south of the ecliptic, or apparent annual path of the sun through the heavens. Now the line adjoining her cusps (the sharp points of her crescent) is always square to a great circle passing through the sun and the moon. Two minutes' study of a celestial globe will show how variable is the inclination of the ecliptic to the horizon, and consequently that of the line joining the cusps of the moon also.

Finally, the most elaborate comparisons of meteorological records made in France and in England (where the Greenwich observations for forty years were carefully collated with the moon's phases during that period) have sufficed to show that no connection whatever exists between them. The solitary observable effect of the moon upon our atmosphere was believed by Sir John Herschel to be exhibited in the tendency to disappearance of cloud under the full moon, and this he attributed to the heat radiated from her surface. (Chicago News.)

Preserve the Forests.

One of the most important questions with which our national and state legislatures have to deal, and yet one that is too generally neglected, is that of the preservation of our forests. Independent of the fact that they add to the wealth of the nation at the rate of \$700,000,000 annually, or ten times more than the output of all of our gold and silver mines—which alone ought to secure for them proper care—the significant conclusions reached by scientific men, to the effect that they determine, to a great extent, the climate and the hygienic conditions of our country, and regulate the distribution of moisture and the character of both our great and small water ways, certainly place the preservation of our timbered lands among the subjects that should receive the early, constant and careful consideration of our legislators.

It is estimated by experts who have devoted much time and thought to the inquiry that at least 10 per cent. of the entire agricultural region of any country should remain permanently in forests. Twenty years ago it was asserted that the annual clearance of wood-land throughout the United States amounted to 10,000,000 of acres,

it is not only the ax that is destructive to forests, but browsing animals and fires are quite as detrimental.

To these injurious agencies must be added the enterprising and unscrupulous railroad contractor, who annually destroys 30,000,000 vigorous young trees in his quest for fuel. Taking these and other enemies of our forests into account, it will be seen that but for the energetic action of our national and state governments the terrible calamity of the entire sweeping away of the natural covering of the soil would be among the possible events of the future—a disaster that would, in half a century, reduce the greater part of the continent to the condition of a desert incapable of supporting man or beast.

Nor is this a mere flight of the imagination. It may seem to the superficial observer to verge on the extravagant to talk of a possible timber famine in a country so new as ours, and one that was so lately reclaimed from the "forest primeval," but it is an undeniable fact that we are cutting down our trees far more rapidly than we are planting them, and although our inheritance of timber has been great, such a policy steadily adhered to in the future can lead to but one result. To bring about a better state of things, an intelligent public sentiment ought to be created, and business men and farmers should be informed how intimately their prosperity is bound up with the preservation of the wooded land.

They should be made to understand that by the effect of the forests on the water courses the entire navigation, and much of the transportation system of the country is regulated. Manufacturers are also largely dependent for the "water supply" for their factories and mills on the wisdom that protects the timber lands where these streams take their rise and through which they flow. No profitable milling could be done where the water course was a torrent during one-fourth of the year and a dry bed for the remainder of the season.

It is encouraging to note that the subject is now receiving practical consideration in many localities, and especially in this state and in Pennsylvania. The report of the New York forestry commission, presented to the legislature, contains many interesting facts and valuable suggestions; while the Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania is actively engaged in spreading the facts before the people. The establishment of "schools of forestry," in accordance with the plan that has worked so admirably in Germany, is earnestly recommended, together with other measures all tending to further the end in view. On one point all authorities seem agreed—that it is now time to limit the timber resources of a country over to private parties, leaving them independent of all government control. At one time this state owned every acre of the Adirondack region, but this noble domain was given away with a reckless liberality that is scarcely credible, and what it now possesses it has gained through tax sales, while its character, the land speculators being engaged in a constant struggle to procure a cancellation of the title. The wholesale purchase of forest lands from individual owners is urged by the commission, to remedy this state of things, and to prevent the stock of timber in the state

Another Desert Dreaming.

The Australian desert, which was once supposed to cover the larger part of the interior of that continent is giving the eye of the explorer a picture that has failed to stand the test of exploration. Just as the early explorers of the continent of Australia filled all the regions that had not been visited with unmitigable winter, so a great part of inner Australia has been represented as utterly valueless to man. The facts in this illimitable desert was somewhat shaken in 1872, when Gibb found Amadeus Lake, 200 miles long, at its geographical center, and the few explorers who have since visited inner Australia have whittled off great sections of the desert and put forests and streams where only sand was supposed to be.

Sir Samuel Davenport, in an address at Adelaide a short time ago, said that the recent travels of Messrs. Lindsay and Tietkens had proven that inner Australia was by no means a Saharan waste, and, though now uninhabited, it was capable of supporting a large population. They found not only wide regions covered with luxuriant grass, but also mineral deposits that are certain to attract attention. Almost in the geographical center of the continent Tietkens found a great large silver whose head waters were on the northern slopes of mountain ranges. The rivers flowed north and as far as he traced them he found a great deal of large and valuable timber a long their banks.

Lindsay's investigation between 18° and 24° south latitude resulted in some surprising discoveries. In the McDannell range of mountains he found granite and rubbles and abundant indications that mining in this region for precious stones will be highly profitable. On Tennant's Creek he found gold-bearing quartz in abundance, and he brought home stories of almost boundless pasture lands, of water in abundance, and of deep, blue lakes, one of which, some 300 miles north of Amadeus Lake, is of large and as yet unknown extent. His explorations covered a region extending several hundred miles north and south, and both east and west of his route stretches a vast and wholly unknown region that gives promise of being equally inviting.

The great railroad which is to extend across the continent from north to south, through the eastern part of the country once supposed to be a desert, will much facilitate the work of exploration; and although inner Australia has been sadly neglected by travelers, it will not be many years before the last of her geographical secrets is revealed. This railroad is now in operation for 600 miles north of Adelaide. Track laying is pushing steadily on and the line is growing southward also from Port Darwin, its northern terminus. An exploring party has just been sent out by the Geographical Society of Australia to more fully explore the region, of which our first accounts have been so unexpectedly gratifying. —N. Y. Sun.

Not so favorable.—Douglas Williams—Brudler Jones, how did your son come outen de trial?

Brudler Jones: De Judge dose give 'im two minuts in de juryal.

"Pears for me like as if you might be powerful thankful. He got off mighty light, he did."

B. B. LORRY.

C. F. MOORE

LONRY & MOORE,



C. F. NOORE, Editor.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1m.	3m.	6m.	1yr.
One bush	1 00	2 10	2 10	2 10
Three do.	3 00	4 00	0 00	10 00
One column	3 00	0 00	10 00	17 00
Half vol's	5 00	12 00	24 00	30 00
One vol's	10 00	24 00	30 00	30 00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional day.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.40 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Mantersville, W. Va.

Feb. 14, 1889

PORR.

Mr. C. P. Dorr, we presume is now one of the best advertised men in the country. For the last few weeks he has been discussed in private and in public, by friend and by foe. For sometime we have been waiting for Mr. Dorr to explain his position on the Senatorial question; at last he has attempted to do this, but to us his explanation is as inconsistent and unsatisfactory as his conduct.

He endeavors to excuse the stand he has taken against Senator Kenna on the alleged ground that Kenna is responsible for the apparent democratic loss in this State and should therefore be retired. But he goes on to say that he would vote for Kenna, if he knew he could be elected which he says is impossible, as he knows that several persons are voting for him who would not if they thought it would elect him.

Now look at the fallacy of his reasoning.

In the first place Mr. Dorr has given us no proof to support his allegation that Mr. Kenna has proven a failure as a leader, nor that he is at all responsible for the decline of democracy in this State. It is a mere assertion of Mr. Dorr's opinion, while on the other hand numbers of our public men with as much political experience and insight as Mr. Dorr strenuously repudiate the charge. But if you please, grant that the charge is true, still is his explanation grossly inconsistent. He claims to oppose Kenna because Kenna would destroy the democratic party, and yet says he would support him if he knew he could be elected. In other words, he is patriotic enough to defend his party against the destructive rule of John E. Kenna so long as it is not in his power to put him in a position to rule; but, if it were possible for him by his vote to elect this man, Kenna, who he declares to have been so destructive to the interests of the democratic party when he would vote for him, Mr. Dorr should first of all respect the wish of his constituency, which is almost unanimous for John E. Kenna; but failing to do that, if he opposes Kenna on the ground of unfitness, then he should oppose him consistently and not only at such times as he knows it is impossible to elect him.

Again, if it be true 'as Dorr asserts, that some are voting for Kenon who would not if they believed he could be elected, the only proper way for Mr. Dorr to clear his skirts is to vote with his party and put the responsibility where it belongs. Let him show the people who these deceivers are by casting his vote for Kenon and thus make it necessary that an election be effected or that these pretended friends of Kenon show themselves.

It would seem too that Mr. Dorr

[illegible]

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. J. Beard.
Deputy Sheriff, C. O. Arbogast.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannah.
Geo. P. Moore.
Com'r. Co. A.
Geo. Sawyer, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. BUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ABSUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

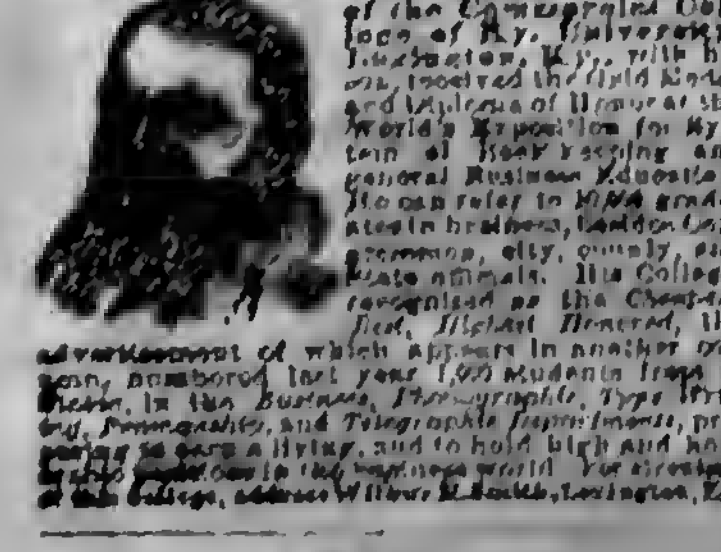
W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. I. M. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. S. P. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Distinguished Business Educator



Prof. Smith, Principal of the Commercial College of Ky., with his wife, received the gold medal awarded to him at the World's Exposition for his work in the department of Commercial Education. He has been a member of the National Association of Business Educators, and has been elected to the position of President of the Association for the year 1888-89. He is a native of Kentucky, and has spent most of his life in that State. He is a man of high character, and his work has been of great benefit to the community. He is a man of high character, and his work has been of great benefit to the community. He is a man of high character, and his work has been of great benefit to the community.

Beard, in the 79th year of his age. In the death of Joseph Beard Pocahontas county loses one of her oldest and most respected citizens, whose long and eventful life is honorably and inseparably identified with the history of the county. He was born in Greenbrier county, W. Va. on the 24th day of Sept., 1810, and removed to Pocahontas county in the year 1857. Early in life he was united in marriage to Mattie Jordan, daughter of John Jordan, Esq., with whom he happily lived till the day of his death, and who now survives him, an aged and lonely widow. As the issue of this marriage were born three children; one son, John J. Beard, the present Clerk of the Courts of Pocahontas county, and two daughters, Mrs. Isaac McNeel, and Mrs. Wm. L. McNeel, now deceased.

In the year 1883 Mr. Beard made a profession of religion and connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1844 when the division came, Joseph Beard without hesitation cast his lot with the M. E. Church, South.

His life was marked with unusual energy and activity, but in no enterprise was this more manifest than in his labors for his Church. He was not a religious enthusiast, nor specially demonstrative, but incessantly gave those better and more substantial evidences of a firm and abiding faith in Christ and his Church. In the prosecution of church work of every kind, he was always ready to do his part, and ever slow to suggest to others their duty when the occasion demanded. He was a man of firm convictions and decided opinions, yet ever maintained a liberal respect for the belief of others. There never lived more sincere man; deceit had no place in the make up of his character. Indeed his habit of telling the truth plainly, and his outspoken manner in commending the good and reproving evil sometimes furnished those who were not well acquainted with him to think him, in some matters a harsh man, but he was not so; underneath the surface of bold belief and rigid candor was hidden a heart as tender as the heart of a child, the sympathies of which responded to the gentlest touch. His generosity and hospitality were proverbial, the friend of the stranger were ever his welcome guests, nor did he ever weary sharing the comforts of his home with as many as chose to partake of them. He was possessed of a peculiarly lumpy nature; haughtiness nor humility could never hold for any time his cheerful spirit. It was his rule to always live neat and to be satisfied with the result. He will long and widely be missed, he was affectionate and indulgent toward his kindred, and true in his friendship. He was a good and faithful citizen, ever ready to contribute in any manner to the good of his city and of his country. But what of all will be missed by his death, whose interests were fastened to his heart. His life is ended, but his memory will live on.

Barbering Gills.

My former article on the above subject seems to have excited one writer to, not only imitate it, but to suggest two more very important improvements in the comfort, safety and good appearance of other domestic animals. Such as the dressing of hogs and shepherding mules. Nothing can be plainer than the duty, if not the obligation of the proposer of these two improvements.

these highly desired improvements. The genius that prompted the suggestion ought to be equal to the execution or invention of plan of operation. I am still in favor of dehorning cattle and have practical proof to show its merits every day. I have just learned from a reliable source that my friend, Dick Halmouson, of Kansas has removed the horns from 3,000 cattle last fall. I am running in some boundary horses, cows and bulls, with perfect safety, and now, after two months test, my animals look well in order, better in appearance and decidedly more comfortable to themselves and me. So far as I am interested, horns will have to go. The present hard times and dullness of the cattle market, demands a thoughtful consideration of every economical device or plan by which our farmers and stockmen may reduce their expenses and handle their stock to better advantage. I think this one step in that direction. I will now suggest one or two more, and would be very happy to have other and wiser heads to make an expression of their views and opinions thereby benefitting their fellow men and making the TIMES, a necessity to every family in the county.

But few farmers in this locality that do not use fertilizers and believe that they pay, notwithstanding the heavy tax they are subject to. What tax! Profits of the middle men, perhaps the largest. Then excessive freight. To illustrate—none of our middlemen will handle and sell for less than a live dollar profit per ton, (often more,) then they secure another profit by charging their customers rates of freight per 100 lbs when they get reduced rates per car-load of 10 tons. If you pay \$40.00 per ton at the railroad to an agent, you can very readily see that you are paying \$5.00 to \$7.00 for agents profits and high freight then if you buy on time, 10 per cent. to add on cost. The remedy is this, let our farmers pool their orders, select one of their number to get manufacturers to make bids for the order, and by paying spot cash, get their fertilizers \$10.00 to \$12.00 per ton less. We all have ourselves to blame for a great deal unnecessary tax. A co-operative style of buying and groceries, if nothing else would run down the expense of the farmer very materially every year. Salt now by car-load will only cost \$1.30 per sack instead of \$1.75 or \$1.80.

F. A. REXBUR,

Alderson vs. County Commissioners.

Now that the fourth of March is rapidly drawing near, by which time the law requires that the governor shall issue his certificates to the congressional electors from this State, and in view of the fact that our Republican friends are obtaining that McGinnis will undoubtedly represent this district in Congress for the next four years, it may perhaps be well to review this somewhat celebrated case. In the beginning, when the recount was demanded by Mr. Alderson, the county commissioners refused to allow him to appear by counsel, to introduce witnesses or to cross examine witnesses introduced by the Republicans, and refused to sign bills of exceptions until the supreme court, by a unanimous, required them to make a record. When Mr. Alderson procured an injunction restraining the county court from certifying the result of the recount, the

certiorari proceedings, the commissioners violated the injunction and certified the returns to the governor. That injunction is still in force. Judge Guthrie dissolved it, but Mr. Alderson took an appeal to the supreme court, where the case is still pending. As soon as possible after the bills of exceptions were signed, Alderson appealed to Judge Guthrie for a writ of certiorari, which he awarded, and the clerk of his court, who by the way, is a Republican, was directed to issue a writ to the county commissioners, directing them to send up their record for review. The writ was not issued until about ten days after it was awarded. The record of the county court was copied and compared with the original, and the copy furnished to the commissioners to certify. The Star has it from a reliable source that the commissioners kept the copy in their hands for ten days before delivering it to the clerk of the circuit court. Alderson's counsel demanded an immediate hearing of the case, but the court at the instance of counsel for McGinnis, postponed the case until February 1st. When that time arrived, McGinnis' counsel asked further delay, they well knowing that Judge Guthrie had to go to Mason county to hold court there, on the following Monday. The case was argued for Alderson, and Judge Guthrie took the papers stating that the other side would be allowed to argue, and that the case would probably be decided when the term of court in Mason was over. No reflection is intended by the Star, upon Judge Guthrie, but everything goes to show that there has been a desire on the part of McGinnis' counsel to delay the proceedings as much as possible, in order to prevent Mr. Alderson from having Judge Guthrie's decision, should it be adverse to him, reviewed by the supreme court, before the 4th of March. Mr. McGinnis' counsel and friends think their case in the best shape possible, and they are afraid of the superior court, well knowing that the partisan action of the county court, must be reversed. The certificate now in the hands of the governor, from this county, is certainly void, and we feel sure that Governor Wilson will do what he conscientiously believes to be right in the premises. We would not presume to even suggest what he should do, but we can see but one course open, and that is, to issue a certificate before the fourth of March disregarding the certificate of the Kanawha county commissioners, regarding the result of the recount made by them. Mr. Alderson is elected by a majority of sixteen, to give him the benefit of the recount. The bill of exceptions shows this to be true, and it seems to us that the recount is further evidence of the true result than a certificate made void by an injunction and certiorari proceedings. —Charleston Star.

Now they say we'll have to fight Portugal. Well if nothing else will do, I think Sam can slip far out of existence some morning before breakfast.

National Library at Washington. The *Alderson* is a very curious work. It has some of the most valuable books ever published in America. And among these is the first American Bible printed in the European tongue in this country. It is a German Bible, which was printed at Germantown in 1743 and a Mr. Bepford has it at a book auction about two years ago. It is kept in a box like case in one of the alcoves of the ground floor, and is truly a curiosity. Though not as thick as Webster's Dictionary, it weighs about 150 lbs., and though printed over 120 years ago, it is still in good condition. It is about six inches thick and eight inches wide, by ten or twelve inches long. It is bound in oak boards, covered with a rich brown leather, and on its corners there are heavy brass bosses, with little heads jutting out of them to keep the leather from resting on the table. Its clasps are of leather, with brass fasteners, and its paper now yellow with age, is printed in queer old German type. The first page is in colors and on the fly-leaves there are several genealogical records. It was originally owned by a German, but in 1793 it was bought by Rachel Rittenhouse, a member, I doubt not, of the old Rittenhouse family of Philadelphia. Another Bible that the library has is that printed for the Indians by John Eliot in 1663. This is the first Bible printed in America. It was printed in Cambridge, and in the Indian tongue. The library has a chapter devoted to Bibles, and the chapter of theological works is the largest one in the library. I looked at this big book-case of Bibles the other day; they are of all sizes and shapes, from the little vest-pocket edition to one big enough almost for a mounting block for horses. They are in all dialects, and languages, and the Chinese Bibles look like so many bunches of manilla wrapping paper. The print of these Bibles is as queer as the languages in which they are printed, and they have every style of types, from the illuminated script of the monks of the middle ages to the common print of to day.

The manuscripts of the National library include many valuable autographs. Among them are two autograph journals of George Washington, one of which was made during Braddock's expedition and one in 1787, at Mt. Vernon. Here is a private journal of Arthur Lee while he was minister to France, at the breaking out of the revolution, and there are two volumes of an original military journal of Maj Gen. Greene, written now over 40 years ago.

The National library was founded about 1800, and the first installment of books was sent to Washington in trunks. They were ordered from London, and they cost altogether \$5,000. Frank G. Carpenter in the Cosmopolitan.

The grand jury in Birmingham, Ala., has declined to indict Sheriff Smith, or any of his posse, for the killing of the persons who, with others, attacked the jail in that place on the night of the 18th of December last. The grand jury was three weeks investigating the matter and examined over two hundred witnesses. This is doubtless the end of the prosecutions against the Sheriff and his assistants.

The New York street car strike has been settled, and the cars are running again.

THE SOUTHERN STATES. S. B. LEURY. C. F. MOORE. LOURY & MOORE, PROPRIETORS. C. F. MOORE, Editor.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 21, 1889.

THE SITUATION.

The latest from Charleston shows that C. P. Dorr, of Webster county is solely responsible for all further delay in settling the Senatorial question.

On the last two ballots taken the three labor delegates, who had previously been voting for men of their own party divided their votes between Kenna and Goff; Carr and Merrell voting for Goff and Harr for Kenna.

Of the 85 votes cast Goff received 42 and Kenna 42, leaving the matter to be decided by Dorr, who threw away the opportunity by voting for W. T. Lee.

When the democratic majority is so meager and the danger in delay so obvious, there could be no explanation made of Mr. Dorr's conduct that would satisfy his constituency or the party at large. His action is a gross and shameful betrayal of political faith. Whatever his motive may be, persistency in his present course must subject him to suspicions not to be evaded.

When we remember that the strongest appeal made to the people who elected him was that he was the nominee of his party, and that his large following was due to the very same reason; it is exceedingly difficult to understand how Mr. Dorr, in the face of these things, can presume to set himself up in opposition the party's nominee for the Senate, and in opposition to the voice of the democratic party of the state. No amount of explanation or excuse can suffice to justify him in the opinion of the public.

It is greatly to be deplored that the power to decide between Goff and Kenna has fallen into the hands of a man who so lightly regards his pledges virtually and absolutely made to the people who were the means of his elevation.

Mr. Dorr may talk of Kenna's destroying the party, but in our opinion the recent conduct of Mr. Dorr has done the democracy of Pocahontas county more harm in a day than Kenna has done in his entire life time.

Ex-United States Senator Comden of this State, has just completed the formation of two companies to further develop the coal fields of the State. One is the Monongahela Railroad Company and the other the Upper Monongahela Coal and Coke Company. The capital stock of \$2,000,000 has been all subscribed. Traffic arrangements have been made with the Baltimore & Ohio which it is expected will prove of mutual benefit.

General Stephen D. Lee is nominated for Governor of Mississippi. The old soldiers remember this brilliant soldier, who was a corps commander in Johnson's army after having made a splendid record in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Troubles have existed among the Samoans since 1830. In that year the German Commercial and Plantation Society at Apia, or, rather, its predecessor, the firm of Godefroy, of Hamburg, stood on the side of Malleton, a chief belonging to one of the most distinguished families of Samoa. Throughout the succeeding twenty years the foreigners who settled in Samoa—Americans, Englishmen and Germans—sought, by taking sides with or against Malleton, to strengthen respect for their respective nations, and thereby increase their commerce. In 1878 the United States, which had previously obtained a concession of a magnificent harbor in the Samoa Islands and established a coaling station there, made a treaty with Samoa. The local government in 1879 being a state of great confusion, Sir Arthur Gordon, as Queen Victoria's commissioner in the Western Pacific, established King Malleton firmly on the throne and issued a proclamation. This proclamation was followed by a treaty with Malleton, dated August 18, 1878. In the same year Germany also made a treaty with Malleton. The treaties entered into between the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Samoa were treaties of friendship and reciprocity, agreed to for the purpose of promoting the trade which American, English and German merchants had gone to the remote Samoan Islands to establish. It was understood and agreed upon among the treaty powers that the independence and neutrality of these islands should be forever preserved. While America and England have remained consistent to the treaty obligations and have recognized Malleton as the legitimate ruler, the policy of the Germans has been a wavering one. At one time they would recognize Malleton as King, at another they would take sides with the opposing King. In 1884 King Malleton was coerced into an agreement with the German Government and sent a protest about it to the German Emperor. Following the protest there was sent a petition to the English Queen, signed by nearly all the Samoan chiefs, praying for annexation to Great Britain on the ground, among others, that they were afraid of being forcibly annexed by the Germans. In 1885 and again in 1886 further attempts were made by Germany to seize the sovereignty of the Samoan Islands, but each time the attempt was successfully resisted by the British and American representatives.

In the autumn of 1886 a German named Brandels appeared in Apia. The public was given to understand that he was in the service of the German Commercial and Plantation Society. Among the employees of this firm, however, it was known that he had been selected to be the Minister of Malleton's rival, Tamasese, Brandels at once began to study local conditions, and worked at times at the German Consulate, made himself familiar with the business and social relations of Apia, and then went to the home of Tamasese, in the immediate vicinity of the great cotton and coconut plantation of the German Commercial and Plantation Society. There a house was built and furnished by this society for Brandels, and there he stayed, with out it being publicly known, as the adviser of Tamasese and perfecting himself in the Samoan language. Tamasese and his adherents were then amply supplied with money and munitions. At the beginning of 1887, within a brief period, hundreds of muskets were sent through the German Commercial and Plantation Society and through Brandels to Tamasese's party. A little later a German fleet of four or five ships was at anchor in the

the German Consul wrote to Malleton complaining that German settlers had been attacked by the natives on March 22 of that year, and that from time to time during the previous four years the German plantations had been damaged to the amount of thousands of dollars a year. A heavy demand for compensation was made for the damage to the plantations, without a single item of particulars being given to the Samoan King. The monstrous demand was made that the sum claimed for compensation should be paid the next day—a demand which in such a country, it was practically impossible to meet. The King wrote, promising an answer in three days, and the reply given by the German commander was the landing on the next day of seven hundred troops from his squadron, and the landing of a proclamation in the name of the Government of Germany, declaring Tamasese King of Samoa. At the same time Malleton was deported, first to Hamburg, then to Bremerhaven, was lodged and boarded under police supervision at Lehr, a suburb of Bremerhaven, and then was taken to Anstruth on board the steamship Necker, by a German naval officer.

The native opposition to Tamasese, or to the Bruileir-Tamasese Government, as it is called, renewed its climax on September 9, 1888, on which date they crowned Matafafa, a legitimate successor to Malleton, King of Samoa, with the title of Malleton, Toota Matafafa. Notices of the event were at once sent to the American English and German Consuls, the French priest, and to Tamasese. Matafafa is still at the head of the Government and is doing all in his power to keep it out of the hands of Tamasese and his German allies. The position of the United States to-day is contained in the following instructions which Secretary Whitney telegraphed to Admiral Kimberly at Pohnia on January 11:

"You will proceed at once to Samoa and extend full protection to American interests, citizens and property. You will consult with the American Vice-Consul, examine his archives and otherwise inform yourself as to the situation and all recent occurrences. You will protest against the subjugation of the native Samoan Government by Germany as in violation of positive agreement and understanding between the treaty powers, and inform the representatives of the British and German Governments of your readiness to co-operate in ensuring all treaty rights to be respected, and in restoring peace and order on the basis of recognition of Samoan rights to independence; endeavor to prevent extreme measures against the Samoans."

The coprah trade of Samoa seems to be the cause of all the present trouble. Coprah, the dried kernel of the coconut, is the staple commodity of the Samoan Islands, and it is of all the islands of the Western Pacific. In 1885 the exports of this article for German account were estimated at the value of \$225,742. The competition of four American houses has greatly irritated the German traders, their profits being thereby much decreased.

President Cleveland has appointed Col. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, as Inspector General of the United States army, with rank of brigadier general, and the appointment has been confirmed by the senate.

A. E. Stevenson, at present holding the position of First Assistant Postmaster General, has been appointed to the place upon the Bench of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia made vacant by the death of Judge Morrell.

There is one thing left to console us; they can't call him Dorr of Pocahontas, but he must be spoken of as Dorr of Webster.

On the last ballot for U. S. Senator Mr. Dorr of Webster County, voted for Mr. Dorr.

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are surprised by the results. Those who are in the habit of doing their work that can be done at home should at once send orders to Hallett & Co., Baltimore, and receive free full instructions either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 per day and upwards when they live. You are started for free, no money required. Some have made \$100 a day in this work. All money

There's One for Consumption is also the best Cough Medicine.

If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this early means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

There's Remedy for Coughs is the best, Rapid to Use, and Cheapest.

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a permanently cured consumptive is pronounced by doctors. If you have pulmonary symptoms such as Cough, Difficulty of breathing, don't delay, but use **Disol's Cure** for CONSUMPTION immediately. By Druggists. 25 cents.

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Send for a free copy of this book. It contains every remedy for all the troubles of the Throat and Lungs. One cent a day will cure you.

Pocahontas,

WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.

W. VA.

and assumed con-

Pocahontas, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,

GEO. W. WAGNER.

—Dr. G. L. Austin, of Green Bank, was in town Monday night.

—On Monday there was a considerable rise in the waters in this section. The lumbermen were busily engaged driving logs.

—Messrs. John J. Beard and C. F. Moore, with their families, were down at Hillsboro last week attending the funeral of Mr. Joseph Beard.

—James Grimes and Mrs. Jacob Key, living near Mill Point, are both on the sick list. Dr. Matthew McNeill is attending.

—Geo. R. Curry, Esq., of Hillsboro, steps higher than ever and won't speak to common people. Another big boy at his house.

—Mr. Peck, President of the Beaver Lick Lumber Company, was in Huntersville Monday looking after the interests of his company.

—Mr. John R. Slavin, who has been sick at the Huntersville Hotel for some time died just a few minutes before the paper for this week went to press—Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 2:30 p. m.

—We are informed that H. M. Lockridge, Esq., has for some days been suffering from a renewal of his old trouble, rheumatism.

—N. J. Brown, Esq., Mill Point's enterprising merchant, is keeping up well with the times. He has a full line of spring goods already displayed in his store.

—George Haliday, the young man who was accidentally shot some two weeks ago is said to be doing as well as could be expected.

—Daniel O. Connell, Esq., who is associated with the Cumberland Lumber Company, spent several days in Huntersville last week. Before a great while he contemplates locating in this vicinity and says he intends to run one of the best Buckwheat Mills in the Country.

—Our efficient Constable, James L. Buzzard, while crossing Thorny creek last Monday, narrowly escaped being drowned. His untimely fall and fell, throwing Mr. Buzzard into the water. Fortunately he was thrown near a fence, by means of which he succeeded in getting ashore.

—The Delineator for March is fully up to its usual excellence. The publishers of this magazine spare no pains nor expense to make their publication what the ladies demand. It's one of the very best illustrated periodicals in the country. Price \$1.00 per year. Published by The Butterick Publishing Co., 7 & 11 West Thirtieth St., N. Y.

A CARD OF THANKS.—I desire to express my thanks to the people of Huntersville, and others, for the kindness shown me during my recent affliction at Hotel Pocahontas. I shall ever remember it with sincere gratitude.

DANIEL MURRY.

—A horse happenings. Heavy rain and plenty of mud, Mr. R. I. Holt is off on a trip to the State.

—Miss Doshie Sharp, of Douthard's creek, entered last week as a pupil of the H. M. and F. Academy.

—Messrs. John Hill, of Kansas and William Beard, of Missouri, are visiting friends and relatives at this place.

—Miss Lena Hill, of Jacob, entered this morning as a pupil of the H. M. and F. Academy.

—We had four trials in town last Saturday. I tell you a man has to walk straight while he stays in town now.

—The Hillsboro division of the gods of Temperance are gaining ground every day, and doing an excellent work at this place.

—Died, on last Thursday morning, Mr. Joseph Beard, of Hillsboro, of Rheumatism of the chest. Mr. Beard was an aged and respected citizen and a

South. A deeply sympathetic and friendly spirit, and a true friend to his sorrowing relatives, but we feel that his home is now with the Most.

PRUNELLA.

Died.

At his home in Hillsboro, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on the 14th day of Feb. 1889, Joseph Beard, in the 79th year of his age.

In the death of Joseph Beard Pocahontas county loses one of her oldest and most respected citizens, whose long and eventful life is honorably and inseparably identified with the history of the county. He was born in Greenbrier county, W. Va. on the 20th day of Sept., 1810, and removed to Pocahontas county in the year 1857. Early in life he was united in marriage to Mattie Jordan, daughter of John Jordan, Esq., with whom he happily lived till the day of his death, and who now survives him, an aged and lonely widow. As the issue of this marriage were born three children; one son, John J. Beard, the present Clerk of the Courts of Pocahontas county, and two daughters, Mrs. Isaac McNeel, and Mrs. Wm. L. McNeel, now deceased.

In the year 1883 Mr. Beard made a profession of religion and connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1844 when the division came, Joseph Beard without hesitation cast his lot with the M. E. Church, South.

His life was marked with unusual energy and activity, but in no enterprise was this more manifest than in his labors for his Church. He was not a religious enthusiast, nor specially demonstrative, but unceasingly gave those better and more substantial evidences of a firm and abiding faith in Christ and his church. In the prosecution of church work of every kind, he was always ready to do his part, and never slow to suggest to others their duty when the occasion demanded. He was a man of firm convictions and decided opinions, yet ever maintained a liberal respect for the belief of others. There never lived a more sincere man; deceit had no place in the make up of his character. Indeed his habit of telling the truth plainly, and his outspoken candor in commending the good and reproving evil sometimes falsely led those who were not well acquainted with him to think him in some matters a harsh man, but he was not so; underneath the surface of solid belief and rigid candor was hidden a heart as tender as the heart of a child, the sympathies of which responded to the gentlest touch. His generosity and hospitality were proverbial, the friend and the stranger were ever his welcome guests, nor did he ever weary in sharing the comforts of his home with as many as chose to partake of them. He was possessed of a peculiarly happy nature; disappointment nor calamity could never subdue for any time his cheerful spirit. It was his rule to always do his best and to be satisfied with the result.

He will long and widely be missed. He was affectionate and indulgent toward his kindred, and true in his friendship. He was a good and useful citizen, ever ready to contribute in any manner to the good of society and of his country. But most of all will he be missed by his church, whose interests were dear to his heart. His life is ended, but its influence will still be felt, and truly may it be said of him that "being dead he yet speaketh."

DIED.—At the home of his parents on Knappa Creek in Pocahontas county, on the 15th day of Feb., 1889, Prynd Herald, youngest son of Andrew Herald, Esq.

The immediate cause of his death we are informed was diphtheria. He had been sick a very short while, and when it was announced that he

was a bright, promising boy, highly esteemed by all who knew him. His premature death is a grievous stroke to his family and friends, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA.

Volume XI. carries this work from Deht to Dominie. The 640 pages are packed with information of just the kind which the vast majority of reading people desire to obtain. Like its predecessors it is truly manifold in its character. In a single volume it gives an unabridged dictionary, and an encyclopedia of information which is ample for practical use, is fully reliable, and is brought down to the present year. Among the articles treated at some length we notice that Deht, with its various sub-heads, has over 7 pages; while kindred topics, as Debtor and Creditor, occupy over 6 pages more. Delaware has about 5 pages; Delirium Tremens, 4 pages; Democracy, nearly 7 pages; Denmark, about 10 pages; Dentistry, about 6 pages; Descent of Man, 6 pages; Development, 11 pages; Diet, 3 pages; Digestion, 23 pages; Diphtheria, 5 pages. There are, also, a large number of really helpful illustrations. The form of the book is most convenient; the paper, printing, and binding are all very good. This is emphatically the Cyclopaedia for the people, and the extremely low price—only 50 cents a volume in cloth, or 65 cents in half Morocco—brings it within the reach of all. A specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not satisfactory. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Atlanta, and San Francisco.

The New Cabinet Officer.

NORMAN J. COLMAN,

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

President Cleveland's appointment of Norman J. Colman as Secretary of Agriculture, the new Cabinet office, is universally approved. During the administration about to close this distinguished man has been Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture. As head of a department comprising Seed, Entomological, Horticultural, Pomological and Propagating, Statistical, Chemical, Forestry and Veterinary divisions, he has been eminently successful in carrying out the intention of the law of May 15, 1862, which established the Department of Agriculture.

The new Cabinet officer is a New Yorker by birth and a Missourian by adoption. He was born at Richfield Springs, in 1827. From the age of sixteen up to twenty-eight he was a teacher in New York State, and Louisville Kentucky. While at Louisville he studied law and took the degree of LL. B. He subsequently formed a partnership with M. C. Kerr, afterward Speaker at Washington, and began practice at New Albany, Indiana. Mr. Colman became District Attorney. In 1885 he removed to St. Louis and bought out an agricultural paper. Mr. Colman is the suggestor and originator of the Missouri Horticultural Society, the State Board of Agriculture. He was a member of the Legislature during the exciting political contest of 1885-86 which passed the Drake Constitution, and was a leader of his party. In 1888 he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor but was defeated. He was unanimously nominated for Lieutenant Governor and elected in 1874. During the war he was a Union man and Lieutenant Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment of colored Missouri militia. Secretary Colman is a power in his command of information pertaining to agriculture and kindred subjects.

CHEAPEST

STORE

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, and the BEST goods.

We have received a fine lot of DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, &c., &c., and will sell you 25 per cent. cheaper than any other store in the county, and exchange goods for produce.

Come and see for yourselves, at Huntersville, W. Va.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 20th day of January, 1889, and on the 16th day of October, 1888, in the Chancery cause of N. J. Brown vs. E. N. Grant Jr. and others, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed to sell on

SATURDAY, MARCH THE 23rd, 1889 in front of N. J. Brown's store at Mill Point, Pocahontas County, W. Va., at public auction to the highest bidder 161 acres of land, the property of the defendant, E. N. Grant, Jr. Said land is situated near Greenbrier river, about one mile from Mill Point in this County, is fertile and in a fine state of cultivation and has a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings upon it.

TERMS OF SALE. Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale and the residue upon a credit of 6, 12 and 18 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved security for the deferred payments; bearing interest from date and a loan to be retained until all the purchase money is paid.

L. M. McCLELLIN, Special Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk Cir. Ct.

Feb 21st. Printers fee \$8.25.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of Nursery Stock. All new, choice and Fast-growing Specialties. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instructions. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once, and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

Jan. 31 1889.

Simmons Liver Regulator produces no unpleasant effect upon the stomach no matter how long it is taken. A little taken at night insures refreshing sleep and a natural evacuation of the bowels. A little taken in the morning sharpens the appetite, cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath.

"I never recommend a medicine unless I know it to be good. In a ministry of twenty-five years I have often felt the need of such a medicine, and when I found it I exclaimed: 'Eureka!'"—Rev. J. P. FARRER, "Proprietor 'Christian Visitor,'" Smithfield, N. C. 1741

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

With Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Headache, Nausea, Dizziness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, which they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

HEAD

Aphs they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. And after all sick head

ACHE

is the cause of so many troubles that here is where we take our great head. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are entirely vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action purify all who use them. In colds, influenza, flu, &c. Small ever-ready, or used by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pills, Small Dose, Small Price.

My House and land on the 17th day of Green Bank, Va. For further particulars address J. C. Thompson, J. H. Green, Jr., Mill Point, W. Va.

SEWING MACHINE, at Huntersville, W. Va. I am prepared to sew in the best style and order, Work and Wash of all kinds, also repairing done in neat style. J. C. Thompson.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement: George W. Callison Adm'r of Martha E. Dorsey, dec'd, Charles Lightner, Ex'r of William Lightner, dec'd, J. B. Moore, Adm'r of Margaret Moore, dec'd. L. M. McCLELLIN, Com'r & Sec'y.

FIDUCIARY 2.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement: L. M. McClellin and C. F. Moore, Adm'rs of Jacob, Miller, dec'd. JAMES W. HARRISON, Com'r & Sec'y.

PATENTS.

Patents, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 16th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r.

vs. John W. McNeel's Heirs, et al.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the power of the wider thereof, on the

5TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889,

the following real estate, situate in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill & Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RICKER, Spec'l Com'r.

Bond, as required by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Jan. 10 4-1 Printers fee \$8.75.

IF YOU WANT

Letter Heads,

Envelopes,

Business Cards,

Official Blanks,

Posters,

or

Anything

In That Line,

REMEMBER

AT

THE TIMES OFFICE

They may be, to need

lowest Rates

and

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, J. J. Beard.
Clerk of Or. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r of Co. Cl. C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is a jury term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,

Beverly, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
R. I. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

L. E. P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,

Huntersville, W. Va.

THE STERLING CO.
Manufacturers of
Pianos and Organs
Quality of Tone, Beauty of Design,
Finish and Durability are the
marks of the Sterling Piano.



THE STERLING PIANOS.
Quality of Tone, Beauty of Design,
Finish and Durability are the
marks of the Sterling Piano.
Every Piano Warranted for Five Years.
Also a full line of
Stereos, Cameras, and
Factories, Derby, Conn.

THE FAR PASTURE.

There are water-oases, and Brindie and Bess,
And Browlie and Bonnie Kate—
Though I am to miss her,
Nowhere can I find her—
And now it is growing late.

Over the meadows and through the shadows,
I have sought her long and well—
At last I have found her,
Tall grasses around her,
Led by the sound of the bell.

She had gone astray, and had lost her way
In the clover blossoms white,
The cool, sweet clover,
Tempted her over
To the pasture far, tonight.

I tenderly led her, through valley and meadow,
To lead and not drive, seemed but right,
Twas the sweet rank clover,
That tempted her over—
And who of us always does right?

And the strangest feeling is o'er me stealing,
And seems through the shadows to come:
As beneath the wide bars,
And the silver stars,
"Bonnie Katie" and I go home.

The damp dew is falling,
And voices are calling,
I too have strayed off from the right—
And the sweet red clover, has tempted me over.

But oh! will he blame me, or seek to reclaim me?
If I call to him now, will he come?
And over the meadows, and
Through all the shadows,
Lead his poor wanderer home?

—M. E. NOBLE.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

The small but thriving and enterprising town of Seedville, in the State of Ohio, was plentifully provided with bills bearing the above title, lavishly printed in all the hues of the rainbow. How the manager of the Seedville Academy of Music ever succeeded in securing so great a number of the dramatic fragment as Charles Cheriton was a matter of much speculation and wonder to all but Seedville citizens; but then Seedville always was smart for a small place and managed to keep abreast of the great cities of the country in everything, from natural gas to natural actors. And if the lively manager was unable to furnish high-class entertainment for the play-goers of Seedville, the said play-goers were not mean enough to pass by the opportunity with unappreciative indifference. They read the show-bills, bought their tickets and on every evening thronged the seats of the really pretty theatre.

The piece was what is technically known as a high-class comedy, but it was a comedy in which was displayed a good deal of the tragedy of mental suffering, of misanthropy, of cross purposes and bitterness of heart; though, from the fact that all the pain and sorrow was finally turned into gladness and joy through the instrumentality of a little child, men termed it a comedy.

The drama gave the principal actor, Charles Cheriton, a fine opportunity for displaying his power of acting, and many a time had this man moved great audiences almost to tears in his representations of the deep passions of human nature.

On the particular evening which concerns our story, Cheriton was at his best. With the rare modulations of his deep, fine-voiced voice, with his expressive features and gentlemanly bearing he won the feelings of the throng before him as the autumn winds bend the topmost boughs of the forest trees.

Toward the end of the second act the large audience noticed that the actor did not do his part justice, and not during the rest of the evening did he rise to his usual standard of excellence. No one knew the reason, for to the infinite interest felt in

the play, no one had perceived a little wee baby figure steal quietly down the extreme left side of the balcony. No one but Cheriton. He was in the midst of his delivery of some most pathetic lines and his eyes were raised upward, so that they rested precisely on the balcony aisle to the left of the stage. He saw the tiny but graceful form of a child—a little girl—not five years old, clad in a quaint, but rich and dainty, dress of black velvet with ruffled sleeves and white lace edging at the wrists and neck; he noticed the broad-brimmed hat trimmed with a narrow but exquisite wreath of simple meadow daisies, and above all he beheld, beneath the hat, the cluster of sunny, golden hair and the clear blue eyes of the childish, angel face.

The baby, with baby grace and abandon, stole softly down to the balcony rail, upon which she rested her little arms, and with her chin nestling in her dimpled hands (like one of Raphael's cherubs) silently watched the play. Cheriton felt absolutely certain that the baby was the child of—well, a woman he once knew. He was positive of it, and would have backed his opinion with every thing he possessed.

He was no longer in the Seedville Academy of Music. Mechanically he proceeded with his part in the performance, but he saw none of the people before him, save the baby—and even the baby only served to remind him of another face, long since lost to him—while his thoughts and memory were afar off in a city of the sunny South.

He remembered how in the City of Mexico, exactly six years before, he had loved with a mad and irresistible passion just such a fair sweet face as was the baby's in the balcony; he recollected the faultless form, the natural grace of movement and the bewitching smile; he called to mind the sunny hair and the quaint dresses of velvet and old lace—yes, it all came back to him with the baby leaning there over the balcony rail. How he tried to forget it all, on the stage and off! How he had sought to bury it far out of his sight and memory! He had traveled East, West and North (never South) only at last to find the past as fresh as ever, in the little theatre of quiet Seedville.

Nought availed him of the footlights or the orchestra, of the stage or the house—he was away on a vine-covered veranda in the outskirts of the City of Mexico. He was telling a fair young girl of his love and admiration, and ringing in his ears was her cool, hard reply: "It is impossible, to-morrow I am to be married."

The second act of the play came to an end. When the curtain rose for the third and last act, the baby had disappeared.

The performance was almost concluded when through that fever-stricken assemblage rang the alarm of "Fire!"

Aroused from his reveries and dreams of the past Cheriton became aware that smoke was issuing from the left wing. He was quickly alive to the situation, and stepping to the edge of the stage, in a loud and commanding voice he directed the movements of the frightened men, women and children.

The fire quickly gained on the building, and before the mother engine of Seedville could get to work the theatre was doomed.

Cheriton was one of the last to leave the stage, and when he did so the danger to the audience was over, for all had reached the street.

When the alarm of fire was given Cheriton was attired for the play as a laboring man, without coat and vest; so dressed he appeared on the street.

Standing with the crowd watching the flames was a beautiful woman, perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six years old. As Cheriton emerged from the building he was cheered by the crowd, and casting his eyes (from force of habit acquired on the stage) along the throng of faces, it rested on this woman.

He was seized with an inspiration, and rushing hastily to her, he grasped her arm tightly and almost rudely.

"Were you in the theatre to-night?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"No; with my mother."

"No one else—positively, no one else?"

"No one."

"Ah," thought Cheriton, as he hastened away, "the child was left at home and, doubtless, knowing where her mother had gone, followed her to the theatre."

By this time the fire was all over the house and the auditorium was filled with a dense mass of smoke. But heedless of the scorching heat, the blinding and suffocating smoke, and deaf to the warning cries of the firemen, Charles Cheriton rushed into the ill-fated building. He made his way to the left side of the balcony which was standing yet, and there, near the railing fast asleep or dead, he found the fair-haired baby girl. He grabbed a shawl which some one had left in the hurry to escape, and dashing again through the smoke and flames emerged once more on to the street.

A loud harrah and deafening hand clapping greeted him, but he walked straight to the lady whom he had before addressed.

"Here is your little girl, madam. I noticed her in the balcony this evening. Do not be afraid; I just felt her move and heard her try to speak. If you will show me your house I will carry her home for you."

The lady was too much affected to speak. Silently they walked a short distance until they reached a pleasant home not far from the theatre.

When they entered the parlor the mother took her child and mentioned Cheriton a cent.

In a few minutes the lady returned.

"My baby is not hurt at all, and is now sleeping as if nothing had happened. Mr. Cheriton, how can I thank you?"

"I am thanked sufficiently already," he replied.

Then there was silence. It was a strange meeting; the actor in his stage costume, his sleeves rolled up, his hair and moustache singed and his face blackened by the smoke, while near him sat a beautiful woman scarce able to restrain her tears.

He waited until she regained some composure, and then he rose as if to go.

"Good-bye," he said. "I am glad to have been able to give you your little girl. I suppose you have nothing more to say to me, so good-bye." He held out his hand as he spoke and she took it in both of hers.

"Yes, I have something more to say, and I will say it whatever you think of me for doing so."

"Listen. Six years ago you thought me heartless and cruel because I told you that it was impossible to marry you, though you thought I had given you an under-

stand that I loved you. Well, I did love you. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say it but I did love you. The man I married—the father of my little girl—died before the baby was born. He was a good man, a good husband, but I did not love him. I loved you all the time and sacrificed love and happiness for what I thought to be duty. Charles, I love you still; you have saved my little girl—will you save me from a lonely, unhappy future and from all the misery of latter memories? Will you, Charles?"

Well, every thing had seemed very strange to Charles Cheriton that New Year's Eve—the place, the baby, the fire, this meeting—but somehow it did not seem at all strange when he passed his large bare and blackened arm around the slender waist, while the well-rounded head with its fair hair rested upon the smoke-begrimed skirt which covered his broad shoulders. And he thought of the title of his play—"A little child shall lead them."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine, it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Two gentlemen were walking on F street yesterday when one said: "Let's cross the street. There comes a man to whom I owe some money, and I don't want to meet him."

"Does he den you?"

"No; that's the worst of it. He never speaks of it."

After they had crossed over the street, walked on some distance in thoughtful silence. Then he said, seriously:

"I wish that man would get mad about it and go at me with a club. I can't pay him the money, and I wish he would thrash me like any and settle the matter so that I wouldn't ever be afraid again to meet him."

There is a bit of good, clean human nature in that reflection.

The minister was dining with the family, and Robby this spoke out: "Ma, what's an adjective?"

His mother explained the meaning of the word, and then foolishly asked him why he wanted to know.

"Because I heard pa say that the sermon this morning was a 'day-vilish' poor one; and when I asked to tell me what 'day-vilish' was he said it was an adjective."

Stranger—Where is the county seat?"

Kansas (as "dark, tunnel-shaped cloud" approaches)—What's yore if that thin cyclone goes slouch-wise towards Hennessey's. If it don't the location in the county seat is liable to be some indefinite un'promisuous like, to speak.

A well-known scientific announces that he is about to write a book which shall go a long way towards bridging the psychological distance which separates the gentleman from the gentleman. He has set himself a hard task. That he sustains in the word "monkey" the word "monkey" and "monkey" by "gentleman" he would be sure of success.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Half column	1.50	3.00	5.00	8.50
One column	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 16 1889.

The town of Stauford, Kan., was wiped out by a cyclone last week.

There is going on in Richmond, Va. a tremendous religious upheaval among the negroes.

Two young men in Sumner, Pa., hanged their father to get their inheritance.

Was it the Harrison family or the republican party that was elected last November.

All the records smashed. The City of Paris crosses the ocean in 5 days 23 hours and 7 minutes.

The State claims 90,000 population for Richmond, with a suburban population of 25,000 more.

THE Parkersburg Journal seems to think that the prospects for the "Black Diamond" railroad are more encouraging.

Had it been Cleveland, it would have been tariff reduction—as it is, Harrison and wage reduction, remarks an observant exchange.

Carter B. Harrison, who was last week appointed marshal of the middle district of Tennessee, is a brother of the President.

Mrs. Louisa Sheffy, of Staunton, is dead. It was just about four weeks after the death of her lamented husband, Judge Sheffy.

The only woman ever convicted of horse stealing in Missouri was a beautiful girl of 18 years, on May 7. The jury gave her two years.

It is said that they have had to put folding beds into the White House to accommodate the numerous branches of the presidential family.—Ex.

Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is to address the literary societies of the University of Virginia at their final celebration on the 25th of June.

It is intimated the President will spend a portion of the heated term in the mountains of West Virginia, near Davis, on the new West Virginia Central Railroad.

It is conceded by republicans as well as democrats that the best all round speech at the New York convention was delivered by ex-President Cleveland in response to the toast, "Our country."

Frank W. Palmer, of Illinois, has been appointed Public Printer. The newspapers offices along the rail-ways leading out of Washington will now prepare for a deluge of tramp printers.—Ex.

Where is the increase in the price of wool that the republican orators told you about, so positively last fall if a republican President was elected? In fact where is anything true that they told you?

were removed in Pocahontas county last week. Clarkson is getting in his work pretty fast.—Haxton Democrat.

Mr. Democrat we haven't heard of him as yet.

There are five banks and six newspapers and an average daily sale of fifty dollars worth of postage stamps in Guthrie, Oklahoma, a town which did not exist prior to April 22nd. In a few days more we may expect to hear it boasting, with the rest of its accidental contemporaries of "the finest opera house west of the Mississippi."

Where is the protection to American labor that you republicans talk about? We don't know where it is but there is one thing we do know, that there are thousands of working men, working for whatever compensation they can get, and thousands upon thousands who are out of employment altogether, and have large families in a starving condition.

West Virginia is talking a phenomenal home. More miles of railroad will be constructed during the present year than in any other one year in her history, and she is a Democratic state, too. Our Republican friends who are continually howling about old fogies and moss-backs and claiming that nothing but a Republican administration can attract capital into a state, should make a note of this.—Charleston Daily Star.

Rather a funny little episode happened near Philippi last week. A young man went to the clerk of the court and obtained a permit to wed a young lady. On his way home he called at the residence of another young lady, to whom he had been paying some attention, and exhibited to her his license to wed her rival. She, with rather more spirit than her sex usually possesses, getting the paper into her possession, very deliberately proceeded to tear it to pieces, and consign it to the flames, and the young man was compelled to postpone the wedding to another day.—Nicholas Chronicle.

The New York World sees in Mr. Cleveland's conduct, since his retirement from the Presidency, many evidences that he again aspires to become his party's leader in the next National struggle. It sees in Mr. Harrison's disregard of the civil service, and the consequent disgust of the unwelcome element with the President, an opportunity for Mr. Cleveland. It says: "If Mr. Cleveland can and will make himself the exponent and champion of the real ideas and true principles of Reform—reform in politics, reform in administration, reform in legislation, reform in justice—his nomination would be quite possible, and he would have a vigorous supporter in the World."

Is it possible that the World is beginning to arrive at the right about? It lists a number of reforms which it would have Mr. Cleveland to make himself the champion and exponent of, on condition of its vigorous support. Will could Mr. Cleveland say to this proposition: "All these things have I kept from my youth up." The World knows that it is getting no pattern for Mr. Cleveland. He walked the reformer's path all through his administration, and beaten his defeat. No man could have done more than he in the way of the reform intimated—because no man was ever more honest, or firmer than he. The open opposition of the World to Mr. Cleveland began the very hour of his inauguration, and was there, relentless and unjust from that day till now. We are glad to see it ready to acknowledge at last that the man to lead the Democracy to victory in 1892 is Grover Cleveland. (Knoxville Gazette.)

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 10th.—Harrison made the best appointment that he has yet made when he selected Ex-Gov. Thompson, of South Carolina, as the democratic member of the Civil Service Commission. Gov. Thompson was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland's administration, and was during the last days of Congress appointed by Mr. Cleveland to the same position he has just received from a Republican President, but the Senate did not act on his nomination.

There is a weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth among the little crowd of his applicants for the position of Public Printer, five of whom are understood to have made a combination, each promising to give the other four appointments in the office if made Public Printer, over the fact that the coveted prize has gone to Ex-Congressman Frank W. Palmer, formerly postmaster at Chicago. Whether Harrison suspected the "combine" which these applicants had entered into I can not say, but it is known that some days ago he told a gentleman that he should not appoint any of the applicants up to that time and asked him to name a good man for the office. Palmer was named, and after further investigation the office was tendered to him, and he accepted it. When the appointment was made public it was really amusing to see the members of the "combine" chasing around trying to find somebody to introduce them to the new Public Printer so they could get in their applications for the "fat" positions under him. It is thought that one of these men—Donath, nominally of Pennsylvania, really of the District of Columbia, may lose his mind so great a shock has the disappointment been at not being made Public Printer. He was so certain that he was to get the appointment that he had already given away several of the most important places in the Government Printing office.

It is evidently the purpose of the the republican politicians to make the census bureau an asylum for their political proteges. The Interior Department has decided that the appointments in this bureau will have next year when it gets regularly to work, over 1500 clerks, besides an army of special agents, and the most of these will be kept for two years or longer. It will be a great convenience to prominent republicans to use these positions to pay off their political debts, and if the appointments were made under civil service rules that would be impossible.

The first of the fifteen contested election cases which are to come before the Fifty-first Congress was opened by the Clerk of the House this week. It was Calmar vs. Morgan, of the second Mississippi District.

Harrison having provided a snug place for his brother is now, so it is said, about to appoint Blaine's brother to one of the most lucrative local offices in Washington Register of Wills.

The new Secretary of Agriculture in order to prove his familiarity with farming implements, and maybe to get odd with the farmers of the country, put in a half an hour outdugging grass with a scythe in the grounds surrounding his department, one day this week. Of course he was entirely ignorant of the fact that several newspaper men had their eyes on him during the entire performance.

Republicans are already beginning to compare Harrison with Hays and Arthur, they say that he is blab almost in the extent of cowardice.

It is said that the Post office Department is preparing to

ing their appointments in April in order to avoid compliance with civil service rules under which all such appointments should have been made since May.

Senator Corbin thinks that Calvin S. Brice will be elected chairman of the National Democratic committee to succeed the late ex-Senator Burnham. This is taken here to mean that Senator Corbin will not accept the position.

Theodore Roosevelt of N. Y., who has just been appointed as one of the republican Civil Service Commissioners, is a pronounced free trader. Funny isn't it, that a man elected President solely because he was a rigid protectionist should give such a prominent appointment to a free trader.

The newspaper man's lock has not yet deserted him. The new Public Printer is a member of the fraternity.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mailhack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL FLACE, Carrier.

Huntersville, W. Va. I am prepared to make a list of all the goods and order, books and all also repairing done in my style. J. C. Thompson.

PUBLIC SALE!

I will proceed to sell at public auction Friday 17th commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., all of the Household and Kitchen furniture and Farming Utensils, belonging to Frank Chapman, on Beaver Creek. TERMS, cash in hand. M. W. BEARD.

WOOL! WOOL!

We want to buy 10,000 lbs. of wool for which we will pay part cash. It will pay you to see us before you sell.

Very Respectfully, Herold & Moore, Forest W. Va.

May 12 3 t

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

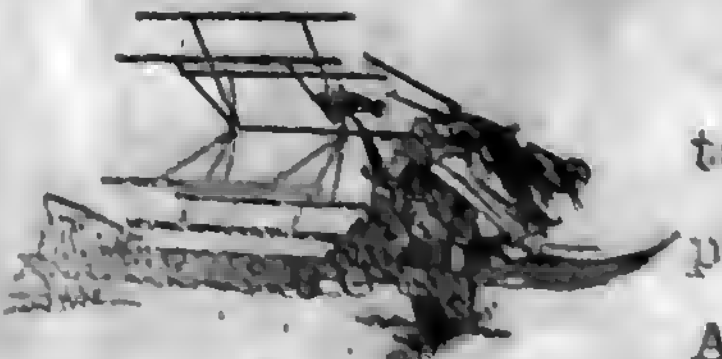
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ALCOTT, M.D., 121 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Cough, Constipation, Liver Troubles, Diarrhoea, Windcolic, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 71 Murray Street, N. Y.

If you need a mower or reaper you will do well to communicate with the undersigned, who is agent for the celebrated

WALTER A. WOODMACHINES.



All inquiries as to terms etc. will receive prompt attention.

Address,

I. B. MOORE, Sunset, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. W. WAGNER, PROPRIETOR, HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,

ANNOUNCEMENT
TO THE VOTERS OF
POCAHONTAS COUNTY.
By the undersigned, I hereby
a candidate for
free of County
Thanking you
again solicit your
coming election

MASONIC

HUNTER
NO. 65, A.
The time of regular
Lodge is on the 1st
evening each Full
Moon falls on Friday
evening.

J. H. DOUGLAS, Sec'y.
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

HOME NEWS

—Sheep Shearing is over.
—Corn planting is over.
—More new subscribers this week.
—A special term of the County Court met last Tuesday.
—What's the matter with the correspondents this week.
—Gen. W. Siple, of Green Bank was in the city Tuesday.
—Rain and sunshine make grass grow.
—Charles Arbogast was in town Tuesday.
—Sheriff McNeel was in Huntersville Tuesday.
—L. W. Herold, of Frost was in Huntersville Tuesday.

—Lots of new subscribers this week. Let more come.
—E. A. Gibbs, of Raphine, Va., is in town.
—Capt. Stoffer, who has been on Elk for some time has returned.
—Gave J. Linka, of Charleston was in town last week.
—A. F. Wickliffe, of Monroe Co., was in our city last Thursday.
—S. M. Wallis, of Baltimore, was in town Sunday.
—L. B. Trent, of Huntington was in town last week.

Go to John Wirtz & Co., Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—Andrew Price, and Henry McLaughlin were in town the first of the week.
—Juggy harness and Saddles at \$2.50 and up to \$40 at A. P. Leist's Ronceverte, W. Va. 30-2a

—The County Court, Messrs. Moore and Beard, were here Tuesday.
—A Barbours county man is going to put thirty-seven acres of ground in peanuts.

A nice line of ladies hats just received at Herold & Moore's, Frost, W. Va.
—Mr. Baker has been appointed postmaster at Beverly, Randolph Co.

Sewing machines from \$25 to \$50; warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, Ronceverte, W. Va. 30-2a

—They are going to vote for a six months school in the Little Level.
—If you want a good suit of clothes go to Herold & Moore's, Frost, W. Va.

—Lots of fishing going on now. The fellow who catches the biggest fish is usually the biggest liar.
—Don't forget that we are trying to run a good level paper, and want the news and if you know of any thing please report.

NOTICE
The Final Celebration of Hillsboro Male and Female Academy will take place Thursday and Friday evening, May 23rd and 24th 1890. Exercises will begin promptly 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to the Public to attend.

POCAHONTAS
many persons from the
County, I hereby
a candidate for
free of County
Thanking you
again solicit your
coming election

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—The State Press Association of this State meets at Hillsburg, on the 18th of June.
Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wirtz & Co., Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12t

—O. E. Hoge, of Christiansburg, Va., was at this place the first of the week.
Call on examine our stock of queensware, we can suit you in both quality and price. Herold & Moore, Frost, W. Va.

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—The Greenbrier Independent says that Mr. John Furglesong, of Lewisburg, died at his home, on Thursday last, the 2nd inst., in his 74th year.

—Don't forget that next Tuesday 21st is school election day. Come to the polls and vote for Mr. M. G. Mathews, for County Superintendent; he is the only candidate in the field.

Herold & Moore, Frost, W. Va., have just returned from the east, and are now receiving the newest, best and most complete stock of goods they have ever offered the public, which will be sold low down for cash or good produce.

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—Don't forget the poor editor when you have a news story, says an eastern exchange. If your wife likes you, let us know it, and we will set it all right before the public. If you have company, tell us if you are not ashamed of your visitors. If a youngster arrives at your house begging for rum, buy a lot of cigars and come around, and if you are a cash subscriber, we will find a name for him or her as the circumstances will permit. And if you have a social gathering of a few of your friends, bring around a big cake, seven or eight pies and a ham not necessarily to eat, but as a guarantee of good faith. You needn't bother about inviting us, for our wardrobe isn't suitable for the occasion. We mention these things because we want the news, and we are bound to have it.

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Orders of Publication.
No. 1.
At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1890.
Chas. L. Austin & Co. vs. Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In chy. No. 1.

The object of this suit is to have partition or sale of a tract of land containing 9,440 acres, known as the lots No. 7, 8 and 11, lying on the Alleghany river in Pocahontas County and the proceeds thereof divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and all appearing by affidavit filed that Chas. Wade, Amos O. Wade, Paul J. Gay, Helen M. Gay, Signora Warwick, David V. Korman, Chas. W. Gum, Graceville Harrison, James Arbogast, Cyril B. Shotts, Amos Gum, Thos. G. Gum, R. Lee Gum, Clara Conrad, S. A. Porter and Little his wife, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, that the heirs of Stewart Slaven Sr. and of Annie Shotts are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiff, without effect, to ascertain in what county Margaret Dyer resides. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, Ck. L. H. STEPHENSON, C. F. MOORE, may 9th 4t printers fee \$11.25

No. 2.
At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia on the first Monday in May 1890.
Chas. L. Austin & Co. vs. Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In chy. No. 2.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,725 acres, lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto, according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Amos O. Wade, Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscoll, Andrew, John, Asgel and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobela his wife, and Jacoba Groves are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Potts, dead, are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiff without effect, to ascertain in what county, Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Allen Stephenson, Julia Regor, (formerly Arnold) reside, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, Ck. L. H. STEPHENSON, C. F. MOORE, may 9th 4t printers fee \$10.15

No. 3.
At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia on the first Monday in May 1890.
Chas. L. Austin & Co. vs. Wm. F. Arbogast & Co. In chy. No. 3.

The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,570 acres lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas County, and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and it appearing from affidavit filed that Amos O. Wade, Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscoll, Andrew, John, Asgel and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobela his wife and Jacoba Groves are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Potts, dead, are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiff without effect, to ascertain in what county, Lorenza Humphries and Jane his wife, Allen Stephenson, Julia Regor, (formerly Arnold) reside, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

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Order of Publication.
At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1890.
George L. Hays & Co. vs. Rebecca J. Hill & Co. In chy.

The object of this suit is to settle the amount of the indebtedness of George L. Hays & Co. to Rebecca J. Hill & Co. and to have the same paid or secured by a lien on the real estate of which Hays & Co. are the owners and to have the same sold and the proceeds paid to Hill & Co. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, Ck. L. H. STEPHENSON, C. F. MOORE, may 9th 4t printers fee \$10.15

PRIVATE SALE OF LAND.
I wish to sell at private sale 186 acres of land lying within one half mile of Greenbrier River opposite to the mouth of Humpback Creek, formerly known as the 'back place'. I will sell at a sacrifice. I will remain in the County two weeks, in the vicinity of Little Level and Huntersville, after that Address, Jas. B. A. Ginn, Raphine, Va.

CARPET SWEEPERS.
If you want something that will keep every thing as clean as a new pin, and dust ferns getting over 67¢ a bag in this house, buy a Carpet Sweeper of Brown Hill, Jacob, Pocahontas Co. W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.
34 lbs. per barrel, made to order per barrel at H. B. McNeill's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Ronceverte, and Barlow & Moore's, Elway for 8 cts.

PATENTS.
Cavats, and Trade-Marks Obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.
Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable, or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free.
Address: C. A. SNOW & CO., Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.
Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 2nd day of April, 1890, in the chancery cause of Frederick Burr's Estate vs. I, as Special Commissioner, appointed in and decree, shall proceed to sell in front of the Court House of said county, at public auction to the highest bidder, ON THE 17TH DAY OF JUNE 1890

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 Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
 Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
 Deputy Sheriff,
 Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
 Treasurer, C. O. Arbogast.
 Com'r Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't.
 { S. B. Hannah.
 { G. P. Moore.
 Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

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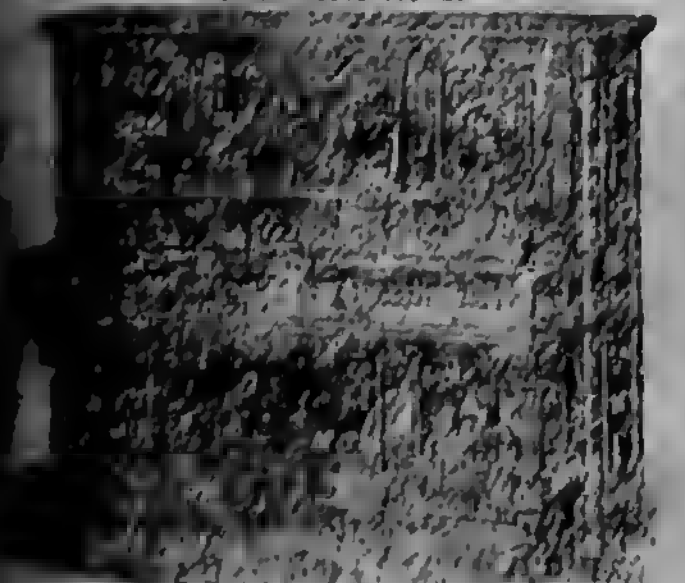
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STERLING ORGAN

BUCKLEY MT.

For THE TIMES.

Those mountains cross the river,
 So lonely look and dark;
 No human sound, no human step,
 I ever see or mark.

The seasons come, the seasons go,
 White snow flakes gently fall;
 The trees take on their fresh green leaves,
 But still 'tis silence all!

If I could see a child at play,
 Or sturdy manhood's walk,—
 Something to break the loneliness,
 Something with which to talk.

I gaze until the topmost pines
 Gaze darkly down at me,
 And summon to my wanted task,
 What'er the skies may be.

If sadness reign, or gaiety,
 If friends are stern or kind,—
 Duty, the bright and guiding star,
 United God's rest we find.

MRS. ANNA L. PRICE,
 Martinsburg, W. Va., May 1888.

In the Throat of A Boa.

BY COL. EDWARD U. TAYLOR

"I can never look upon one of those writhing, slimy things without a shudder," said my friend, Colonel Paul Ballantyne, as we three (his pretty South American wife was of the party) stood in front of the box constrictor's cage in the serpent-house at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden.

"And yet, dear," interposed Mrs. Ballantyne—and she laid her hand lovingly upon her husband's arm, and looked up into his handsome face with a wealth of love glowing in her lustrous brown eyes—"if it had not been for the serpent you would probably never have met me. But perhaps you regret that?" she mused, with a pretty pout.

"Ah, that was the recompense," said the Colonel, and he eyed her fondly. "But for that, I think I could never have summoned up fortitude enough to again look upon one of the monsters. As it is I cannot repress the shudder, and in fancy I feel myself again being sucked down to death."

"You had an adventure, Colonel?" I ventured.

"Adventure!" he echoed. "Well, I should say so. The most horrible a man ever experienced. But you dine with us to-day, and then I'll tell you the story."

He did, and gave me permission to print it, which I have done without material alteration, and with the substitution of fictitious names for the real actors, who will doubtless read and recognize this history.

Three years ago my friend was sent to Venezuela, as the agent of a firm of mahogany importers, who had purchased some valuable forestry concessions in that country.

The lumber tract lay along the banks of one of the bayous of the Orinoco River, about one hundred and fifty miles above the Isle of Barima.

The Colonel examined the tract, selected a site for a logging camp, and proceeded to La Guayra, purchased supplies, and engaged a native Venezuelan, named Guzman Mendoza, to superintend the logging.

Indian laborers to fell the trees could be engaged in any quantity in the vicinity of the mahogany forest.

Mendoza was a slightly built, curly-haired fellow, with an ungovernable temper, to which he gave way at the slightest provocation. He was accompanied by an Indian servant, named Jose, who was much attached to his master.

Colonel Ballantyne had several costly quarrels with his farman, in the way up the river, and he began to regret having engaged someone so thoroughly unmanageable. But Mendoza was thoroughly unmanageable, and he was worth more than the liberal salary that was paid him.

that he was worth more than the liberal salary that was paid him.

The camp was established, a corps of native axe-men engaged and preparations were made to get together the material for a big mahogany raft, which would be floated down to the mouth of the bayou, where the precious wood would be loaded in vessels sent out by the firm which employed the Colonel.

Accompanied by Jose, who was familiar with woodcraft, the Colonel made daily excursions into the forest in all directions, to locate and mark the trees.

The tract proved to be a rich one. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, and the forest was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated to the bayou, and thence to the river.

They had been in camp about a week, and the work was progressing satisfactorily, when Mendoza, who had heretofore been kept too busy to quarrel, got into a dispute with his employer, and had it not been for the interference of some of the Indian workmen, one would have shot the other, for both men drew their pistols.

After they had both had time to cool down, the Colonel, who is naturally of the most forgiving disposition, apologized to his antagonist, and requested that the matter be forgotten.

He held out his hand in token of amity, but Mendoza, with a shrug of his shoulders, and a contortion of his dark face, turned on his heel and walked away.

That night he and Jose held a long conversation, which was carried on in a low tone of voice, but although they looked frequently toward the Colonel and exchanged significant glances, he did not dream that they were plotting treachery.

The next morning the Colonel and Jose started, as usual, for a short expedition in the forest.

It was a frosty day with the Indians, and they were making merry in the camp.

Jose carried a small hatchet for marking the trees, and over his shoulder was slung a haversack, containing lunch.

The Colonel walked in advance, armed only with a small rifle.

By noon they were ten miles from the camp, and further down the bayou than they had ever been before.

When they stopped for lunch near a small spring, Jose informed his patron that they were only a few miles distant from the extensive coffee and indigo plantation of General Antonio De Silva, who controlled leagues of forest land in the vicinity, and from whom the American mahogany merchants had purchased the logging right.

After lunch the Colonel lighted his pipe, and leaned his back against a great tree-trunk to enjoy an after-dinner smoke.

Near by was a clump of low bushes, bearing a yellowish berry and he asked Jose if they were good to eat.

Jose examined them, and immediately declared that they were excellent.

"I have often eaten them down toward the coast, sir," he said, "but I have never seen any before so far in the interior."

He tasted the berries, unawares, but somewhat disappointed in their flavor, and plucked more for the Colonel, of which the latter ate liberally, without any suspicion of self-deception. During them, as Jose

vor, and in taste something like the raspberry.

He did not notice that Jose ate only a couple, nor did he see the look of cunning exultation on the Indian's face.

Ten minutes after eating the first berry, the Colonel felt strangely exhilarated, and burst out into a rollicking college song with the hoisterous hilarity of one intoxicated with absinthe.

His whole nervous system, even to his finger tips, tingled with pleasurable excitement. He had a vague recollection of making a resolve to check his ludicrous outburst; of seeing Jose glide away into the forest with his rifle over his shoulder, and a look of malignant hatred on his swarthy face; of struggling to his feet and calling to the Indian to come back, and then he rolled upon the ground and all became blank.

Not until the following day did consciousness begin to slowly assert itself. He then awoke, with a horrible sensation of helplessness.

The lower half of his body was numb and paralyzed by a terrible gradually constricting power from all directions.

His limbs appeared dead, and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of his body. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets; there was a stinging in his ears, and he breathed with great difficulty.

His throat was hot and dry, and he was consumed with a raging thirst.

He was lying face downward, and having determined to throw off the stupor, he raised his hands to his head.

Instantly he was dragged backward several feet along the ground. Horrified and bewildered, he made a fruitless effort, raised himself on his elbows and looked about him.

He was half-engulfed in the throat of a monster boa-constrictor!

The reptile had begun to swallow him without first crushing him with its coils, as is usually the case.

When the serpent moved, an indescribably sickening, oily arose and almost stupefied the imprisoned man.

Maddened at the loathsome prospect, the Colonel gave a horrible scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground, struggled to reverse himself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

But the teeth of his devourer were fastened in his loose skin coat, and held him like a pair of hungry clippers, while the horrible suction pump below was worked with renewed energy.

The Colonel ceased his struggles, and looked about anxiously for Jose.

"What has become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed?"

While he was puzzling over these speculations, he suddenly remembered that just before consciousness left him, the Indian had disappeared in the forest, and then, like a flash, he recollectioned the fellow's conference with Mendoza, and he realized that he had been left to perish.

At the terrible thought, he made another effort to escape.

The movement dislodged the lion, and again dragged him backward two or three feet, and again the constricting suction from below began.

So long as he kept perfectly quiet the serpent moved outward to his fingers, but when he made any effort to move, he was drawn in a semi-circular condition.

the taut rim of the box constrictor's jaws.

They were three inches higher up his body, than when he first regained consciousness.

The excitement through which he had passed had exhausted his emotions, but this dire discovery awakened them.

He tried to form some plan of putting an end to his existence, but his brain was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. He was beyond all power of action.

Once he fancied that he heard the cry of some animal or human being near by, but he was too far gone to pay much attention.

At last all seemed to be over with him. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over him, the roaring noise in his ears continued for awhile and then all was silent.

He had sunk into the unconsciousness of complete exhaustion.

"I remembered no more," said the Colonel, "until I came to my senses again, and found myself lying on a luxurious bed, in a cool pleasant room."

"The first face that I saw as I opened my eyes, was that of the lady who afterward became my wife. At the time I thought her an angel from heaven, and—well, she is as near one as a mortal can be."

"I was very weak, and it was several days before I fully recovered. Then she told me the story of my rescue."

She is extremely fond of scientific pursuits, and was botanizing in the forest, accompanied by her maid and two trusty servants, when she suddenly beheld the head and shoulders of a man protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine length along the ground.

Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, she uttered the horrified cry that I had dimly heard.

"It brought to her side the servants, who were armed with sharp axes, to cut a path when necessary through the tangled undergrowth of the forest."

"They boldly attacked the serpent and succeeded in chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in his body caused by my feet and legs. It was necessary, however, to slit open the severed head and neck before I could be released."

"At first they thought me dead, but were soon rejoined at discovering a lingering spark of life."

Under Miss de Silva's directions the Colonel was taken to her father's house, and there she nursed him back to life and health.

A tender passion, each for the other, was developed during his convalescence, and when he was able to return to the logging camp, she had promised to be his wife.

He then learned from one of the Indian wood-choppers of the cowardly plot against his life.

Jose had seen the gigantic serpent, crawling slowly toward the Colonel while the latter lay smoking under the tree, and had determined to assist his master, Mendoza, to a terrible revenge.

Knowing the stupefying effect of the yellow berries, the Indian had induced his companion to partake of them, and then had left him to his horrible fate.

When he returned to camp, he reported that the Colonel had been killed and devoured by an enormous serpent; but when news reached the camp that the supposed dead man was safe, a vigorous search was made, and Jose, Mendoza, deserted, and were never seen again.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 23 1889.

"An Era of Prosperity."

On the fourth of March the Republican legislature of Kansas, after singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," passed a resolution "that we congratulate the nation upon the inauguration at this moment of a republican administration, and a consequent era of prosperity and good government." A few days later came the failure of the Reading iron works with liabilities of nearly \$2,000,000, and throwing 2,000 men out of employment. Then the failure of the Excelsior pottery of Trenton, N. J., employing 300 hands, followed by the shutting down of the rolling mills at Reading, Naomi and Gilbralter, Pa., and the Findlay, O., iron and steel company, with liabilities of over \$100,000. A few more days passed and then came a lookout at the Fall River, Mass., calico works, in which 6,000 men, women and children were thrown out of employment. Scarcely a day passes without a forcible reminder from somewhere that the "era of prosperity" of which the Kansas solons spoke has dawned upon the country. This is shown by the reduction of wages of mechanics and laborers and a decrease in the price of farm products all over the land. It is probably an "era of prosperity" for somebody and "protection" is doubtless a big thing for somebody, but for whom? Is it for the laborer, the mechanic, the farmer or the producer in any of the branches of manufacture or trade? Not much. Such prosperity is not recognized by the money kings and the gentlemen who now have our government under their control. It may be an "era of prosperity" for them and it doubtless is. If it did not pay them to pursue their present tactics, and if it did not pay the millionaire manufacturers to shut down their works they would not do it, would they? Well, it is hardly probable. But what are you going to do about it? "Protection" is the watchword of the administration that will be in power for nearly four years to come and it is the people who are supposed to be the real rulers of the country do not develop more good sense during that time than they showed at the last election, it is likely to remain so for four years longer. The workmen who voted for Harrison and the kind of "protection" to American labor by the broad shield of American law that Gen. Golt talks about, has no right to "kick." He ought to take his medicine like a man. He asked for it, and he has got it, but we imagine that it does not taste as good as he thought it would. Experience is said to be a dear school, and it has doubtless been a dear school to many a Republican who has followed his party where it led, without stopping to ask himself what his own interests were. But after all, they may learn

nothing from it. The most useful of all the lessons that the most gigantic fraud of the nineteenth century.—Charleston Star.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 17th.—Hon. Samuel J. Randall who has been confined to his residence in this city for several weeks past, is now much better, although not yet well enough to get out of doors. He contemplates spending the summer at the seashore.

Solicitor General Jenks, of the Department of Justice, who tendered his resignation at the beginning of the present administration, has been notified of its acceptance by the President to take effect on the 15th inst. Mr. Jenks will continue in the service of the Government as counsel in the telephone cases until they are disposed of. This position was the bone of contention which brought on the recent bitter wrangle between Senators Sherman and Quay. It was privately promised to Sherman's candidate Alphonso Hart, of Ohio, some weeks ago, but for some unknown cause the appointment has not yet been publicly announced.

Ex-Senator Riddleberger, would-be Congressman Laughton and other anti-Mahono Republicans come to Washington and chin the President all they want to, but so far everything given out in Virginia has gone to a Mahono man.

A big scramble is now taking place daily at the Government Printing office, Palmer the new Public Printer having taken charge of the office Monday, since which time he has hardly been allowed an opportunity to eat or sleep so great is the rush. He has made but few appointments yet, but one of those few—Chief time keeper, was secured by ex-Senator "Billy" Chandler, of New Hampshire, who is one of Palmer's bondsmen, for his private secretary. "Billy's" friends are also likely to be heard from when the contracts for the year's supplies for the office are made next month.

Chief Justice Fuller has gone to Norfolk, and from there he will proceed to South Carolina on his district tour.

Harrison's first negro appointment Rev. James Townsend of Indiana, to be recorder of the General Land Office has created quite a commotion in the Land Office. In the division of which Townsend is to be Chief there are 25 white lady clerks and every one of them is trying to get transferred to some other division in order to escape the negro chief. As one of the ladies puts it; "We naturally have to pay a certain amount of court and deference to our Chief, and it will be very disagreeable for me to treat a negro as my superior, I shall get into some other division if I can; if not I suppose I shall have to stand by as my bread and butter depends upon it."

Okla-homa does not propose getting left in the great scramble for office. Corporal Tanner has appointed a board of pension examiners for Guthrie, and the Civil Service Commissioners have received a letter asking how soon examinations are to be held in Oklahoma. It is said that the Sherman and Foraker factions of Ohio republicans have got up a compromise on the Federal officers in Oklahoma, and that ex-Mayor Amos Smith will be surveyor and Col. D. W. McClung collector. The first is a Sherman man and the latter plus his faith to Foraker.

One man has appeared here as a candidate for office that every respectable man in the country should rejoice to see disappointed. I refer to W. E. Haskell, editor of the

World in the columns of his paper while she and her husband were the guests of his city. It is surprising that he could get any lady to endorse his application.

The Court of Claims has decided that the celebrated Triggs' sword, which have been in the custody of the Treasury department ever since the war should be turned over to J. F. Myers, the executor of the General Triggs' estate.

Ex-Congressman Ochiltree, who spends his time in New York, but for political purposes, claims a residence in Texas, says that Harrison has given him control of all the Federal patronage of Texas. It may be just as Mr. Ochiltree says, but you know Mr. Ochiltree is the champion romancer of the country.

Ex-Public Printer Benedict and brother, ex chief clerk of the Government Printing office have been presented with handsome gold-headed canes by the clerical force of that office.

A Mysterious Death.

On Wednesday of last week some fishermen discovered the body of a man lying on the bank of Greenbrier river, about three miles above Alderson, in Fort Spring district, this county. The body had evidently floated down during the recent rise in the river and deposited where found. The authorities of that district were notified, and a jury of inquest went down from Roncove to investigate the matter. The body was very much decomposed, and was that of a man 35 years of age and was well dressed, having on a tailor made suit of clothes, worth about \$35 or \$40. Nothing on his body was found to identify him. The only articles found were a couple of pocket handkerchiefs a money purse, (no money in it,) and a small knife. There were some indications that he might have been folly dealt with, but, no doctor being present at the inquest, this was not positively ascertained. He was evidently above ordinary men in position and circumstances, but who he was and how he met his death are mysteries.—Greenbrier Independent.

In New York.

THE WEST VIRGINIA TROOPS CHEERED FROM ONE OF THE LINE TO THE OTHER

A gentleman who returned from New York, and who saw the great parade there, says the West Virginia delegation showed up in great shape. There were about 150 members of the National Guard in line from this State, being headed by Gov. E. W. Wilson, Gen. E. L. Wood and the Governor's Staff, including Col. A. A. Franzheim of Wheeling. Then came the Governor's Guard and the two companies of 150 men. The boys marched like old-timers and when cheered all along the line.

There were few Governors in the line who received more cheers than Governor Wilson and he was one of the very few who received bouquets. While marching up Fifth avenue an immense bouquet of carnations was thrown to the Governor from one of the millions on that thoroughfare.

The Governor's Guard band was strong and made splendid music, and altogether the turnout was a creditable one for which the men should receive praise, as they all paid their own expenses.—Romeville News.

There are fifteen unattached Congressional electors made in the past by the next Congress. Three of them are from West Virginia.

The Illinois house passed the bill appropriating \$50,000 for a monument to the late John A. La-

Montgomery for distribution among the National Guards of the several States.

is complimentary. This must be quite unpleasant to Gen. Harrison and other lovers of the shorn-headed Mongolian.

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Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

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Clk of Cr. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r Co. Ct. C. E. Beard, Pres't.
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READY TO BE MARRIED.

I am ready to be married;
I can make a loaf of bread;
I can cook as nice a dinner
As my mother, so she said;
I can keep a room in order.
Sweep the house and make a bed;
Mother says a girl may marry
Who can make a loaf of bread.

I am ready to be married.
I can cut and make a dress;
Mark the linen with the cross-stitch;
Mend the lace, that's hardly less
Fine and dainty than a cobweb;
So I dare to tell him, "Yes,"
Mother says a girl may marry
Who can cut and make a dress.

I am ready to be married;
I can knit a stocking well,
I can make and I can darn it,
And a "bargain" I can tell;
I can shop and go to market,
And I'm not a ball-room belle;
Mother says a girl may marry
Who can knit a stocking well.

I am ready to be married;
And I have a lover true,
Just the handsomest and dearest
Lad that ever came to woo;
Never maiden loved her lover
Half so dearly as I do;
Mother says a girl may marry
When she has a lover true.

—Ex.

Old Sun and Moon Dance.

BY F. R. BURTON.

"An. did yer mamma oever tell
yo of that, Elsie, me darlin? How
the sun an' the moon dance togeth-
er, the bot' of tulin, on Easter morn-
in? Oh! oh! what a shame it is, it
is! Might be she never heard of it,
for there be a heap of lincint, ig-
norance in America waitin' to be
putt in the stove an' burot up like
a pack o' pent, so it is. Frit', an'
I think the most beautiful t'ings is
Irish, so an' I do?"

"But really, Muggie," and little
Elsie's blue eyes were wide with
wonderment, "really and truly, does
the sun dance with the moon on
Easter morning?"

"What would I be tellin' ye for
if it wasn't so at all? They do in
Ireland; just as sure as the blessed
sun comes up drippin' out as the
say, layin' out England in the dark,
bad luck to her! The moon runs
hoppity skip across the sky an'
joins hand with the sun, an' they
dance a rare Irish jig together."

"That must be dreadfully funny,"
said Elsie gravely; then, a last
doubt lingering in her puzzled
thoughts. "Did you ever see them
Maggie?"

"See them, is it? Oh, oh, run away,
now, to yer mamma an' stop ax-
ing me bothersome questions. Don't
I tell ye it's so? What more do ye
want, I dunno!"

Elsie put her little finger in her
mouth and walked slowly and with
abstracted gaze into the sitting
room, where her mother sat sewing
and her father was reading the
evening paper. She sat down upon
a low stool under the mantle and
studied the brown and yellow fig-
ures of the carpet. In the soft light
of the big lamp on the center table
the brown seemed darker than it
did by daylight, and the yellow
was almost white. Elsie wondered
vaguely whether the yellow mean
would be white during the dance
with the sun, for she remembered
that whenever it appeared by day
it was woefully pale; and would the
sun turn his dazzling face aside for
just one minute so that she could
have a good look at him and would
the moon have lost? and would the
sun's legs go right down from the
great, big circle of flame, or would
there be a lady like papa's? or
would both, and this seemed more
likely, would both just till him side
to side and laugh in each other's
face before they resumed their reg-
ular duties?

It was strangely interesting to
the eight year old, and in happy re-
lection she forgot all about the old

bronze clock above her head began
to buzz with immense importance
and then uttered a single tiny ring
and went on ticking hurriedly, as if
in haste to reach the next hour
mark, when its buzzing should pre-
lude a more significant announce-
ment. All well regulated clocks
are subject to this vanity; they puff
out the cheeks of their faces, rattle
away as if all their precious insides
were falling to pieces; the pendu-
lum is silent, and then the commo-
tion ends with a few silvery strokes;
more or less, after which the time-
piece recovers its modest self-pos-
session and goes on about its useful
business.

"Half-past 8," said Mrs. Durant,
glancing up at the clock. "Time
little girls were in bed."

"Mamma," exclaimed Elsie, tak-
ing a look in her dress with her
fingers and looking hard at her
feet. "mayn't I sit up all night just
this once?"

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Du-
rant, laying her sewing down in her
lap, "what does the child mean?"
Papa Durant looked inquiringly
over the top of his paper.

"I want to see the sun and the
moon dance together," replied Elsie
"and I can't wake up early enough
if I go to bed."

Mamma Durant was too aston-
ished to speak, but papa, with an
amused smile, said:

"You would have your trouble
for nothing, Elsie; the sun and the
moon don't indulge in such antics."

Elsie did not understand her
father's words exactly, but she felt
the denial and she responded:

"Maggie says they do every Eas-
ter morning, when the sun comes
out of the sea, and the moon hop,
skip and jumps, and they take
hands and dance in the sky, at least
in Ireland, the both of them, and
perhaps, if I just sat up all night,
they'd do it for me. Please papa."

Papa laughed.

"If you sat up little one," he said,
"you would not be awake in the af-
ternoon to sing with the other chil-
dren in the Easter festival. You
wouldn't like to miss that?"

"I think I'd rather see the dance,"
responded Elsie.

"Maggie shouldn't put such na-
tions in little girls' heads," said
mamma, and forthwith Elsie was
huddled off to bed. Her lips pout-
ed with something more than affec-
tion when she kissed her father
good night, and two or three hours
some time rolled slowly down her
face; but she went to her room
without a murmur, and when her
head was on the pillow she looked
out at the stars and wished some-
thing would keep her awake. Her
father had remonstrated her doubts as
to the truth of Maggie's story; but it
would have taken much more than
that to banish her, for the event was
too interesting not to be believed, and
she was more than willing to see herself
whether it was so.

As she lay wondering about it all
a thought suddenly sprang into her
head. Why should she not stay
awake and see the dance? Papa
and mamma had not said that she
must not, and they would not care
very much when she told them at
breakfast what she had done. This
thought became a fixed determina-
tion, and for several minutes she
looked at the stars steadily with
open eyes. Then she caught her-
self yawning and she sat up in bed.
Even in this attitude her head
suddenly dropped, and she got out
and stood in front of her half open
window. Across the road a

rows of the trees and houses, and
far away a dog barked. From the
room below came the clear, high
tones of her mother's voice and the
deep, somber murmur of her father's
replies. Mellow sounds from
the top of the little hill back of the
house told that the church clock
was striking 9. How slowly the
time passed for Elsie! She looked
up again at the stars and thought
how tired the angels must get watch-
ing through the dark silence of ev-
ery night. Then somebody walked
rapidly by, and when she could no
longer hear his footsteps she won-
dered if it were nearly 10 o'clock.
At last it grew chilly, and she
climbed into bed again, just for one
minute, to get warm.

The evening had grown old for
country folk before Mrs. Durant put
aside the work that had laid her
in her lap for many minutes, and
followed her husband to their cham-
ber. Her thoughts had gone back
to a happier time when her son
Wille was with her. Only five
years ago, and how long it seemed!
He had yielded to a restless dispo-
sition and wandered away, where
she knew not, except that it was
credibly reported that he had shipped
aboard an East Indian ship. If
he were alive he would be nearly 20
now, but no word from or about
him had ever been received. He had
been absent a year when his parents
sought to overcome the depression
that grew upon them by leaving
their former home and establishing
themselves in a pretty country vil-
lage where this story finds them.

Mrs. Durant said nothing to her
husband of their common grief, and
before she slept she had relieved
her aching heart by thoughts of
Elsie, upon whom she poured forth
all of a mother's yearning affec-
tion.

Elsie started. There was a flow
of soft light in her room, and the
stars that had shown so clearly into
her window were almost invisible.
She sprang from her bed with a
great fear at her heart. Was it
day? No, there was the moon smil-
ing at her and making the whole
night glorious. How had the moon
come around the house corner so
quickly? Had she been asleep? The
street lamp had been put out. It
could not be more than a minute
since she snuggled her toes under
the blankets, and yet— It must
be near morning, and intent on be-
ing out in time for the dance she
listened to put on her clothes. She
would go up to the church at the
top of the hill. There she could
see all of the known world except
that vague confusion of some far off
town where papa used to live.

With care not to awake anybody,
Elsie slipped down the back stairs,
draw back the latch of the kitchen
door, cautiously opened it and
stepped out. Everything was won-
derfully still, as if the earth was
holding its breath in expectancy
over the heavenly vision to occur
at daybreak. Neither the stillness
nor the night itself had terrors for
Elsie. She walked quietly across
the yard and through the sloping
orchard beyond to the low wall that
bounded the churchyard. Over this,
and presently she stepped upon the
shadow of the steps. The moon
was on the other side of the
clock tower or Elsie might have seen
that it was but a few minutes past
midnight. Entirely satisfied with
her adventure thus far, she sat down
upon the church steps to wait.

Then for the first time she saw
that she had been followed. Some-
body was stopping near the gate

outgrowing the significance of her
name. Elsie welcomed Dot and
rose to pick her up, whereat Dot
scampered away, tail in air.

"Naughty pussy! come here,"
cried Elsie, and ran after her. In
the orchard Dot disappeared, but,
hearing a slight noise below, Elsie
went softly forward, intent on tak-
ing her pet by surprise. Arrived
at the gate to the yard she paused
and looked about. What was
her surprise to see a man crouching
with a large pocket knife at the
sash of the kitchen window! For
a moment she looked on in won-
derment, but when the man had
cut away the fastening and was
carefully raising the window, she
exclaimed:

"That's my papa's house!"

Like a flash the man turned
around and peered across the yard,
his hand still on the half raised win-
dow.

"Huh! It's a kid," he muttered,
and he let the window down and
walked over to Elsie.

"What are you doing here, young
one?" he asked in a whisper.

"I'm going to see the sun and the
moon dance in the morning," re-
plied Elsie, "and you mustn't speak
out loud or you'll wake papa and
mamma, and they'll make me come
in."

The stranger smiled.

"I won't disturb 'em," he said.
"I wasn't going to anyway. The
fact is, little one, I'm hungry, and
all I was going to do in your house
was to find something to eat."

"How do you know where the
pantry is?" asked Elsie.

"I don't, but perhaps I could find
it. You know, I suppose? Can't
you get me a bit of bread or some-
thing?"

Elsie thought a moment. She re-
membered how no beggar ever went
hungry from her father's door, and
without reflecting further she crept
into the house, and as she went in
the stranger muttered, "And to
think that the door was unlocked
all the time!"

When Elsie returned she brought
a half loaf of bread and a doughnut,
a luxury of which she was especial-
ly fond. The stranger fell upon
the bread ravenously and Elsie
watched him in silent astonish-
ment. Then she asked:

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

This seemed so strange to Elsie
that she said nothing more. The
hungry man ate every morsel of the
food and then put his face in his
hands.

"I am much obliged to you," he
whispered. "I'm not used, little one,
and never tried before to break
into a house, though I've seen hard
times enough."

"Wouldn't you like to see the sun
and the moon dance?" asked Elsie.
"I think they'll do it this morning,
and that'll be pretty soon, won't it?
They do in Ireland every Easter
morning."

"Who told you so?"

"Maggie."

"Who's she?"

"Papa's hired girl."

"What is your papa's name?"

"Mr. William Durant."

The stranger started, and lean-
ing forward peered earnestly into
Elsie's face.

"Say that again! Where did you
used to live?" he exclaimed.

"Why off somewhere. I live here
now."

"What is your name?"

"Elsie."

The stranger was silent a mo-
ment. Then he rose, and, tak-

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 30 1889.

Fourteen lawyers have been president of the United States.

A Cincinnati man, in order to keep peace in the family, has married his mother-in-law.

Governesses are going to the front. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts was a governess and so was Mrs. Levi P. Morton.

Mr. Gladstone's visit to Italy has improved his health immensely. When he returns to London he will look ten years younger.

Francis D. Duffin, of Brooklyn, a printer, bet \$500 on the losing horse at the race, and then settled his grief by committing suicide.

Hon. Thorndyke Rice, recently appointed by President Harrison United States Minister to Russia is dead.

Prince Louis de Ligne and Viscount de Jonghe fought a duel at midnight by torchlight in a French forest. Nothing was wounded except trees.

THE Democrats have secured a majority of five in the constitutional convention of Montana. The prospects for the future do not look so dark, after all, do they brethren

Mrs. Oscar Folsom, mother of Mrs. Cleveland, was married on the 20th in Jackson, Mich., to Henry E. Perrine, of Buffalo. He is secretary of Buffalo City Cemetery Association.

Hon. John Wauwamaker, distributed \$100,000 among his employees last week. It was the result of his profit system adopted to his Philadelphia business house.

Hon. Geo. T. McGraw has resigned as Collector of Internal Revenue. He will be succeeded by A. B. White, editor of the State Journal, a bitter partisan paper at Parkersburg.

The Boston Journal reports that Samuel Cummings of that city while leaning against a rail in his grain-mill, "began sneezing and sneezed so hard that he dislocated his shoulder."

Miss Jane Woods, a young lady who lives in Wetzel county, has completed a nice quilt containing 22,140 pieces. She commenced it when seven years old, having worked at it for fourteen years.

A Republican exchange says: "A man who is addicted to drink, is not likely to get anything from Harrison." We can understand now why it was that so many of the brethren who seemed to have every prospect of success failed to get there.

A Clay county preacher has been indicted on four accounts for gambling at cards. The failure of his flock to vote promptly in the Sunday school is no doubt the cause of the

indictment is a true one. Oklahoma cut have a national bank. So says the Attorney General to whom the application was referred by the Treasury department.

The iron makers of the South are driving the Pennsylvania furnaces out of blast. The Southern mills have been selling pig-iron in New York at \$10.50 a ton for a year, while the Pennsylvanians have been compelled to get \$18 per ton for theirs, or close their mills. The Tariff will not help Pennsylvania hereafter. Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama are the countries from which Pennsylvania must protect herself, and she can't do that by a tariff.—Charleston Gazette.

The editor of the New York Times, Mr. C. R. Miller, in a closing lecture before the Dartmouth Alumni Tuesday on the "Art of Making a Newspaper," said among other things:

"The art of making a newspaper, like any other art, demands of him who would practice it a special skill and some information. The vulgar error that the newspaper art demand no special training, but may be taken up at a moment's notice and a generous salary by any man or woman temporarily out of work or unacquainted with any kind of work, is traceable to an obvious source. Young men are admitted to the practice of the law, they are graduated in medicine, and they are ordained or appointed ministers of the Gospel, in each case after a fixed term of study has elapsed and an ascertained degree of professional knowledge has been acquired. Of him who asks for work in a newspaper office no degree, license, or certificate is exacted. Yet no contention is that the training which fits one successfully to practice the art of making a newspaper is no less arduous, is usually rather more prolonged, and yields no smaller volume of attainment than the special studies preparatory to the practice of law, of medicine, of engineering, or architecture, or the instruction of ingenious youth."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, May 24th.—"Harrison has a weak back bone," said a republican Senator, and it is constantly growing weaker. There is every indication that we are to have a repetition of the worse features in the Hayes and Arthur administrations." This language was used by a man who is generally regarded as being very friendly to the administration, and there is no doubt that he is, but he was asked by a republican friend his opinion of the President and he gave it without reserve. And the known facts in a number of cases bear the Senator's statement as to a weak back bone out. For instance he wants to put his old law partner Attorney General Miller in the Supreme Court bench, but owing to a vigorous protest from the Indian republicans, who want Judge Woods of that State appointed, he does nothing. Again: In the early days of the administration John Wauwamaker selected a business man of Philadelphia to be Postmaster at that city, and Mr. Harrison lacked the nerve to make the appointment. And again: Some time ago John Sherman was pronounced that Ex-Congressman Hart, of Ohio, should be appointed Collector General, Hart was telegraphed to and told to come on and get the appointment. Quay made a big row accusing Sherman of lying etc., and intimating that the administration might go to Jericho, for all he cared. Once more Harrison's back bone went back on him and Hart's appointment has not yet been made.

Some absurd rumors about the sending of an English man of war to Alaskan waters to prevent the provisions of Harrison's recent proclamation, as to the seizure of all vessels found illegally taking seals, from being carried out, forcibly if necessary, have been floating around here this week but nobody seemed to take any stock in them.

Justice Miller of the Supreme Court, having failed in his purpose of getting ex-Secretary of War McCrary, appointed as his successor, or rather in getting a promise to that effect from Harrison, now says that he has no intention of retiring.

Washington has been the scene of some very heavy fighting among some of the big fellows in the republican party during the present week. Blows have been passed that will be remembered for years and revenge too, if the opportunity comes, and it most always causes strife among the leaders-distribution of the patronage. The first skirmish was between Representative Cannon, of Illinois and Senators Collier and Farwell of the same state. Cannon got one of his constituents appointed collector of Internal revenue without consulting either of the Senators. Cannon was the best of it so far but the Senators swear vengeance. The next engagement was a battle royal that has raged all the week. It is over the Philadelphia Federal appointments. On one side is "Cheap John" Wauwamaker, Representative Harry Bingham and Boss McManes, and on the other Senator Quay alone, with all his war paint on. The fight has been carried to the White House nearly every day and poor Harrison has been compelled to act as referee much against his will. This fight is still on, with the result in doubt. Another engagement was caused by a U. S. Marshalship in New York, Senator Everts dared to oppose the candidate of Senator Hancock and Boss Tom Platt, and not only to oppose the other candidate but to hire one of his own. The three met here this week and indulged in a few rounds. Everts is believed to have been completely knocked out. It seems to be generally believed by the republicans that Harrison will call an extra session of Congress in October. Of course everybody knows that there is no earthly occasion for an extra session except to give the republicans two months to fight over the organization of the House and to perfect their arrangements to get at least three-fourths of the contested seats.

Blaine, Windom and Proctor deny that they propose resigning, as was rumored.

Many people from Washington, have gone to Alexandria to-day to witness the unveiling of a grand stone monument to the Confederate dead.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a wife, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

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medicines. Get the genuine.
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Without injurious medication.
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of regular meeting of this
age is on the Friday evening pre-
each Full Moon, unless the
on falls on Friday, then on that
eving.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

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HOME NEWS

—Geo. W. Siple, of Green Bank,
in town Friday last.

—Geo. Ginger, of Dunmore was
in Huntersville last Saturday.

—R. A. Coulter, of Aylmer was
in to see us last Saturday.

—County Supt. Matthews, was in
city Monday.

—R. K. Burns, of Academy was
in Huntersville Monday.

—Harry Moore, of Dunmore was
in town last week.

—J. W. McNeil, of Edray, was
in to see us Monday.

—Rev. W. T. Price of Marlinton
was in to see us Monday.

—Dr. Mathew Wallace, of Mill
Port was in to see us Tuesday.

—Quite a little snow in several
pts of the county last Saturday.
It's that for the 25th of May!

—Suggy harness and Saddles at
\$10 and up to \$40 at A. P. Leist's
Reverte, W. Va. 30-2a

—The County Court, Messrs. C.
Beard, S. B. Haunah and Geo.
Moore were in town Monday.

—To John Wurts & Co, Frank-
ford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and
S' binders. may 9-12t

—The County Court met last
Friday to count the election re-
tax.

—Sewing machines from \$25 to \$50;
wanted, for sale by A. P. Leist,
Reverte, W. Va. 30-2m.

—The school election is over and
Mr. Matthews, elected Co. Super-
intendent.

—Gay Slaven who has been at-
tending the Hillsboro Academy has
returned.

—Miss Mary Curry, has returned
from the Hillsboro Academy where
she has been an attendant.

—John Wurts & Co., of Frankford,
W. Va., will be here during June
with a lot of Mowers. Don't
forget to see them. may 9-12t

—Isn't it about time somebody
was doing something toward get-
ting up a big Fourth of July cele-
bration?

—By the Deering Mowers and
S' binders, the best machines
made of John Wurts & Co.
Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—One Joss Smith, a logman, is
wanted, for rape, committed on one
Mr. Perkins, on the river near
Hillsboro.

—Mrs. C. A. Damron and family
are visiting her parents Mr. J. C.
Lory, at this place. Mr. Damron
came with them but returned Mon-
day.

—Quite an enjoyable afternoon
was spent Sunday in singing at this
place, led by Prof. S. B. Moore
and A. J. Smith, of Edray, and M.
A. Friel.

—M. G. Matthews, the only can-
didate for County Superintendent
was elected by a handsome vote.
The vote taken at Academy for a
six months school was defeated by
two.

—Rev. W. E. Miller, of Hillsboro
preached at the Methodist Church
at this place on Monday night and
Tuesday. His sermons were inter-
esting and instructive and very
much appreciated by the audience.

—The residence of Bruce and
Chamley at Mingo, was destroyed
by fire last Sunday. The fire origi-
nated from a defective flue. The
property destroyed is known as the
Alevener homestead. The loss is

town Tuesday. The Doctor says
if a person were to depend upon the
United States under the present ad-
ministration there would be no cer-
tainty about getting married. On
Friday last he mailed a dollar to
the Clerk with the request to send
by return mail a marriage license;
but no letter nor dollar has yet
reached the clerk; so the Doctor
had to come to town himself.

—The Pocahontas Musical Asso-
ciation held very pleasant sessions
at Frost, May 23-26, under the di-
rection of Prof. S. B. Moore, aided
by a corps of Musical teachers, and
organists. The attendance was
large, and enthusiastic, and the in-
terest in sacred music enhanced.
Prof. Swecker, Smith and Rock-
man, Capt. Gilmer, from High-
land, Rev. G. P. Moore, Prof. A. C.
Moore and M. A. Friel, were among
the more prominent of the lecturers.
Rev. O. B. Sharp, was secretary,
Misses Ida Herold Nina Herold
Ida Smith and Mrs. Laura Herold
rendered very efficient service upon
the organ, that added much to the
success of the convention. Out-
lines of an address, to be published
by request of the convention, may
be looked for in our next issue.

—Geo. Marteny, a young man
about 17 years old, was instantly
killed yesterday, Thursday, near his
home, two miles east of Beverly, by
the accidental discharge of a gun
in his own hands. He had his gun
ready to shoot a squirrel on a tree
near by, and it is supposed, that for
getting that he had it cocked set it
down on the ground with sufficient
force to discharge it, the ball enter-
ing his breast and passing through
his body lodged just under the skin.
He clasped his hands upon the
wound and ran about twenty-five
yards, when he fell and instantly
expired. A younger brother, who
saw the accident, immediately in-
formed his parents and the lifeless
body was carried to the house near
by. He was a quiet, industrious,
well-behaved boy, and the tragedy
has cast a gloom over the commu-
nity.—Enterprise.

Church Notes for June
Sacramental meeting at Liberty
church, 1st Sabbath of June, 11 o'-
clock, a. m. Preliminary services
Saturday night.
Sacramental services at Martin's
Bottom, 3rd Sabbath of June.
Preaching services Saturday morn-
ing before, 11 a. m. The aid of Rev.
D. S. Sydenstricker is expected.
All day meeting at Mary Gibson's
Chapel, on Elk, on the 5th Sabbath
of June. Parties will please bring
their baskets and spend the day in
socializing and religious exercises.
W. T. P.

Split Rock Splinters.
Sunday school was organized at
this place Sunday the 19 last, with
an enrollment of forty.
Mr. Gibbs who has been visiting
friends in this county and Miss Ol-
die Tallaferra who has been the
guest of Col. Outwood the past
two weeks, left for their homes
Wednesday morning.
Twenty-three scholars enrolled at
the Big Spring school.
Capt. Stoffer was over on Elk a
few days ago but as he was afraid
of snakes he did not stay long.
One morning he met two ladies
who had started to gather wild
flowers. They saw a very large
snake and called to Capt. Stoffer,
after he had passed to come back
and help to kill it, but he pulled off
his hat and ran until he reached
Col. Outwood's. There the ladies
found him an hour afterwards sit-
ting in a comfortable arm chair, in
thought they killed the snake and
when they went in Capt. Stoffer
jumped up and said: "What! that

Chughlin and Misses Mollie Smith
and Mary Cuckley attended the
Commencement exercises of the
Hillsboro M. & F. Academy.

Rev. Wm. E. Miller is absent
helping Rev. W. E. Bulleppa with
the Quarterly meeting at Dunmore.

The Quarterly meeting of the M.
E. Church will be held here next
Saturday and Sunday. Bro. Miller
will be assisted by Bro. Kinzer, P.
E.

Mrs. Minnie Wissinger, of Rouse-
ville, passed through town last
week on her way to visit her parents
on Beaver creek.

Married—the 5th of May at the
residence of the bride's parent in
Burr's Valley, Miss Caroline Rider
to Mr. Geo. Danbrack, of Navasota
and at the same time by the
same minister, Mr. David Dean to
Miss Susan Rider. The young lu-
dies were sisters and the one that
Mr. Danbrack married had never
been over a mile from home in her
life.

PRUNELLA

The Buckhannon papers say they
have on exhibition in that town
now, a portion of the skeleton of a
giant, which, when living measured
twenty-eight feet in height. One
half of the jaw bone, extending
from the point of the chin to the
back, measures twenty-eight inches
and weighs sixty five pounds. Three
front teeth are missing, the balance,
four molars, are intact and about
the size of a pint cup. The tibia
or shin bone, from the knee to the
ankle, measures about five feet; a

about thirty-three inches in length.
There is also an exhibition the jaw
bone and shin bone of an ordinary
sized man. The measurements in the
one correspond exactly with the other
also does the nerves, etc. This skele-
ton was unearthed by a Mr. Mar-
gun, in the northern part of Louisa,
in 1878, and it is estimated to
have weighed when living, eight
thousand pounds.

Minnesota has a law on the sub-
ject of intoxication, the operation of
which will be watched with a suspi-
cious interest. It makes it a
crime to be drunk, either in public
or in private, and it punishes by
fine and imprisonment.

There is, in our mind, something
wholesome in this law, and we be-
lieve it will accomplish more in the
way of reforming the intemperate
than any legislation yet devised. It
will prevent the frequency of the
example, and increase accordingly,
the disgrace of the crime.

Make it difficult to be intoxicated
—as it ought to be—and there will
be fewer cases of drunkenness, and
less use of intoxicating drinks.—
Charleston Gazette.

While Bismark was at college he
fought twenty-eight duels.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver
Coffins upon very short notice and at
reasonable prices.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS,

—AND GO TO—

LOURY & DOYLE'S

Where you can see a large assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER

Ready Made Clothing,

Also a nice line of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, ladies gents, and chil-
dren's SHOES, and the latest styles in ladies

HATS, just from New York.

Call and see them, and we assure polite and careful attention will be
shown you.

They are also Proprietors of

Huntersville Hotel,

Where, if you stop, you will receive the best accommodations.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for
Huntersville every Monday, Wednes-
day and Friday mornings, and from
Huntersville for Frankford every Tues-
day, Thursday and Saturday mornings.
Charges reasonable.

J. H. FLACK, Carrier.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit
Court of Pocahontas County, rendered
by the Honorable Judge of E. J. Allen vs
James P. Clinger and Wm. C. McTigue,
on the 3rd day of April 1899, I am ap-
pointed Commissioner appointed by said de-
cree to sell the

about thirty-three inches in length.
There is also an exhibition the jaw
bone and shin bone of an ordinary
sized man. The measurements in the
one correspond exactly with the other
also does the nerves, etc. This skele-
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Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver
Coffins upon very short notice and at
reasonable prices.

two parcels in place of her own
padding.

No 2.

At rules held in the Circuit Court
Clerk's office of Pocahontas County,
West Virginia on the first Monday in
May 1899.

Chas. L. Austin & Co.,
vs.
Wm. P. Arbogast & Co.

The object of this suit is to have a
sale of a tract of land contain-
ing about 1,785 acres, lying on
the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas
County and the proceeds divided among
those entitled thereto, according to
their respective rights and interests,
and it appearing from affidavits filed
that Anson O. Wade, Chas. Wade,
William, Peter, John and A. M. Hart-
man, Mary Driscoll, Andrew, John, As-
gel and Aron Stephenson, John V. B.
Adams and Hobbs his wife, and Jenetta
Groves are non-residents of the State of
West Virginia, and that the heirs of So-
sanna Potts, dead, are unknown, and that
due diligence has been used on the part
of the plaintiff without effect, to ascer-
tain in what county, Lorena Ham-
phre and Jane his wife, Allen Ste-
phenson, Julia Regor, (formerly Ar-
nold) reside, it is ordered that they do
appear here within one month after the
date of the first publication of this or-
der, and do what is necessary to protect
their interests in this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, C'k.
L. H. STEPHENSON,
C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may 9th 4 w printers fee \$16.16

No 3.

At rules held in the Circuit Court,
Clerk's office of Pocahontas County,
West Virginia on the first Monday in
May, 1899.

Chas. L. Austin & Co.,
vs.
Wm. P. Arbogast & Co.

The object of this suit is to have a
sale of a tract of land contain-
ing about 1,870 acres lying on the
Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas
County, and the proceeds divided
among those entitled thereto according
to their respective rights and interests,
and it appearing from affidavits filed
that Anson O., and Chas. Wade, William,
Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary
Driscoll, Andrew, John, Asgel and Aron
Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Hobbs
his wife and Jenetta Groves are non-
residents of the State of West Virginia,
and that the heirs of Sossanna Potts, dead
are unknown, and that due diligence
has been used on the part of the plaintiff
without effect to ascertain in what coun-
ty Lorena Humphre and Jane his
wife, Julia Regor, formerly Arnold and
Allen Stephenson reside. It is ordered
that they do appear here within one
month after the date of the first publi-
cation of this order, and do what is nec-
essary to protect their interests in this
suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, C'k.
L. H. STEPHENSON,
C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may 9 1 m printers fee 10.97

Order of Publication.

At rules held in the Circuit Court
Clerk's office of Pocahontas County,
West Virginia, on the first Monday in
May, 1899.

George C. Hill's Administrator,
vs.
Rebecca J. Hill & sis.

The object of this suit is to settle the
accounts of the administrator of George
C. Hill, dec'd. To convey the credi-
tors of said decedent. To subject the
real estate of which said Geo. Hill, dec'd
died, seized to the payment of his debts
and to construe the will of the said Geo.
C. Hill, and it appearing from affidavits
filed that Thos. C. Hill, James E. Hill
and Elizabeth J. Bruffey are non-resi-
dents of the State of West Virginia, it is
ordered that they do appear here within
one month after the date of the first
publication of this order and do what is
necessary to protect their interests in
this suit.

Teste:
JOHN J. BEARD, C'k.
C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may 9th printers fee \$1.65

SYDNEY A. KERR'S SHOP

Huntersville, W. Va.
I am prepared to make to the best
style and order, Boots and Shoes of all
kinds, also repairing and cleaning of neat style.
Mar 10 6 m. J. C. THOMPSON.

GOOD FLOUR.

50 lbs. per barrel, meal 70 cts per
bushel at H. H. McTigue's and, also
his flour at A. Barlow's, Huntersville,
and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 3
cts. more. 98.

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ents," with names of actual clients in
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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClinton.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, J. J. Beard.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Sole's Co. Ct., S. B. Hannan.
Geo. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 8th Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. AEDUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewistown, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. EYDEB,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. S. P. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

The Silver Lining.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the prints of feet;
And we have a helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The stars that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

Love and a Blizzard.

The Post lay bathed in sunshine. The sweet air untainted by the foul breath of the town, blew us it never does east of the Rockies, in regular, rhythmical swells.

Although it was early April, the prairies were green, and covered with the hardy blue and crimson flowers which bloom beneath the snow. It was just the day of all others when confinement within four walls is intolerable, and the joy of mere animal existence demands expression.

On the piazza of her father's quarters Katy Dare was standing, looking at the sky, which was hidden by architectural deformities, undimmed by the smoke of trade.

"Oh, gift of God! Oh, perfect day! Where in shall no man work, but play," she sang softly. "That's just it; we must do something. Think of letting this glorious weather go by without recognition. Tomorrow we may be perishing with cold."

Quickly the dainty maiden ran beneath the row of prim cotton-wood trees which looked more than ever like hop-poles in their leafless state, and rapped impatiently at the door of a quaint, old adobe house which stood with its many blinking windows facing the parade ground. Mrs. Rensome, wife of the Captain, who mothered every girl in the garrison, and was a perfect mine of new and delightful special projects, would know just what to do with this June day which some way had slipped into April's calendar.

Seated in the pretty parlor waiting for the busy housewife, Katy Dare made a lovely picture. From the crown of her pretty head to the tip of her tiny shoe, she was simply irresistible. You could no more classify her beauty than analyze the perfume of a violet. There were no standards in her case. She was herself and therefore to be loved. The strangest-minded person well fortified by theories, became her most unreasoning slave. Absolute, unconditional surrender was the fate of all.

The wife of the Chaplain, Mrs. McGrath, who had long since constituted herself the moral policeman of the garrison, had been known to defend the most love-lorn flirtations on Katy's part, and lay all the blame upon the victims of her charms whose designing young men.

From the gray-haired commanding officer to the colored striker of the young Lieutenant, she was "queen of hearts." By and by, when her way, even the most

since Katy's return from boarding school; and brave indeed was that man who ventured into her presence with his lips tainted with wine. Yet she was far from perfect; a more wilful, arrogant little girl never lived. Her love affairs kept the garrison in a state of breezy excitement. The number of pale, woe-begone young men who periodically asked to be exchanged into far distant regiments was legion. It was darkly hinted that every unmarried man within a radius of one hundred miles had prepared and been rejected.

Major Dare protested that the discipline of the Seventh was being ruined; the men did not half attend to their duties, and then begged Katy to forgive him for his cruelty; and at last the suffering victims of her irresistible ways found themselves to be regarded as presumptuous offenders. Still the army of martyrs grew.

At the time when our story opens a consumptive Episcopal clergyman was softly sighing at her feet. Rev. James Little had come to Wyoming Territory in search of health. His cousin, Captain Little, had found him quarters in the town near the Post, and introduced him to the social life of the garrison.

A wonderful change now took place in Katy Dare. Waltzes and operatic songs were banished from her music stand, and Gregorian chants reined to their steed. Regularly she went to Caldwell, where the enthusiastic churchman had commenced to hold daily services. The surplises for the choir boys were fashioned by her dimpled hands. Daintily seated in the rough, bare room, which did duty as a chapel, she listened attentively to eloquent discourses on love and the domestic virtues, which at this time formed the theme of the rector's sermons.

The round eyed choir boys forgot their notes and nudged each other knowingly. "The parson is sweet on Miss Dare," they whispered.

The contagion spread. Red haired Bob Jackson, who was of a jealous disposition, tried to trip the Rev. James during the professional; mysterious packages of strong pepper-mint lozenges were placed in the sent ascended by Katy; Jimmy Brown and Tommy Timmons came to blows in the vestry room; in fact, choir and rector alike were demoralized by the blue-eyed worshipper.

The commanding officer became alarmed. Could it be that his darling had passed so many splendid follies of "Omra" to take up with the crooked stick, "that one-legged Eastern dandy" he queried, anxiously.

Katy gave no sign. The chants were wafted forth nightly by a thin, quivering rector. Reestablished and emboldened by on the table. The Major swore fiercely as he stumbled over huge volumes of church history, and led his stoker such a life that the poor dandy, with the merriment of his race, seriously thought of murdering the rector.

The interests of the makers and grew intense. What was she thinking of? Was it another example of the law of contempt? Would the Major consent?

Through all the commotion the principal personages of the drama moved serenely. The rector in his immaculate broadcloth awaited Katy to and from the morning prayer in his hand, stepping neatly at his side the lady, her golden lance raised de-

expression in which respect for the office was deftly blended with admiration for the man.

Whenever Jack Reynolds, the Quartermaster of the regiment saw this by-play he hit the ends of his insolent nose. "Of course it is none of my business, but how dare the little end have such assurance! He walks around talking about his brought-on labors, and he seems to like it," he growled. Tall, athletic, with a pleasant, manly face, Jack was the most awkward, bashful member of the Seventh.

Katy had always turned up her saucy little nose at him, and refused to believe the stories which were told of his bravery in scenes of danger. "He is a perfect fool!" she had said more than once, and Jack had friends enough to tell him the little volunteer's verdict. Too proud to show how deeply he was wounded, he went his way, and found excuse after excuse for not attending the hops and parties where he would be likely to meet the Major's daughter.

But while we have been gossiping, Katy has waited impatiently for Mrs. Rensome's appearance in the parlor. That good lady had intended for some time giving Katy Dare a piece of her mind, but when she came within the witching influence of that witching face she kissed her instead, and obediently entered into plans for the day's enjoyment.

"We must have a picnic to Lake de Senet, dear," she said.

"The very thing!" cried Katy, capriciously, and entered into a brisk discussion of ways and means.

At one o'clock a gay cavalcade left the Post. The commanding officer led the way in his drag; then came the ambulance filled with ladies who did not ride; and following that, a long procession of carts, haggies and horse-back riders. An expert wagon, far in the rear, carried the band.

Races frequently occurred. The Major, the finest whip in the service, yanked the lead to go one. His four magnificent horses were wax in his hands. Poor man! He was desperate. The unscrupulous Katy had seated Rev. James at his side, and the little man chattered complacently about the relative merits of daisies and parson's plasters, till the Major was blue in the face with suppressed profanity.

Jack Reynolds was not one of the party. His duties as Quartermaster would detain him, he told Mrs. Rensome. Katy had openly given thanks for his absence, remarking partly that blunderbusses were not pleasant companions. Never had she looked more beautiful. Mounted on her honey brown nag she rode like the wind, winning every man.

After eight miles travelling over the springy plains they reached Lake de Senet. A more beautiful scene the eye could not rest upon, than this sheet of water lying clasped in solid bowlders. Hidden away in the foot hills of the Big Horn mountains, sea-gulls flew over its surface, and regular sea breezes blew from its alkali waters. In the little autumn party after party went around the lake, exploring its shores. Afterward the band, grouped upon the rocks began to play a waltz, and soon every one except the rector was dancing merrily.

Just at sunset the typhooner blew the supper out, and a hungry, weary, husky man the typhooner blew out a disturbed ranch at the side of

prided him off on his own, it took qualities, possibly of a really good nature, coldness of color; the Major or depicted the old and the new. How the youngest officer arrived. How good everything turned out. The side and exercise in the morning. It was a happy hour they met. The Major looking as no people in a life do or any far after all, it is pleasant to have a fully good mother to look after your well-being, even if she comes in government form.

Rising from her place at the rector's side, Katy ran to the door and looked out for the moon that was to guide them home. The sky was gray and misty, and Katy sat like a knife.

"No moon to-night," she announced, in a disheartened tone.

"And no dancing, either," cried the Major, as he looked over her sunny head. "Come, good people, we must get back to the Post."

Hastily bundling bag and basket into the ambulance, they started on their homeward journey. The horses ran, as from the approach of an enemy. The Major glanced anxiously at the sky, and hastily told Katy to keep at his side. It grew colder and colder. Soon the air was alive with snow—the blizzard was upon them. The sky, the horses, the ambulance were swallowed up in the whirling mass. There were no landmarks. The trackless plains surrounded them. The wind was due north and in their faces. The frozen particles cut their skin like razors. Numb hands dropped the reins, and the horses began to plunge madly. Nothing could contend with the awful "Norther and ice."

Standing in the drag the Major shouted to the officer to take their sword-belts and fasten the ladies to their saddles, and then "went forward—gallop!" They must trust to the instinct of their horses.

What a ride that was! After what seemed like years of misery of wind even Katy's heart had failed for fear, they heard above the roaring of the gale the beating of a drum. The escort wagon had been overturned at the door of a cabin in the wilderness. The horses had saved their masters.

The white owner of the cabin and his squaw wife received their half-brown guests most hospitably. The horses were turned into the corral, and the entire party crowded into the one room of the house. What a relief it was to be sheltered from the icy touch of the blizzard! How beautiful the fire looked idling up on the hearth! Katy felt that she could kiss the not over clean face of the Indian hostess, she was so happy. Life is sweet at eighteen.

No one slept that night. Grouped about the fire, the officers told story after story of adventure upon the plains. The most romantic chapters of unwritten history are told by soldiers' lips, and few are so fortunate enough to hear them.

When morning came the storm showed no signs of abating. The outlines of the cabin, though coarse, were abundant, and the remnants of the picnic collation were served for breakfast. At noon, the members of the band went to the corral to feed the horses, leaving the baggage stationed in the little room to blow the buggies as a guide to their movements. When at last they came staggering through the storm, they moved the still, half-dead body of a woman in army blue.

"What's this?" cried the doctor, as



Wolf's ACME Blacking
SEATS the World. It is the Best
HARNESS DRESSING
The BEST for Men's Boots
" " " Ladies'
" " " Children's"

ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF.
SOFTENS and PRESERVES the Leather
Once a week for your boots and shoes a small jar
of Wolf's ACME Blacking is all you need. It makes the
leather soft and pliable, and keeps the water out.
You can't tell how good it is until you try it. It's the
best thing you can get for your boots and shoes.
It's the best thing you can get for your boots and shoes.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

June 13 1889.

AFTER THE FLOOD.

In the midst of a calamity, or immediately after its occurrence, we are very apt to overrate the injury sustained. Ten days ago the Kuapp Creek Valley seemed to be an almost total wreck, and those who sustained the greatest loss were disheartened. But no sooner had the waters subsided everybody went to work with renewed energy, till now but few traces of that awful destruction are left. True some damage was done that can never be fully repaired, and some few will feel the effects of the recent flood for years to come; still when we consider our losses along with the losses elsewhere, how insignificant they seem. We might indeed murmur and become disheartened if like the sufferers of Johnstown, Pa. our injuries could not be estimated by dollars and cents, but at the cost of human life. Within the bounds of Pocahontas County we have heard of no one who even lost a home, much less a life. Then let us not go about with long faces because the waters carried away a few hundred rails, or destroyed a few acres of corn or wheat; these may all be replaced; but let us rather be thankful and rejoice that our lives are spared and the lives of our families and friends. Indeed our injuries are not worthy to be mentioned when we compare them with others.

Damage by the recent floods.

EDITOR TIMES: All over the State, (except in Pocahontas County,) the County Courts have been called together to consider and adopt measures necessary to repair the damage done to public property by the recent floods. No precaution on the part of anyone could have prevented the damage we have suffered and since it has been visited on us common with others, who have suffered much more, it will become a state stand till until another rise in the waters shall complete what the recent flood began.

It is said that the middle pier in the bridge at Martin's Bottom is so injured, that another flood will be likely to destroy for us a bridge which cost something over \$11,000, whereas if repaired at once, at a comparatively small expense, it can be saved.

The public roads, along all the streams running through this County are in a terrible condition, and in some places new roads will have to be made. Why should not our County Court meet at once and see to this matter? It is the duty of this Court, and the safety of the traveling public demands that this be attended at once.

As to the bridge across the Kuapp Creek, it is a great and costly one, and it is certainly no wonder that money the people have

always approve of any necessary expenditure of public money for the public good.

There will necessarily be employed masons, carpenters and those who understand building roads, in this work of repair; and the County Court, as far as possible should favor the workmen of Pocahontas in contracting, that this money may stay among us, and not go to increase the circulating medium of some other County or State.

I know that an increase of the levy to make these repairs will bear heavily upon our citizens at this time, but I believe they have the pluck, and pride to do their duty in repairing any public loss to Pocahontas County, and to cry down the sycophant who undertakes to ride into public favor by denouncing the County Court for doing its duty in laying a proper levy to meet the public need.

Let us hear through your paper from all sections of the County, and if the County Court can assign any good reason for not giving prompt attention to this matter, of so much importance to our citizens, we would be glad to hear also from the gentlemen who compose the Court

Yours &c.

CITIZEN.

Academy W. Va. June 8.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, June 7.—"Cheop John" Wanamaker is treading on dangerous ground. He wants to abolish Sunday work in the post offices, and in order to get some foundation to work on he has sent a circular letter to the postmasters of one hundred of the largest cities asking for suggestions as to how Sunday work may be stopped etc. Of course all good men believe that the Sabbath should be observed in as general a manner as possible, but at the same time all sensible men know that a certain amount of work must be performed by somebody even on that day, and the carrying and rapid handling of the mails is a work too important to be stopped at any time, for any cause. In fact the efficiency of the Post Office department is more in need of being increased than decreased in this very matter of Sunday handling of mails and if Wanamaker isn't very careful he will raise a tempest in the business world that will be strong enough to sweep him out of the office that cost him so much money. And there is another view of the subject that should not be lost sight of. In the more than one hundred years of its existence no attempt has ever been made to have this Government officially recognize any religious denomination or sect, and the precedent would be a dangerous one to establish. Suppose for instance that Wanamaker, who is a Presbyterian, should succeed in having all work stopped in our post offices on Sundays during his administration of the post office department. So far all right, but now suppose that in the unexpected upheaval of politics he should be succeeded by a Hebrew, or a Seven day Adventist, both of which sects regard Saturday as the sabbath day, and that he should insist on having all post office work stopped on his sabbath. Then what a row we should have. Church and State both have important functions to perform in this as well as every other country, but let us keep them separate and distinct, for if history teaches anything it is the utter futility of successfully uniting the two.

Politics have this week been pushed to the wall that "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Democrats and republicans have lived with each other to provide succor for the thousands of people made homeless by the great floods in Pennsylvania, Washington

dealings with political and social doings, she in reality has a great big human heart, throbbing just now in sympathetic accord with her suffering brothers and sisters of the Conemaugh Valley, upon whom such a terrible calamity has fallen. A public meeting was held to provide organized methods of collecting money and clothing; it was attended by an immense crowd and was presided over by the President who made a strong appeal for subscriptions. About \$50,000 in cash has been raised besides an enormous quantity of blankets clothing disinfectants etc. Everybody seemed disposed to give something; poor people who were unable to give money gave a blanket or a cast off garment; bootblacks and news boys handed in their nickles alongside the millionaires thousand dollar checks, and the children emptied the purses out of their little banks in order to turn them over to the Committee. For the first half of the week nothing was talked about or seemingly thought about but the awful news from Johnstown. Washington's flood had done a damage to property public and private of several millions of dollars but that was entirely forgotten in the face of the great loss of life by the Pennsylvania horror.

Already the republican acting Commissioner of the General Land office has begun to undo the good work of the democratic administration. He has given notice that he intends abolishing the Board of Review and the Division of Contests, both established under Mr. Cleveland's administration and both recognized as being in the interests of the homesteader and against the land-grabber. But on the last named class have for many years, with the exception of from '85 to '89, controlled that office the change can hardly be surprising.

The Civil Service Commission is busily engaged in discovering "more nests." It has just reported a large one in the New York custom house, and is now in Troy, N. Y. hoping to find one in the post office. Next week it is to start west on a grand tour of discovery which will embrace a dozen cities.

It is rather early to begin the naming of choices for 1892, but the following from the Atlanta Constitution is worth reproducing:

If the Democratic party fails to make Grover Cleveland its leader in the campaign of 1892, it will repeat the stupendous folly in which it set aside Mr. Tilden in 1880 for General Hancock. Grover Cleveland is the leader under whom the Democracy can march to triumph in 1892 and he is proving himself more and more worthy of the great work to which he is consecrated—the redeeming of the government from the hands of the Democratic party, which is the party of the people.

Heavy storms of rain and hail at Huejutla, Mexico, have caused the river to inundate that town, drowning many persons and cattle, washing away many houses and destroying crops.

Married persons who have no children are seeking to adopt the children orphaned by the flood. None of these little ones will be allowed to suffer.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a man, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

A heavy storm has been raging in Hong Kong, China. Immense damage has been done.

WANTED.
GODS of dry skin.
Address HUNTERVILLE, W. VA.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to me."
H. A. Adams, M.D.,
211 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sleeplessness, Diarrhea, Indigestion, Kinds Worms, gives sleep, and promotes healthy growth.
Without injurious medication.
Tas. Castoria Co. Ltd., 17 Murray Street, N. Y.

MILES 4 4 4 4 4 NEARER

OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER.

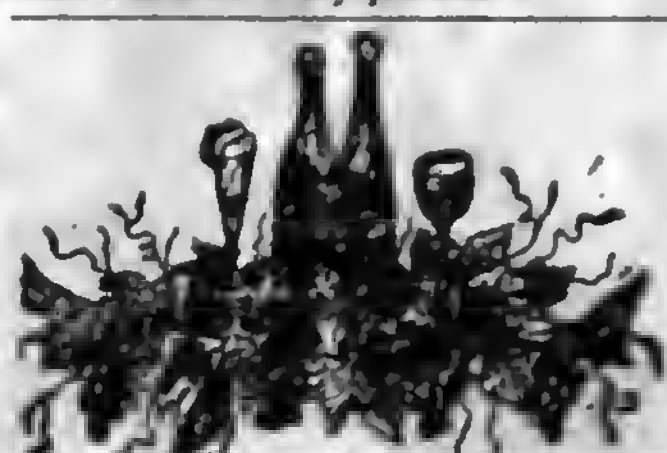
C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va., and M. O'FARRELL, have established a new

LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE

At the foot of the ALLEGHANY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class

WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.



A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,

[Successors to Judge & McClintic,]

Mt. Grove, - - Va.,

—DEALERS IN—

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Merchandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

If you need a mower or reaper you will do well to communicate with the undersigned, who is agent for the celebrated



WALTER A. WOOD MACHINES.

All inquiries as to terms etc. will receive prompt attention.

Address,

I. B. MOORE,

Sunset, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

*GEO. & W. & WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,

MASONIC NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
XXO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
 S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

Circuit Court convenes next Monday.

—Atty H. S. Rucker was down at Hillsboro last Saturday.

Go to John Werts & Co, Frankford, W. Va. for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—C. J. Stalling of Academy, and Mrs. Eli Doyle, of Valley Center, Va., were at Huntersville Hotel last Friday.

Buggy harness and Saddles at \$3.50 and up to \$40 at A. P. Leist's Rancovers, W. Va. 30-2m

—Atty C. F. Moore and Mrs. John J. Beard, were down at Hillsboro last Saturday.

John Werts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—The bridal tour of Dr. C. L. Austin was not so extensive as was contemplated. Being brought to a halt at McDowell by the high waters, the party had to be content with visiting that place, Monterey and Twp of Alleghany.

—We were pleased to learn that our young friend Clawson McNeil, of Swago, who was a law student at Morgantown, graduates at the head of his class with distinction.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Werts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—Any one wishing to procure a good well-shed or sheep-house would do well to attend the next County Court: no doubt the bridge at Huntersville can be bought low. And we do not doubt that the road around the mountains will be given to any one who will haul it away; some places left are left that would answer to patch up mud holes.

Sewing machines from \$25 to \$50; warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, Rancovers, W. Va. 30-2m.

Barnum College.

A problem for some of the school boys to solve: "If it takes a letter 20 days to go from Green Bank to Huntersville a distance of 20 miles, how long will it take Andy Hughes to travel around the world at the rate he travels."

Capt E. A. Smith, is up from the ark.

The lumber company did not leave as much as reported at first.

M. J. Moore, brother-in-law of Capt. E. A. Smith is here from near Johnstown, Pa.

Mr. E. A. Smith has two sisters living in Johnstown.

The road overseers have had their hands out on this way, and have fixed up the roads in pretty good shape. Let others do likewise.

C. F. A. was up Sunday and gave a very interesting lecture to the One-more Sunday school.

Not much sign of war, an says Jack Cery and Phil Edmiston. They are both girls and all doing well.

A. K. Jackson, has returned to Rancovers.

Registered at Hotel Wakarusa last week and this—J. Lowy, of Baltimore, O. Gay, the celebrated French cook, J. H. Jackson, A. H. Jackson, W. J. Pritchard, H. M. Moore, C. P. Tate, Jos. Riple.

But out your cabbage plants while the weather is wet.

C. F. Rucker, the comical auctioneer has business to cry sales in Pocahontas and adjoining counties. Give him a call.

Success to the End.

TOM BANYER.

Martins Items.

It is reported some fishermen near Guilford, fished all night and caught nothing. A party of Martins Bottom fishermen fished part of the night recently and caught one cat fish and sixteen dog fish. The dog fish in make up is pretty much month and intestines; like some greedy people in the world. One of the young fishers fell into water, he thinks ten feet deep, upon examining his boot legs however, and finding the boots not full of water, the estimate of deepness may be modified. One thing is true he has been cool as a water melon ever since on the matter of fishing.

Mrs. Florida Price the estimable wife of Calvin Price Esq. of Clover Creek, who has been quite ill is reported better. This is gratifying to a large circle of attached friends.

The casualties of the flood at this place, while none were killed, did not occasion very much irreparable damage.

D. H. Garber lost one raft of cherry and walnut lumber. He thinks that most of it can be identified as the sawing was done by a vertical saw.

It looks as if the question of riparian rights, will need attention in the near future. As our lawyers are wise, this word is enough.

H. K. S.

Mail Sub-Contracting.

The mail route between this place and Traveler's Repose, has been sub-contracted for by John F. Wanless and C. O. W. Sharp, at about \$800. How's that? a mail 60 miles a day, every day in the year except Sunday, over mountains, streams and everything else for \$800.

We can't understand why men that claim to have good judgment will let a man from another State come in here and tell us what we shall work for; and take his mail routes off his hands at about half the actual cost that it will take to run them.

It looks as though some men will have a mail route if they have to pay some one to get it. Why is it? Is it no honor to carry a mail on an old poor horse over mountains, streams and through all sorts of weather and in mud and snow three feet deep and arrive at all hours in the night? If there is any honor in it we fail to see it.

The government don't want the mails carried for nothing; it is able to pay for it, if you will ask it; and why will you let these infernal star route contractors come in here and shove their contracts at a starving price off on you.

It's none of our business what you work for; but it worries us in have our mails come in, at all hours in the night. It would worry the devil himself.

What we want is good service, and we don't believe any one can give good service on a route as the above for \$800

School Commencement.

The second Commencement of Hillsboro Training School took place last Tuesday night, June, 4th, in the Pavilion erected for the purpose in the presence of a large audience. Every foot of space was occupied and many forced to stand throughout the exercises which they did good naturally.

The appearance of the stage with the light beamed students arranged in a semicircle presented a pleasing scene. The stage settings were beautiful flowers, and the mental piece a horse-drawn farm of reason and rock bridge enhanced the beauty of the scene presented to the vast audience. The paintings and drawings of the art pupils were handsomely arranged on the back ground and right of the stage. On the left were well executed specimens of penmanship by the well-qualified class. Among the names of those deserving special mention for

their painting and drawing are Misses Helen Clark and Mollie Peters, both of whom did excellent work as could be seen by some lovely paintings and drawings exhibited that night, and proved that they have a talented teacher at the head of this department. Miss Rose Shearer's writing class as well as her art class, show decided improvement in that line. Promptly at 8 o'clock to the strains of a beautiful march the students took their seats upon the stage. Miss G. M. Shearer, Principal, occupied a seat on the right, at the head of the class. On the left was the Motto "Peace Be still" on the right "Vincit qui Patitur" and just back of the Piano, in a half circle the lovely old german word "Wilkommen." As the last strains of the overture died away Miss G. M. Shearer invoked the blessings of the Almighty God upon the students, and the audience. As it would take too much space to make special mention of each piece. We will give the order of the program which was as follows:

Note the Bright Hours only opening choras by the whole school.

Salutatory—by Edna Clarice Shearer

Boothblack—Illustrated Recitation by Ernest Marshall, John Peters and Forrest Harper.

Trouble your Head with your own Affairs—Recitation by Miss Della Edger, which was nicely prepared and well delivered.

Perserverance Polka Trio—by Misses Onelda Shearer, Maggie McNeel and Nettie Callison.

Will no Maiden Marry Me I'll Vocal Solo—by Gus Eskridge which was one of the best things of the evening. Mr. Gus noted the song to perfection as was shown by the hearty applause which followed it.

Ingenuity Essay, by Miss Annie McNeel, which was certainly an excellent gotten up essay on this difficult subject, and could only have been written by one possessing this qualification. Her essay abounded in fine thoughts which were expressed in a way that secured for her, close attention.

Some Day I'll Wonder Back again—Vocal Solo and Ch. by Misses Needa and Rose Shearer and Jennie Clark.

Ernest Marshall 1st orator of the evening.

Parade March—by Misses Needa Shearer and D. Marshall.

The Battle of Bunker Hill—absurd recitation by Miss Verdie Clark.

Golden Ringlets.

Selection of Trades—by six boys and one little girl.

Children's Glee Song—by seven-teen children.

A short recess was now given while attention was called to the art collection by Miss G. M. Shearer.

Part II

"A Voice From the Waves" Vocal Solo—by Misses Fannie and Rose Shearer.

Gus Eskridge 2nd Orator of the evening subject, Our Honored Dead. "Drifting With the Tide" Vocal Solo and Ch. by Misses Rose, Fannie and Needa Shearer.

Miss Duffie Marshall, Historian of the Evening, Class of H. T. School

Cymbaloe Gulup—by Miss Needa Shearer on the Organ, and Misses Annie McNeel Della and Hattie Edgeman Planos.

Commencement Oration Subject, Reminding—by Miss Verdie Marshall. Humorous Vocal Duett—by Misses Georgia and Rose Shearer.

Curiously, Item—by Miss D. Marshall. Fine Drill and Wound Exposure.

Valedictory—by Jennie Clark, Remarks, Distinction cards &c.

"Good Night" Chorus Ch. by school as ended one of the very best of Commencements. The Fine Drill and Wound Exposure was excellent the young ladies and little girls

were attired in their costume and the little boys with white and socks to match. The whole drill showed good and careful training.

There was in all about 100 movements in the two which were made in perfect time. Distinction cards were awarded to those who had not been tardy at morning worship and were received by Miss Neelle and Master John Peters, Marshall and Virgie Isabel and Cilla and Villa Marshall. Distinction cards were also awarded to those who averaged over 100 per cent. in daily recitations and examinations and were received by Misses Duffie Marshall and Jennie Clark. The music was especially good and the pieces "A Voice From the Wave" "Drifting With the Tide" "Humorous" and "Cymbaloe Gulup" deserve special mention as they were beautiful pieces, in fact pieces that can hardly be surpassed. All acquitted themselves most creditably and show they have teachers at the front who know what they are about. Miss Shearer is one of the best teachers we have ever had in our midst and deserves the patronage of the public. Her training both mental and moral is certainly deserving of the highest praise. Truly conscientious teachers are hard to find, but are certainly to be appreciated when we have them. Decided improvements have been made in the Art and music departments, the past session and we certainly wish her success.

Y.

WOULDN'T ACT AS CHAMBERMAID.—Widow Brown owned a lodging-house in Denver, Colorado. A year ago she became infatuated with J. J. Medley, proposed to him and married him. Medley expected to have a comfortable home and an easy life, but his wife's ardent room-cooled and she compelled him to perform all the offices as chambermaid in the hotel. Last week Medley soaked his humiliation in whisky, bought a revolver and deliberately killed his wife.

The Driver of a hearse at Wilkes-barre Pennsylvania, was startled the other day by a noise in a coffin. He opened the coffin and the supposed dead man scrambled out and asked for a drink of whisky.

When Mr. Randall says that the democratic outlook is bright, the republican organs are inclined to make fun of him. They will laugh in a different way in 1892.

Last week, severe storms prevailed throughout France. The greatest damage has been done in the departments of Seine-et-Marne, Aube, Yonne, Haute Seine and Ardennes, where in some places the country is almost devastated.

A. B. SLATHE,
 Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL FLACK, Driver.

Order of Publication.

R. S. Turk } Is Chancellor.

Geo. W. McDonald } Is Chancellor.

The object of this suit is to have partition made of three tracts of land containing respectively 1004 2/4 and 107 acres of land lying on the waters of the Big Spring Branch of Elk River in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, between the plaintiff and defendant, and to Enjoin and inhibit the defendant George W. McDonald, and all others from cutting and removing the Merchantable timber from said lands until partition thereof is made.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Geo. W. McDonald is a non resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit. The plaintiff has executed his bond as required by the order granting said injunction.

Teste JOHN J. BEARD Clerk.

June 6 4t Printers fee \$2.00

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs James P. Ginger and Wm. J. McClure, on the 3rd day of April 1892 I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

17th DAY OF JUNE 1892

proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 35 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginger situated on the waters of Stamping Creek, adjoining the lands of the heirs of A. D. Grimes and others. This tract of land is fertile and productive and is in a partial state of cultivation.

L. M. McCLENTIC.

Special Com'r
 1 John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.

Printers fee \$9.70 may 28 4w

PATENTS.

Copyrights, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

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LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS,

—AND GO TO—

ALOURY & DOYLE'S

Where you can see a large assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER

Ready Made Clothing,

Also a nice line of DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, ladies gowns, and children's SHOES, and the latest styles in ladies HATS, just from New York.

Call and see them, and we assure polite and careful attention will be shown you. They are also Proprietors of

Huntersville Hotel,

Where, if you stop, you will receive the best accommodations.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, J. J. Board.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Board.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r. Co. Cl. (C. E. Board, Pres't.
S. R. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Wabster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

J. SNYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. H. WEYBARTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. B. P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,

Huntersville, W. Va.



Wolf's ACME Blacking

IS A GREAT LABOR SAVER.

A SHINE LASTS A WEEK.

RAIN AND SNOW DON'T AFFECT IT

NO BRUSHING REQUIRED.

MAKES A SHOE WATERPROOF.

USED BY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Can be washed like ordinary soap, and absolutely softens and preserves all kinds of leather.

Ask for it, and do not give up till you get it. And you will be well rewarded.

Sold by E. C. Stone, Greenburg, Druggists, Inc. For Merchants it is shipped.

WOLF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The practical, plucky, young girl,
Not afraid of the rain young girl,
A poetical poey,
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper of self young girl.

A home in her place young girl,
A never will face young girl,
A tollor serene,
A life pure and clean,
A princess of peace young girl.

A wear her own hair young girl,
A free from stars young girl,
Improve every hour,
No sickly sunflower,
A wealth of rare sense young girl.

An early retiring young girl,
An active, aspiring young girl,
A morning ariser,
A dandy despairer,
A progressive American girl.

An honestly courting young girl,
A never seen flirting young girl,
A quiet and pure,
A modest, demure,
A fit for a wife young girl.

A sought everywhere young girl,
A future most fair young girl,
An over discreet,
We too seldom meet,
This queen among queens young girl.

—Mrs R. E. Woods, in N. Y. World.

Old Siegel and His Son.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

Many years ago, while making a tour through that beautiful tract of mountain scenery in the south of Bavaria known as the Salzgammergt, I stayed for a fortnight at Berchtesgaden. I spent much of my time there in fishing for grayling and in taking to the chamois-hunters, with many of whom I had made acquaintance during a previous visit. I used often to sit for hours listening to their hunting stories, and on one occasion I hunted with them.

The mountains immediately around Berchtesgaden are kept as a royal chamois preserve, and as the King was expected to arrive shortly, none but his Majesty's own jagers were allowed, during the time I was there, to disturb the chamois.

I was, however, very anxious to have at least one day's sport, and arranged with old Siegel and his son Franz, chamois hunters whom I had known for some time, and on whom I could depend, to have a "jagd" on the morrow. Siegel persuaded Götting, a friend of his, to come with us.

We started early in the morning, and after toiling for several hours up through the dark pine woods which became more scant and scrubby the higher we went, emerged at last on the open snowfields.

We now separated; Franz and Götting made a long detour to the left, while Siegel and I hastened on to reach some commanding position above, in case any chamois were driven up. After an hour's more climbing, we halted on the top of a precipice, which sloped in the form of a crescent, made a complete circle for any chamois driven up by our friends below.

We had hardly been watching ten minutes when two chamois appeared in sight, bounding up the mountain-side and coming directly toward us. When the foremost had come within range, I fired and missed, as most men would have done, firing as I did at so small an object from a height almost perpendicular above it.

The beasts turned, and springing with wonderful speed over the sharp rocks, were soon out of sight. I fired a second shot just as they were disappearing, and think I struck one of them, but it continued to get away, and we never saw it again.

Siegel and I, somewhat crestfallen, trudged on up the mountain, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides, and holding our guns ready for any chance that might be made.

the other time to overtake us.

Suddenly we heard, far down below us, a shot, and then all was again silent. We were much surprised, as it is one of the first rules in this kind of hunting never, except when absolutely necessary, even to raise the voice, much less, of course, to fire a rifle, which scares the chamois completely.

We knew that Götting and Franz, directly below us as they were, could not possibly have seen a chamois, as our shots must have driven them quite out of reach. After a minutes anxious listening, we fancied we heard shouts, and fearing we knew not what, called loudly Franz's name.

We then heard—and this time quite distinctly—the voice of Götting saying:

"Come down! come down! It's all over! Franz has shot himself!"

Siegel and I were standing together a little deep in the snow. I glanced into his face, and I think I shall never forget the look of mingled surprise and grief. Before I knew what he was about, he had seized his rifle, and presented the muzzle to his head, and was feeling with his foot in a frenzied manner for the trigger.

I snatched the piece away just in time; he did not try to recover it, but throwing himself on the snow, burst into a most passionate, most eloquent torrent of praise of his son's many virtues. He told me what a good son he had always been to him, anxious to fulfil his slightest wish.

I at length succeeded in partially soothing him, and in rousing him to action. We scrambled down as fast as we could guided by Götting's shouts.

It was a long time before we reached them; in the meantime I accused myself of being the author of all this misery, and my anxiety was heightened by the reflection that we were in reality poaching, and we should very likely, in consequence of this misfortune get into trouble on our return.

We found poor Franz lying shot through the back and in great pain among stunted "knieholz"—a plant something like our whinbush. It appeared that he had, contrary to all jager rules, carried his rifle capped, and that in walking through the knieholz, he had stumbled and fallen, and his rifle had somehow or other exploded, causing a severe wound.

We staunch the blood as well as we could with our handkerchiefs, and then held a consultation. Götting said he knew of a chamois some way off to which he thought we might manage to carry Franz.

I lifted him up as carefully as possible, and walked for some way over the abundant knieholz, which threatening to trip me up every moment. I managed, I think, to go about two hundred yards with my burden, and then, exhausted, had to lay him down. His father tried to carry him next, but unavailing and half-blinded by his tears, had also soon to give it up.

Götting was the only one of the party who could carry Franz for any great length of time over the rough ground we were now compelled to traverse; he was a small man but seemed to be wiry and nimble.

It was, however, evident that the slow pace we were obliged to go was should never, even if we knew the exact direction—which, by the way, none of us did—but to the chamois kennel might be made. Some other arrangement must be made.

stay with the wounded man, while Siegel and I should go forward and attempt to reach the chamois. Götting was the only one of the party who had ever been there, and that was years before. He gave us directions how to find it.

We were to pass to the right or left of certain peaks he pointed out to us, and then he said we should see a large field of snow. We were to cross this, and the chamois was in a hollow about half a mile above and to the left.

Well, we started—Siegel and I—leaving all the provisions except a few sandwiches with Franz and Götting. A weary walk brought us to the peak where, according to Götting, we were to see the snowfield. But there was nothing of the sort there; peak rose upon peak, but there was no great, level snowfield stretching away at our feet, such as he had described.

We looked at each other in dismay. To add to our distress, the weather, which had hitherto been beautiful, began to get overcast. Light wreaths of mist were settling on the highest summits of the mountain, sure signs of a coming storm.

However, there was no use in going back. We should perhaps not be able to find Franz and Götting again if, bewildered as we now were, we attempted to get back to them. Our only chance was forward.

Tired and dispirited we walked on turning around only to look at the gathering clouds which were now piling themselves dark and threatening behind us. The wind, too began to rise. We determined to go downward; indeed, we were too much exhausted to go any higher, or waste any more time in looking for the chamois.

The ground seemed to get more rough the lower we went, and the tremendous gusts of wind which whistled round us made the descent most dangerous. Great, spattering raindrops now began to fall and we halted on a ledge of rock, utterly worn out.

The storm increased and in a short time was at its height. The rain came down in torrents, completely drenching us. The lightning with blinding flashes played all round, hissing and humming for an instant the awful grandeur of the scene, while the thunder pealed and crashed overhead, each crash and wall of rock echoing the sound and increasing it and thunder-bolt.

We had thrown our rifles away, afraid that the lightning would strike them, and stood waiting for the storm to abate. When we resumed our descent we were trembling with cold in every limb. The air, which was warm enough before, was now chillingly cold and the wind drove snow and bits of ice against our faces with blinding force.

I went first, and for a long time neither of us spoke. Only when a particularly dangerous place was reached I gave the warning "Look to the right!" or "To the left!" as the case might be.

Siegel led the way when I was tired, and thus we proceeded with greatest caution, as a false step would have been almost certain death. All we got to more level ground.

Here we again encountered thickets of knieholz. We were already congratulating ourselves on having got the worst over, when we were suddenly stopped by a precipice or "Wand," down which it would have

was a sheer descent of at least eighty feet.

This was a dreadful disappointment. We walked along the edge for some way, but as far as we could see the Wand extended for miles. I had already thrown myself on the ground and had given up all hopes of life, when a shout from Siegel who had gone on a little way, made me once more spring to my feet.

I hastened to him. He was standing over a narrow hole in the rock almost hidden by boxes of the knieholz.

"We are saved! we are saved!" he cried. He explained to me how, when I had given up in despair, he suddenly thought that he remembered the place we were in, and had remembered, too, that if it were indeed the part of the mountain he supposed it to be, there was a circular hole in the rock forming the Wand by which the chamois hunters scaled this otherwise inaccessible place. He had gone on, had found the opening, and fearful of losing the spot had stood over it and called till I came.

We slid safely down this chimney-like hole, which is not much more than twenty feet in depth, and easily descending the lower part of the Wand, which is here much broken, arrived, famished and half-frozen, at 10 o'clock at night, at a woodman's hut Siegel knew of in the valley below. Here we obtained warmth and shelter.

Three of the woodmen immediately started up the mountain and returned in a few hours with poor Franz, who was very much exhausted, not so much from cold—as Götting had contrived to light a fire, and they had provisions—as from loss of blood.

I once asked Siegel what he would have done if he had not found that opening. "We should," he said, "have struck our alpenstocks into the ground, and have walked round them all the night to keep off sleep, which if it conquered us would, of course, have been fatal. If we lived till day broke we should have tried to find our way back to the others."

Whether we were likely to succeed in so doing, cold, hungry and exhausted as we were, the reader may judge.

As for Franz, he completely recovered from his wound, and I have hunted many a time with him since that memorable day.—Youth's Companion.

HOW'S THIS.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 10 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

W. & T. H. A. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

PAVING, KANSAS & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

E. H. VAN HORN, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

"I know that you love me," he said, sentimentally, as he held her to his vest. "I know that you love me," she repeated; "because when I lay my head against your breast your heart beats so loud that I can hear it." "That," gasped the poor fellow as the awful truth dawned upon him, "that is not my heart. That's my Waterbury watch."

Mr. May R. Bryan gets \$3,000 a year for editing Minny's 10,000

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

June 20 1889.

Jefferson Davis celebrated his eighty-first birthday at Beauvoir last Monday. He was in fine health and spirits.

Old Jubal Early's speech at Winchester will be a godsend to the republican papers. The general stuck to it that the confederate cause was right, and was particularly rough on the confederates who have deserted since the war.

Humanity.

To the man gifted with sufficient spiritual strength to enable him to look over the heads of the crowd, humanity is a serious study.

From his perch on the edge of a cloud such a man can look down in wonder and pity on the restless throng—doing and nothing, striving and suffering, sorrowing and sin-stricken. God has given to humanity the earth and the fullness thereof, and, not satisfied with the glorious heritage as it comes from His hand, mortals are forever struggling to make such changes as will adapt its conditions nearer in accordance with their erratic imaginations.

As an illustration, there are the millions of treasure expended and the thousands of lives wasted in the attempt to break the continuity of the western hemisphere and send the blue billows of the Pacific and the wild breakers of the Atlantic dashing away to meet and embrace each other among the hills of Panama. The people of the east and the people of the west have, by much labor and pains, flung a rope of steel across the ocean, and, having caught the secret of the summer lightning, they talk in strange whispers from one side to the other of the world.

To mankind collectively, humanity is tender and charitable. To the individual sinner how un pitying it is. On the field of battle he who destroys most of his fellow creatures is the greatest hero. But he that kills his neighbor in a moment of passion is punished most unrelentingly, and above his devoted head the hand of the avenger is forever uplifted.

Ah, humanity, humanity! In its strange and unreasoning perversity the gentle voice of the living God is drowned by its unceasing clamorings. The moment that the soul awakes and finds itself an inhabitant of this, begins to plan some mischief to do. Wild and willful, prone to wander, insatiate in its capricious desires and strange appetites, cursed by a thousand unpleasurable longings.

"Oh, Elol, come! Saluchthani!" came the thrilling appeal from the wind and wandering gloom of Outvary. Centuries have come and gone and the dust of the earth has passed through myriad transformations. Spring has panted the sky with bars and butts, pilled from the skirts of the angels, and ragged winter has covered the leavened pulse of nature with the snow of nearly two thousand years.

members since that touching and pitiful cry was wrung from the anguished heart of a suffering God. But his fervor deepens and his passion intensifies as it goes walling and echoing down the path of the ages, and every day and every hour and every moment—every heart-throb of time—is burdened by that woful refrain: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Some of the Great Floods of History Described.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

It becomes interesting to note some of the great floods of history. One of the most notable was that which, according to the old History Camden, washed away Earl Godwin's land on the coast of Kent, and left only the Godwin Sands. Holland has furnished many a coast flood. At Dort, in 1446, the sea broke in through the dykes and drowned the people of seventy-two villages, in all 100,000 persons. The dykes failed in 1530 and nearly 400,000 people died. The celebrated Ripon flood in Yorkshire was in 1771, and in 1787 over 2000 persons lost their lives by the sudden torrents from the mountains of Naxos. In 1813 the overflow of the Danube drowned 3000 Turkish soldiers on a small island near Widen, and in Silesia the floods practically ruined the French army under McDonald. The Vistula overflowed and broke its dykes in 1812 and swept away 10,000 cattle and 4000 houses.

Two famous floods in France were those of 1840 and 1846. The former was in the southeast, and upward of 1,000 houses were swept away by the Rhone. The other was in the central and southwest part of France, and destroyed \$20,000,000 worth of property, including numerous costly railroad viaducts.

By the bursting of the reservoir at Lorea, in Spain, twenty square leagues were devastated, and over 1,000 persons were drowned, April 14, 1802. The property damage was estimated at \$7,000,000.

The giving way of the dam of the Bradford reservoir near Sheffield, England, on March 11, 1864, let loose a flood which swept fourteen miles of valley in two hours and caused a loss of \$1,800,000, besides drowning 250 persons. This is the disaster which is made to figure in Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place." The area of the Bradford reservoir was seventy-eight acres, and its dam at the highest place was 95 feet high.

The Willametteburg, Mass., disaster was on May 17th, 1861. The dam of a 100-acre reservoir gave way, and \$1,000,000 worth of property was ruined. One hundred and fifty persons lost their lives.

The South Fork reservoir needed of Friday night surprises all similar casualties in every respect. This reservoir had an area of over 2,800 acres, and its waters, when freed from confinement, devastated an area of hundreds of square miles.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL

The Census Bureau issues an Important Circular—Mortality Statistics.

The following is received from the Census Bureau:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, CENSUS OFFICE, WASHINGTON D. C., May 1, 1889. To The Medical Profession:

The various medical associations and the medical profession will be glad to learn that Dr. John S. Hulings, Surgeon U. S. Army, has consented to take charge of the Report on the Mortality and Vital Statistics of the United States as returned by the Eleventh Census.

As the United States has no system of registration of vital statistics, such as is relied upon by other civilized nations for the purpose of ascertaining the actual movement of population, our census affords

the only opportunity of obtaining near an approximate estimate of the birth and death rates of much the larger part of the country, which is entirely unprovided with any satisfactory system of State and municipal registration.

In view of this, the Census Office, during the month of May this year, will issue to the medical profession throughout the country "Physicians' Registers" for the purpose of obtaining more accurate returns of deaths than it is possible for the enumerators to make. It is earnestly hoped that physicians in every part of the country will co-operate with the Census Office in this important work. The record should be kept from June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890. Nearly 20,000 of these registration books were filled up and returned to the office 1880, and nearly all of them used for statistical purposes. It is hoped that double this number will be obtained for the Eleventh Census.

Physicians not receiving Registers can obtain them by sending their names and addresses to the Census Office, and, with the Register, an official envelope which requires no stamp will be provided for their return to Washington.

If all medical and surgical practitioners throughout the country will lend their aid, the mortality and vital statistics of the Eleventh Census will be more comprehensive and complete than they have ever been. Every physician should take a personal pride in having this report as full and accurate as it is possible to make it.

It is hereby promised that all information obtained through this source shall be held strictly confidential.

ROBERT P. PORTER, Superintendent of Censuses.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Wm. L. S. Smith's Story should always be read when children are cutting teeth. It tells the little sufferer's story, it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little sufferer awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WANTED.

5000 lb. of dry saw. Address BRISON HILL, JACOBY, W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

24 lbs. pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 8 cts. mar. 28.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McLaughlin dec'd., are required to present the same at once in his administration for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McLaughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
URIAN HENDERSON,
Admin'r of David McLaughlin dec'd.,
June 20 4-v Green Bank W. Va.

The Sponge is Mightier than the Brush.



THROW AWAY THE SHOR BRUSH and use a Sponge and water, which will keep your HOUSE SPICED and CLEAN if you use

Wolf's ACME Blacking

The women know a good thing and tell their friends, and the men ought to, too. It preserves the leather and gives a brilliant polish. Water and soap will do it as sure as an old duck's back. Men's shoes require dressing DRESS A WHEEL woman's once a month, that's all. Worth trying, isn't it? It is also the best dressing for harness, on which it lasts THREE MONTHS.

WOLFE & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia

CASTORIA

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARNOLD, M. D., 111 No. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Cough, Colic, Stomach, Starvation, Diarrhoea, Worms, and all the ailments of Infants, without injurious medication.

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At the foot of the ALLEGANY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class

WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,

(Successors to Fudge & McClintic.)

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—DEALERS IN—

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Merchandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

If you need a mower or reaper you will do well to communicate with the undersigned, who is agent for the celebrated

WALTER A. WOOD MACHINES.

All inquiries as to terms etc. will receive prompt attention.

Address,

I. B. MOORE,

Sunset, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEORGE W. WAGNER, PROPRIETOR, HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,

GEORGE W. WAGNER.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 43, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—We understand their will be a big picnic at Duncmore this year.

—There were a good deal of business done at this term of the Court.

—We will give the full proceedings of the Circuit Court next week.

—Lots of new subscribers this week.

—Thanks to those who paid us cash this week.

Go to John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12

—Good envelopes at THE TIMES office for 15c per 100.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12

—Hon. C. P. Dorr has retired from the Webster Springs Call, and it will be conducted hereafter by Messrs B. S. Woodell and E. H. Morton. Success to the new managers.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—We return thanks to the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, for invitation to the annual commencement and semi centennial celebration to be held there the 4th of July.

—The Greenbrier Independent, one of our very best weekly exchanges has passed its 24th birthday. It is welcomed by its many readers in Pocahontas, and may it long live and prosper.

—The Chancery suit of Frank Barrett vs. Wm. M. McAlister and others was at this term of the Court submitted to special Judge J. W. Arbuckle. The case was argued at length by C. P. Moore, of this place and R. B. Knight, of Charleston for the plaintiff, and C. P. Jones and John W. Stephenson for the defendants. A decree was entered in favor of the plaintiff for \$2500 and costs. There has never been a chancery case in this Court that excited more interest on the part of the people, nor one in which the oral argument was more entertaining. It is probable the case will be carried to the Court of Appeals.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

of Huntersville District will meet in Huntersville on Friday, June 21st, 1890, for the purpose of settling with the Sheriff and attending to all other business that may be necessary.
By order of the President,
JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr.,
Secretary of Board.

Duncmore Doings.

R. P. Bloom, was in town last week.

The carding machine is in full blast at Duncmore.

There will be singing at the Cross Road school house, on Sunday, 23rd, at 2 p. m. Let all attend and bring your books.

L. R. Moore and family were on a visit to Elzey last week.

J. W. Moore will start for Johnstown, Pa. this week for his family.

Mrs. E. A. Smith's sister living at Johnstown, during the flood was saved.

Circuit Court Notes.

Grand Court convened on Monday 17th; Judge A. N. Campbell presiding.

The lawyers attending Court from a distance were, C. P. Jones and L. H. Stephenson of Monterey; J. M. McAlister and Jno. W.

Quite a large crowd were in attendance Monday.

B. F. Harlow, late proprietor of the Greenbrier Independent was among us.

We will give the proceedings next week.

Notes By the Way.

It is a matter far beyond thanks giving and praise to witness the cheerful alacrity with which our people hasten to repair the effects of the recent flood.

During the whole spring season, there seemed to be unusual industry all over the county, clearing land repairing fences, and improving roadways.

Taken for everything there is no region on the face of the earth, that surpasses West Virginia, and Pocahontas may be made equal to any county in the state, for all material comforts. Patient industry is sure of its reward in a region like this.

AN INTERESTING SUNDAY SCHOOL

There is a flourishing Sunday school, at New Hope school house on Brown's Creek, near Huntersville, under the joint management of Mr. James W. Warwick and W. T. Moore.

On a recent Sabbath afternoon the writer witnessed a scene there, not to be met with in any other Sabbath school in the world.

The first Sabbath School ever taught in West Virginia, and for that matter, anywhere west of the Alleghenies was conducted by Mrs. Mary Warwick in her old age.

Though she was so infirm, that when seated, she could not arise from her chair without assistance

yet she would have her servants to place her on a horse, and she would ride four miles to a log school house located near what is now called the "Jerry Friel cabin" on Jacob Sharp's property, where she met her Sunday School. She was the only teacher, and would upon her school at 8 or 9 o'clock and continue teaching until one or two in the afternoon then she would go to William Sharp's, rest awhile, take dinner and thereupon return to her home at Clover Lick.

One of her favorite scholars was little Lizzie Sharp, now known and much esteemed by many of our readers, as good old Aunt Bettle McLaughlin verging close to ninety years of age. She was at the Sunday School the afternoon referred to, and seemed interested in all that was going on. Mr. Warwick is a great, grand son, of her old Teacher, and Aunt Betsy says she can see her old Teacher's eye in Jimmy Warwick's head. It was a touching coincidence, that two such persons, should meet in sabbath school, after seventy-five years should have passed away, and in its historic significance in the history of Sunday school.

AN IMPRESSIVE BURIAL SCENE.

Last week the pleasing information was furnished by one of your correspondents and published, that Mrs. Florida Price, was thought to be better of her serious illness.

It now appears this was but evanescent, for she died Tuesday morning, June 18th, aged 33 years. She was one of five daughters, in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Bee, near Elkwater, Randolph Co., West Va.

About four years since, she was married to J. Calvin Price, Esq., and soon after they took up their residence on Clover Creek.

Two little boys are left motherless and a wide circle of relatives and attached friends, mourn the decease of a most excellent person.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, June the 12, she was buried from the Clover Lick Chapel followed by

chase to the grave of her great-grand mother Mary Warwick, mentioned in a former note.

Outshone of the cities, the writer, has rarely seen a grave more beautifully finished up. It was adorned with freshly cut turf, and interlaced with a cross, and tastefully arranged garlands and wreaths of roses and evergreens.

This beautiful testimonial the horn of her confidence in the love and power of Jesus to save, one of the most consoling character.

Thinking of her, one is most touchingly reminded of these lines as beautifully appropriate

"She sleeps in the Valley so sweet,
About her the green willows wave,
We planted the rose at her feet,
To bloom and decay o'er her grave.
She sleeps in the valley so sweet,
No sound e'er disturbs her repose;
So quiet in this calm retreat
She rests safe, secure from life's woes.

How calmly she rested in God;
"To thy arms my Savior I come,"
Come quickly, come quickly, O Lord
And welcome thy wanderer home.
She sleeps in the Valley so sweet,
Her spirit has taken its flight,
Her form is but dust beneath our feet,
While she is an angel of light.

W. T. P.

The Heroine of the Flood.

If the valley of Conemaugh has its heroes it also has its heroines.

The story of one woman's sublime courage and unselfishness at a supreme moment of peril makes a bright page in the gloomy record of the Johnstown calamity.

Mrs. Ogle, the manager of the Western Union Telegraph office at Johnstown, stood by her key to the last. She was notified time and again that certain death awaited her if she did not seek safety in flight. But the brave little woman thought of the thousands of people in the valley below and stuck to her post, sending out message after message of warning.

Suddenly a deafening roar filled the air, and a black wave, mounting high, could be seen rolling down upon the doomed city.

The pale-faced woman gave one look and dashed the tears from her eyes.

"This is my last message!" the key ticked out to the operator at South Fork.

There was no time to add another word. The mad torrent struck the building and an instant later the lifeless heroine of the flood was washed through the raging waters, onward through the rocky mountain passes, and downward to the smiling plains below.

The bravest are the tenderest, and the tenderest are the bravest.

The Floods of the Future.

The Conemaugh valley disaster must not be viewed simply as a calamity. It is a warning.

When the boats navigate Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, and cars invade the houses of that city, we see the shadows of coming events—something even worse than the Johnstown horror.

We have more than once pointed out in these columns the probable consequences of the floods that will visit this country in future. The destruction of our forests will make the dam-burst as familiar to us as the tornado is to the dwellers on our western plains. Ven Hetcher, in his work on "The Influence of Forest Growth on Climate," says: "The old experience that the destruction of woods accentuates climate extremes, and more especially enhances the danger of floods, has not then for been contradicted. Nay, it receives confirmation from the disasters which, in the South Tyrol, for example, occur so frequently, and which it is vainly sought to prevent by artificial works."

We are energetically setting in motion the very machinery that must permanently increase the area and the destructive power of these

million lives lost by the overflow of Yellow River in China, and smile when the comforting thought occurs to us that it is on the other side of the world. We hear of the cloud-burst in the south of France after that region was stripped of its timber—cloud-bursts which turn easy paths into raging torrents and sweep away houses, cattle and human beings. But all this, we say is in France. The awful warning comes nearer and in a deadlier shape, from then to time, until we have its breathless culmination and climax at Johnstown.

The thoughtful observer who has watched these events, studied their lessons, and looked ahead into the future, can come to but one conclusion. A century hence Mag-nahy's New Zealander may not be here to shake his woolly head over our ruins, but the scientific and progressive American of that day will have many strange chapters of history to relate. He will tell his children the story of our scores of dead cities that went down in the black night of a mighty deluge. He will describe the destruction of Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and New Orleans. In Georgia and Tennessee he will name the cities—but this comes too near home to be calmly discussed, and predictions would not be relished by any of us.

It is enough to say that a century hence, when the intelligent American of that day takes a glum backward, he will bitterly denounce our criminal waste and neglect in the matter of forestry, and it will be a mystery in his eyes that we allowed so many warnings to pass unheeded, and rushed on to our doom. —Atlanta Constitution.



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Is wonderfully preserving and waterproofing any leather shoe in a deep, rich black lustre which lasts a week. Try it on your horses. Do not confound ACME Blacking with any other. Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, etc. Try it on your horses.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
UNDER THE
In prepared to furnish and deliver
Coffins upon very short notice and at
reasonable prices.

OFFICE TO TRAVELLERS.
The mail back leaves Frankford for
Huntersville every Monday, Wednesday
and Friday mornings, and from
Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday,
Thursday and Saturday mornings.
Charges reasonable.
JOHN FLACK, Carrier.

Order of Publication.
H. S. Turk
vs.
Geo. W. McDonald
The object of this suit is to have a partition made of three tracts of land containing respectively 1034 3/4 and 137 acres of land lying on the waters of the Big Spring Branch of Elk River in Pocahontas County West Virginia, between the plaintiff and defendant, and to enforce and confirm the defendant George W. McDonald, and all others from cutting and removing the merchantable timber from said lands until partition thereof is made.
And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Geo. W. McDonald is a non resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and on what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit. The plaintiff has executed his bond as required by the order granting said injunction.
Teste JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.
June 6 4t
Printers fee \$2.40

Commissioner's Sale.
Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs. James P. Ginger and Wife, docketed on the 3rd day of April, 1889, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the
17th DAY OF JUNE 1890
proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 35 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginger and Wife, situate on the waters of Stamping Creek, adjoining the lands of the heirs of A. D. Grimes and others. This tract of land is fertile and productive and in a partial state of cultivation.
L. M. McALISTER
Special Commissioner
I John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.
JOHN J. BEARD,
Clerk of Court.
printers fee \$2.70
may 30 4w

PATENTS.
Copyrights, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.
Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can receive patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo. with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee is not till patent is secured.
A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain a Patent," with names of actual inventors in your State, county, or town sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
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LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS,
—AND GO TO—
LOURY & DOYLE'S
Where you can see a large assortment of
SPRING AND SUMMER
Ready Made Clothing,
Also a nice line of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, ladies gents, and children's SHOES, and the latest styles in ladies HATS, just from New York.
Call and see them, and we assure polite and careful attention will be shown you.
They are also Proprietors of
Huntersville Hotel.

THIS OUT AND SHOW TO FRIENDS

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 27, 1889. Terms of \$1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 48.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannab.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,
Berkeley, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SENTER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. K. WEYBROU,

PL. DENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

R. E. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.



WATERPROOF BOOTS
MADE FULLY
WITHOUT LAMEN.

WOLF'S ACME Blacking
Prepared with the best of materials, and of the highest quality, and is the only one that will keep the shoes black and shining for a long time.
WOLF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

Little Bear.

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
In your meek and lowly sphere,
Many a thirsty neck you wet,
Drowning many a vain regret,
In your song there's lots of cheer,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
Place my name on record here,
That all the liquids known,
From temperate to intemperate zone,
Staudest thou without a peer,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
I do love thee. Yes, I fear
My affections too intense,
Cling around thee deep and dense,
Loved not wisely, but too dear,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
Streams of amber bright and clear,
Do you mind the days that I
Tried to drink the brewery dry?
Oft you got me on my ear,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie little bear,
Oh! How many a bitter tear
Sparkles in thy shining foam—
Many a desolated home—
Many a sorrow, dark and drear,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
You may think it rather queer,
But I feel that I must shun
You or give the job up, one.
No more schooner will I steer,
Little bear!

—M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Constitution.

Three Marine Mysteries.

I suppose that a hundred ships come and go where one is lost, but when one reflects on the dangers to which they are exposed he must marvel that so many escape. I saw a list of thirty-six missing ships the other day, missing from American English and French ports, and the fate of each was unknown or guessed at. Say that half of them foundered in mid-ocean, five were run down in collision, five more were wrecked on capes or shoals where all hands perished, and what became of the rest? Say that three of the remainder were destroyed by fire and what little shall we attach to the other five? From the moment a vessel leaves port to begin her voyage she is exposed to danger, and though a sailor may be ever so brave and hearty, he cannot shake off the knowledge that he lives on the verge of the grave. There are gales, and fogs, and collisions, and fire, and hidden rocks, and powerful currents; and so I repeat that it is a marvel more welling truth are not added to the long some list of missing which is recorded year by year.

In the year 1885, as the British bark Lord Oldham, of which I was second mate, was approaching the Canary Islands, and when about 150 miles distant, we were caught in the tail end of a cyclone and badly knocked about. We got out with some slight loss and a great deal of discomfort, and were hauled up again to our course when a great calamity happened. Half an hour before midnight, while the bark was doing her best under a fresh breeze, a sudden and great shock was felt. Her master went by the board, and as I reached the deck, a minute after the shock, the hull seemed to split open from stem to stern. I had gone below to get a glass of beer, leaving the deck only thirty seconds before the shock came. I was knocked down and confused, but it could not have been over sixty seconds before I regained the deck. It was just in time to be carried overboard. I went with a lot of rubble, from the decks, and amid the lightened cries of the men, and a quarter of an hour later, when I had locked myself in the crockery of the midland, I could not get on my feet to any of my ends to the rest of the crew. How it was that all were lost I may or could make out. There was not time enough to have floated off men,

and my watch certainly all wide awake at the moment of the collision. The only explanation I can give is that they were somehow caught and crushed. I drifted during the rest of the night, and was picked up in the morning by a vessel bound in. By that time the wreckage had drifted apart until nothing could be found. Nothing whatever was picked up or cast up on any shore, and had I not been saved, the fate of the bark could only have been guessed at.

What did she collide with? The lookouts were on the bow, and alert and the night so clear that a ship could have been seen a mile away. The chart showed clear water for a hundred miles about, and we must have run full tilt upon some vessel which had been dismasted and bilged in the hurricane. It loaded with timber, her decks would have been awash, and she would have been as bad as a rock to collide with. There was only one shock, and the whole bows of the bark were crashed in by it.

Three years later, while off the Banks of Brazil in a small English ship called the White Cloud, another strange thing happened. I was first mate of this ship, and about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the weather being very fine and the wind light, I had all the men on deck setting up the rigging, some of which had slackened away. A man aloft suddenly hailed the deck with the information that a large whale was bearing down on the ship head on. We were a merchant vessel, and the sight of a whale had no interest for us. We went on with our work for three or four minutes, when the man again hailed me with:

"If that fellow holds his course he will be dead on to us. He's a big fellow, and coming like an iron steamer."

I ran forward to get a look, and the sea was so smooth that I had no difficulty in making out the whale. He was still a mile away, coming down at about steamer speed, and holding a course as straight as if somebody aboard of him was steering by compass. I was not a bit alarmed, expecting to see him show his back every moment, but the Captain came on deck and ordered the man at the wheel to break off two or three points. This brought the whale in our port bow. As I told you, I expected to see him coming every moment. It was astonishing that he had not discovered us long before. I could scarcely believe my eyes as he held on, and by and by we had him alongside. I am telling you the truth when I say he actually rubbed us as we passed each other, and the odor of him was so rank that some of the men cried out in disgust. That whale was thirty feet long if he was an inch, and he had a head on him like a brick wall. So far as we could see he was carrying no life-preservers and had no fresh wound, but he was mangy and hunched as if he had knocked about for a couple of hundred years. The fact of his holding his own in such a hull-headed way was alarming, and when we were clear of him we felt congratulating ourselves over the close shave.

We were perhaps a mile apart when the whale showed around. The moment we discovered what he was doing we knew that he meant to attack. The breeze had now died away until we could not hope to dodge him, and he had not yet fairly turned when we dropped the yawl from the davits and ran headlong to the bow. Two

men were ordered to get water and provisions into her, and as the whale headed up for us we went off before the light breeze to give him all the room we could. Three or four minutes settled the question of whether he was after the ship or sailing his own course. He headed up for her, coming faster and faster, and when he was two cables' length away there was a great white wall of water rolling before him, and his speed was from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. He struck us full on the starboard quarter, and the shock was as if two ships had collided. Planks and ribs gave way before him, and as he recoiled from the blow our ship settled down stern first and was under water within two minutes. Everybody was knocked down by the shock, and everybody got up to rush for the yawl. I was sacked down almost as soon as I reached my feet, and after a struggle, in which I came out first best by a close shave, I was shot to the surface amid a lot of deck raffle. There were two or three men around me at first, and as I was heaved up I caught sight of the yawl with at least two men in her. The whale was still at hand, lying very quiet, but I feared he would soon be aroused and attack us in turn, and I seized the galley door and paddled away to get out of his reach. While doing this a squall came down and hung on for twenty minutes, and when it had passed I could see nothing of boat nor whale.

That afternoon, an hour before sundown, I was picked up by the American whaler Richard Knox. She already had our yawl, which she had found bottom up, but had not seen any of the men nor met with any wreckage. I was again the only one saved, and but for my testimony the fate of the ship would have forever remained a mystery. As to why the whale attacked us was made more clear after my rescue. The Knox had raised and chased him the evening before, and he had been "galled" or annoyed so often during the month past that he had become ugly. He came for us with the intention of sending the ship to the bottom, and he succeeded only too well in carrying out his purpose.

A third mystery was the case of the Janet Wilcox, an American brig bound for Rio Janeiro. I was second mate of her when the accident took place. We had had weather for a good share of the voyage, but the brig was unwell and shaky, and was at no time in hand some peril. About 300 miles off Rio, while enjoying a bit of good weather, we one morning caught a long, faint trail of men dead ahead of us. Indeed, the boat had taken down her sail and was waiting for us to come up. There were some men aboard of her, and they had plenty of water and provisions. The story they told was that they were a part of the crew of a large British ship which had been burned two days before. They claimed that all had got off in the boats, but that the boats had become separated in the heavy weather. They were a hard-baked lot, composed of all nationalities, and when we had taken them aboard our captain was by no means satisfied with their story. One of them claimed to be second mate, and as the crew had all got off in two boats, it was a puzzle that the first mate was not in command of one. Other strange things mixed up, and the story of the men did not hang together, and

no all hands were ordered to keep an eye on the fellows.

We got a good start of word and had run down to within fifty or sixty miles of the coast when the fellows showed their heads. They had been allowed to mingle freely with our crew, but had carefully abstained from a remark to indicate that they had an evil purpose in view. Their boat was large and unwieldy, and we had towed it after us rather than to cast it loose or to attempt to haul it aboard. I was on watch from eight to twelve and nothing suspicious occurred during the first three hours. About 11 o'clock, as I stood near the mast at the the wheel, I was hailed from the foremast with:

"Mr. Merlin, will you please step forward and take a look at something we can't make out?"

I afterward recalled that it was not the voice of one of my watch, but I did not heed the matter at the time. I started forward, and had reached the waist of the vessel when two men seized me, lifted me clear of the deck, and before I could recover from my astonishment was flung overboard head first. It was more by instinct than any plan of my own that I swam for the boat towing astern. Had the brig not been sailing close hauled, and therefore sailing at a moderate pace, I should not have reached it. It was a close shave, and as I hung to the gunwale for a moment I heard a great confusion on the brig. It was mutiny, of course, and I was the first victim. My idea was to get aboard again as soon as possible, and the only way was to get in into the yawl, pull her close up, and then climb up the mast. After an effort or two I pulled myself in, and just then there were oaths and cries and pistol shots from the brig, followed by a couple of splashes alongside, which meant that two bodies, living or dead, had gone overboard. I had hold of the painter when it was loosened from above, and I drifted rapidly astern. The fight continued as long as was within hearing. I was out of it entirely and could only hope that our crew, who were all good men, would overcome the mutineers in the struggle.

After the brig was out of sight I got sail on the boat, and followed her to the best of my judgment. It was just in the gray of morning that I was picked up by a British ship bound into Rio. It wasn't so very mysterious that we picked up the boat and that her crew attempted to kill us, but it certainly was queer that from the hour she left me to this day that brig has never been heard of. But for my escape she would have been rated as lost, and the insurance paid. As it was the insurance company contested payment, and won their case in court. The insurance of that day, at least, did not provide for any such emergency. The naval and merchant service of every power was notified of the circumstances, and for two or three years every sea was under observation, but the brig was never overhauled, nor any of her old crew heard of. My idea is that she foundered within a few days with all hands, but others differ. She certainly did not men pirate, and she was never heard of as a wreck. There is no such British ship in the web side, nor was my name listed as they sailed. They must have been lying in wait; but it is known that they would not sit out to sea in such a boat. Taken all in all, it was a strange case, and no one has ever got the right end of the thread to solve the tangle.

Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Levi Gay, Esq., was in town Tuesday.

—Some of our townsmen have been catching some nice bass, lately.

—Atty. L. M. McClintic and wife are visiting his parents at Buekeyo.

—A little fire has been quite comfortable in the mornings and evenings for the past few days.

Go to John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12

—Good envelopes at THE TIMES office for 15c per 100.

—Dr. Heskiah McClintic, of Mo., and Geo. McClintic of Covington, were in town last Saturday.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12

—Mrs. Joe Smith, and daughter, of Mill Point, passed through town Monday on their way to Green Bank.

Bar the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—Mr. J. B. Curry, of Mill Point, and Miss Birdie Nottingham, of Green Bank made us a pleasant call Monday.

—The stable of Attorney L. M. McClintic was broken open, and his horse taken out and ridden Tuesday night.

—If you want a history of the Johnstown flood, send to C. B. Swenson, Danmore, who will furnish you a copy as soon as they are out.

—Atty. L. M. McClintic, D. A. Fisher and B. F. White, have gone to William's river, to spend a few days fishing.

—We wish some body would bring us a mess of fish. Here we have to stay all the time, in old newspapers and dirt, up to our ears and work like a dog on a piggy, and can't get a chance to go fishing.

—We understand that Mr. Sam. Gay, better known as "devil Sam," of near Edray, and Miss Germa, daughter of Mr. A. R. Taylor, of William's river will be married next Wednesday.

—Wood Stealing is getting to be a common occurrence about town now, and we are afraid wood won't be a thing stolen during the coming winter. They say we are getting hard times since "Mr. Face-works-on-wood" administration.

Dr. J. J. J. J.

Work corn while the sun shines, go fishing when it rains and work the river when you can.

The 1st of July is coming and don't go to the game grounds and meet the flying machine.

Capt. B. J. Smith is off to Roanoke.

H. B. M. Elwood is off to Lexington, C. H.

Dr. J. J. J. J. is off to Washington city with his pet, fence and cattle.

—Capt. K. Taylor and wife are off to the 1st of July.

—Capt. J. J. J. is off to Staunton.

—Mrs. John Peters is visiting here.

—Mrs. Peters and Miss Kittie Lak-
er are visiting at Edray.

—Quite a number of guests at Hotel Wakenham.

—The singing of the 1st of July school house, attended. There will be singing at the same

Dr. Lacy, will preach at Clover Lick on Sunday 30th inst.

Mrs. Boyd Bartlett, of Mill Point, is visiting friends in this section.

Rev. Jasper Sharp and family of Beverly, W. Va., are visiting relatives in this county.

—Couldn't some one give us a snake story about a foot long.

Morgan Wakeham has been on the sick list for a few days.

Success to THE TIMES.
TOM SAWYER.

Circuit Court Proceedings.
Court convened on Monday 17th, with Judge A. N. Campbell on the bench.

CHANCERY CASES.
C. L. Austin & Co. vs. Wm. F. Ar-
bast & Co. suit No. 1, decree of partition; No. 2 and 3 decree of sale.

Hugh M. Carpenter's adm'r vs. Margaret M. Carpenter & Co., order of reference.

Susan C. Pyles vs. Jas. Pyle's Heirs, decree confirming assignment of widows dower.

Allen D. Grimes' adm'r vs. Allen D. Grimes' Heirs & Co., decree confirming sale.

Geo. C. Hill's Adm'r vs. Bobeen J. Hill & Co., order of reference.

Jno. W. McNeel's Adm'r vs. Jno. W. McNeel's Heirs & Co., decree confirming sale.

Jno. Sharp's Adm'r vs. Jno. Sharp's Legatees, cause dismissed.

Jas. Pyles' Adm'r vs. Jas. Pyles' Heirs & Co., cause dismissed.

Frank Burrett vs. Wm. M. McAlister & Co., decree entered in favor of Plaintiff.

STATE CASES.
Perry Townsend A. & B. No. 1, judgment on confession, and fined \$25; No. 2 carrying deadly weapons, found guilty.

Jane Allen, A. & B., not pros.

Wm. Hill, A. & B., found not guilty.

Sallie Hill, A. & B. found guilty and fined \$1.00.

Adam Pullin, No. 4, unlawfully selling liquor, found not guilty.

A. J. Kertner, unlawfully selling liquor, judgment confessed.

J. D. Hamilton A. & B. judgment confessed.

W. L. Taylor, A. & B. found not guilty.

Z. T. Webb, selling deadly weapons to minor, found not guilty.

J. B. Apperson, unlawfully distilling, judgment confessed.

Jno. A. Alderman, misdemeanor, not pros.

Suicide in Irish Corner.

On last Friday, the 14th, Dr. M. A. Gates was summoned to the scene of a tragical occurrence, by which a human soul was hurried to eternity. On that morning Mrs. Mary Mann, wife of Davis J. Mann, farmer, living in Irish Corner, district, about two miles south of Rohrersville, hung herself in a granary, between the hours of 8 and 10 a.m.

On receipt of the intelligence Justice T. H. Adyell summoned a coroner's jury and proceeded to hold an inquest, by which the following facts were developed:

Davis J. Mann, husband of the deceased testified that he had been away that morning to a neighbor's on business. His wife had spent the night at her mother's, about one mile from home, and returned home about 8 o'clock a.m. He returned about ten a.m., and not finding his wife about the house, began to look for her. Not seeing her, he returned to the house for some tobacco, which he always kept in a particular place in a drawer. On opening the drawer he found a note, of which the following is the substance:

"DAVID: I hope the Lord will bless you, for you have done all you could to get me well, but my head had got to such a fix that I was unsatisfied to you or anybody else. I hope you may see much pleasure, but I wanted to get away where

that I would ever have to take my own dear life. You know all your would."

On reading the note he hurried out to a small out-house (used for a granary) where he found her lying on the floor. She had made a slip-noose with a piece of cord about the size of wood twine, put it around her neck, tied the end to a rafter, and lay down. He did not touch her, being satisfied she was dead, but ran to a neighbor's and gave the alarm.

Dr. Gates, the family physician, testified that she was of sound mind, but that ill-health had probably destroyed her desire to live. Her death was the result of strangulation, and the character of the surroundings indicated deliberation, as she could easily have saved herself.

A neighbor woman testified that only an hour before the occurrence she overheard deceased remark that she was tired of living.

The jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to death by her own hands.

Mrs. Mann was the daughter of Mr. George W. Morgan, and was about 24 years of age. She was buried on Friday in the Morgan graveyard.—Greenbrier Messenger.

What Do they do With It

We know what the young men graduates will do with the book learning, be the same much or little, which lies back of the diploma. They will try to get a living with it; and as their learning has been more or less practical their chances will be better or worse. The young man just from college is expected to find or make a way to apply what he has learned.

What about the young women graduates? What are they going to do with it? What can they do with it? Fewer avenues being open to them, their course of instruction should have been on lines the most practical, the most likely to fit them for usefulness to themselves and society. Little dashes of polite learning not too well learned are but a thin veneer on a very slight foundation.

The day is coming when the girls of America as well as the boys will be educated to do something that will bring them a living. An idle young woman born family will be no better thought of than an idle young man.—Ex.

The Republic—"Her Mark."

Some of the newspapers are printing a fine shille of the autograph of Abraham Lincoln's material.

Phin Sarah Lincoln signed a document in a very simple and old-fashioned way. A friendly hand traced her name, with the explanatory words, "Her mark," and Sarah then made the familiar "X."

That one mark is an epitome of the history of the republic. From such crude and stupid beginnings have sprung our culture and civilization. Humble Sarah Lincoln gave to the world a son who wrote his name in imperishable letters of light on one of the proudest pages of our annals.

It is the story of the republic—out of the depths to the highest place in the temple of Fame—out of the darkness and into the light—Athens Constitution.

Gov. Lee has issued a requisition upon the Governor of Missouri for Robert Warwick, who was indicted in the County Court of Highland county, Va., in January, 1884, for the murder of E. D. Atchison. Warwick made his escape from jail after the killing of Atchison, and eluded arrest until a few days ago when he was captured in Shelby county, Ind., and lodged in jail.

deported in Pennsylvania by 200,000 majority.

A policeman was shot fatally but not fatally, in Wheeling, on the 11th, by a man whom he attempted to arrest.

It is said that a cousin of the rich Astor family in New York recently committed suicide to avoid starvation. 'Tis a sad world, after all.

Mrs. Hayes, the wife of ex-President Hayes, was stricken with apoplexy on the 21st inst., at her home in Fremont, O.

In England and France many women dress in men's clothes all the time. They claim that when they pass themselves off for men they get better wages and suffer less annoyances.

Shilling Bull gives indications of reminding a "bad Indian" for a while longer. It was thought that he was about to check his baggage for the happy hunting grounds a few days ago, but he is now reported as recuperating. The doughty chieftain may be old, but he seems to still be very tough.

A young man named Joseph Smith, on the 2d, threw a stone at the cars as they were passing Weyer's Cave Station, on the Shenandoah Valley Road, at high speed. It struck the cars, and rebounding struck Smith on the head, killing him instantly.

William Nye has sailed for Europe to interview the queen. But Mr. Nye cannot get an audience with her maj. Court etiquette requires that all persons visiting the queen should comb their hair. Mr. Nye has no hair to comb, and consequently he will be compelled to play in the backyard with the queen's grandchildren and have his dinner sent to him.

GRAND PICNIC.

On July the 4th, there will be a basket picnic near Danmore. A large platform is erected for dancing. Good music will be in attendance. Refreshments on the ground and flying machines and other amusements.

Everybody is invited.
By order of Committee.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McGlaughlin dec'd., are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McGlaughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
UMAH HEVEMER,
Adm'r of David McGlaughlin dec'd.,
June 20-4-w
Green Bank W. Va.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS,

—AND GO TO—

LOURY & DOYLE'S

Where you can see a large assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER

Ready Made Clothing,

Also a nice line of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, ladies gents, and children's SHOES, and the latest styles in ladies

HATS, just from New York.

Call and see them, and we assure polite and careful attention will be shown you.

They are also Proprietors of

Huntersville Hotel,



UNDEPTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

Fiduciary Names.

The following fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement.
C. L. Austin Adm'r of Florence M. Austin dec'd.
B. B. Hannah Ex'r of Barbara A. Guss.
L. M. McClintic, Com'r of Accts.

WANTED.

600th of dry suit.
Address BRISON HALL
JACOB, W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

24 cts pr. pound, meal 76 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 6 cts. mar. 28.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.
JOEL FLACK, Carrier.

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on credit, and all who owe me will please come forward and settle their accounts at once and save further trouble.
Flour \$2.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75c per bu.
GEO. H. MCGLAUGHLIN,
Edray.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, J. J. Beard.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r. Co. Cl., C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannab.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. N. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. A. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. BEYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. H. WYBETH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. B. P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Sweat-Groan-Growl.



Wolf's ACME Blacking
REQUIRES NO BRUSH.

Shoes Water or Snow. Shoes can be washed clean, requiring dressing only once a week for men, once a month for women. It is also an elegant hairbrush dressing. WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia

Slander.

"Twas but a breath—
And yet the fair good name was wilted,
And friends once fond grew stilled,
And life was worse than death.

One venomous word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
Its craven whispers, hushed and low—
And yet the wide world heard:

'Twas but one whisper—one,
That muttered low for very shame,
The thing the slanderer dare not name
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul in one short hour
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Prize Winners.

We played progressive euchre
The livelong winter through,
She was a skillful player,
And I was lucky, too.

Our luck gave rise to envy,
And us together drew,
Whoreat—since she was charming—
I murmured not. Would you?

So, when the playing ended,
Each night she took my arm,
And acting as her escort,
I yielded to loves charm.

A year now we've been married,
And, much to our surprise,
Somehow we both keep thinking
We won the booby prize.

Mine or Thine.

"You refuse me, then?"
The tone in which the few words
were spoken was low and even, as if
they were of no moment, but the
face of Philip Lowry contradicted
the forced composure. His eyes—
large dark eyes full of intellect and
character—were fixed upon the face
of his companion with an expres-
sion of pain, and his lips quivered
under his heavy moustache.

Maude Ingersoll looked at him
with scorn in her blazing blue eyes,
her lips curled contemptuously, and
her cheeks flushed with anger.

Always a beautiful woman, her
usually cold impassive face was
doubly fascinating when lighted with
passion.

"Refuse you?" she said quickly;
"Yes. You do not love me, you do
not wish to marry me. You came
here in obedience to the wish of my
aunt, and you ask me to be your
wife because he wishes you to share
the wealth he left to me. I will
not submit to such arbitrary wishes
—to such forced wooing!"

"You mistake," was the reply;
and now the voice was eager and
full of passion; "I did come here
because my friend—my adopted
father—desired it; but my resolve
was taken before I came. If I
could love you, I would obey him
if not, I determined never to ask
for your hand. Maude, I love you.
Were your aunt's wealth to be lost
to you to-day, I should still plead
for your hand. My whole life shall
prove my love, if you will accept it.
Darling!" for he saw her blue eyes
soften, "you do love me?"

Her face grew hard again, and
she said haughtily.

"We have talked too long. I
must decline the honor you pro-
pose."

And before he could speak again,
she swept past him and went to
her own room, locking the door that
no one might surprise her in the
violent fit of weeping she could no
longer control.

Love him! How could she help
but love him! With a noble face,
a tall manly figure, a cultivated ear-
fancy, he combined rare powers of
intellect to command admiration
and a tenderness almost womanly,
to win her love. She had resisted
each and all, and yet they conquer-
ed her.

With her whole heart Maude In-
gersoll loved Philip Lowry. But
she was proud, a woman accus-
tomed to adulation, and one who fully
appreciated the golden bait that

was added to her personal charms.

When her uncle, Stephen Ingersoll, had sent for her from the
boarding school where she was ed-
ucated, he had told her that the
dearest wish of his heart had been
to see her the wife of his adopted
son. There had been a life-long
friendship between Stephen Ingersoll
and Philip Lowry's father, and
the boy had been a precious legacy
of love. He had been educated at
home sent abroad, and studied law
as a profession, but his adopted
father had left him but four thou-
sand pounds out of his large for-
tune. There was, however, a sealed
letter, and it contained two re-
quests. One was that on his twen-
ty-fifth birthday he should ask
Maude to be his wife, and the other
that he should go to Mr. Ingersoll's
lawyer on the same day, and hear
what he had to communicate.

Smarting still under Maude's re-
pulse, yet sure that she loved him,
Philip left the house that had been
his boyhood's home to fulfil the de-
sire of his benefactor before return-
ing to the city where he had open-
ed a law office.

Conscious that he had not been
influenced by Maude's wealth in his
wooing, it galled him to think of
the avowed cause of her rejection,
and it required a long walk to work
off his anger before he was suf-
ficiently composed to present him-
self to Mr. Freyhold, the late Mr.
Ingersoll's lawyer.

He was a fussy little man, brim-
ming over with importance, and he
shook Philip's hand, and almost
pushed him into a chair in his fev-
erish impatience to impart his tid-
ings.

"My late client," he said, after
the first interchange of greeting
was over, "was, as you are aware,
Mr. Lowry, a very peculiar man—a
man of force, to be sure, but—well,
you may not be aware of the fact,
but he was vacillating in some re-
spects—very much so about the final
disposal of his property."

"I did not know that, certainly,"
Philip said.

"No! Well, he made fourteen
wills in this office; some left every-
thing to you, some left all to Miss
Maude, some divided the property.
But the last one—the very last one
—which was not to be opened un-
til to-day, leaves Miss Maude four
thousand pounds, and leaves you
sole heir to all the rest. But Mr.
Ingersoll, although he made in
such condition in his will, was sat-
isfied that this will would make no
material difference to his niece, but
simply place the money in her hus-
band's hands. He told me that."

"Can I see the will?"

"Certainly—certainly. It is, you
see, quite brief, but plainly express-
es his wish."

"And if this one did not exist?"

"Why the money would still be
Miss Maude's."

"I see. Mr. Ingersoll, you under-
stand, Mr. Freyhold, wrote this will
under a mistaken impression. Miss
Maude is not engaged to me."

"Not engaged to you! But I
thought you were to me to-day,
before you came here."

"She had a woman's privilege,
and she took advantage of it. I
did see her, and she rejected me."

"Then she will take her money.
Bless my soul! but that is hard
now, isn't it? Perhaps if she un-
derstand—"

But here Mr. Freyhold blushed
blanched, and the wealth upon the
young man's countenance.

"I understand you, sir," Philip
said coldly; "but you are quite mis-
taken. Miss Ingersoll would not
marry me to keep her uncle's for-

tune, even if I gave her the oppor-
tunity. But the question need not
be discussed. I love her! I tell
you this that you may know why I
refuse to accept riches that are tak-
en from her. This will being made
under a mistaken impression is bot-
tom—There!"

And as he spoke he tore the docu-
ment with his strong nervous
hands across and across, and toss-
ed the fragments into the waste pa-
per basket.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the little
lawyer. "Are you aware that there
is half a million of money in the es-
tate?"

"I am quite aware of that fact,"
was the quiet reply; "and I wish
Miss Maude every happiness its
possession can give her."

But the wish, sincere as it was,
did not bring to Maude Ingersoll
either happiness or rest. She had
not known the strength of her love
till her lover had left her. The
hours when she had expected his
daily visits dragged heavily, and
Mrs. Marsh, the companion who
represented propriety in the house
of the heiress, wondered uneasily if
Miss Ingersoll had, after all, a bad
temper. She had been cold and
proud, but never snappish before;
but her sore heart made her irrita-
ble, and Mrs. Marsh certainly was
trying in her praises of Mr. Lowry,
and openly expressed wonder at his
sudden departure.

Society was dull since Philip was
no longer Maude's escort; the op-
era lost its charm when he was not
beside her; her admirers all seemed
silly and venal, comparing
their rapid small talk with Philip's
vigorous intellect and well chosen
conversation.

But two years dragged along, and
the wound, self-inflicted had ceased
to be an ever present agony. Maude
had taken up study, charity, con-
stant occupation of varied kinds,
and tried to believe she had quite
lived down her heartache. The
self-deception asserted itself one
morning when business called her
to Mr. Freyhold's office. The fis-
sy little man, after the errand had
been executed, said regretfully:

"That is sad news from Mr. Low-
ry. A fine young man."

"I have heard no news of him,"
Maude said, her heart suddenly ham-
mering at her side with sickening
rapidity.

"No! He has been seriously in-
jured in a railway collision. He
was on his way here, and was
brought on in the next train, and
is at the National Hotel. There is
but little hope of his recovery, and
if his life is spared, his left arm is
gone—amputated to-day. Dear,
dear! He could not do again what
he did two years ago in this office."

"What was that?" Maude asked
in a low choking voice.

"He would not have told you, and
he may not thank me for doing so;
but he, Philip Lowry, in this office,
two years ago, tore into a hundred
pieces the last will of Stephen In-
gersoll, which left him heir to the
property that is now yours."

White to her lips, Maude Ingersoll
heard this story that contra-
dicted so completely the mercenary
motives with which she had charg-
ed her lover. It struck her like a
blow—this proof of his devotion
and generosity, but she rallied pres-
ently.

"Thank you for telling me," she
said, and was gone, while Mr. Frey-
hold, listening as her carriage roll-
ed away from his door, rubbed his
hands together and said aloud:

"Bless my soul! I tell myself I've
made that old fellow right."

Stammering still from the shock of

his injuries, faint from loss of blood,
crushed by the loss of his arm, Philip
Lowry lay in his room at the
National Hotel, almost hoping to
die.

He had not gone home to mope
over a broken heart, but had man-
fully borne his lost love. Still, the
pain, numbed somewhat, was not
dead, and when the physical love
torture was added, the love of life
seemed gone from him.

"As well to die as to live crippled
and alone!" he thought drearily, as
he lay back weary and faint. "How
long, I wonder, must I live here?"

The nurse was fidgeting about, the
doctor had just gone, and there
seemed only an endless blank be-
fore him when there came a soft
whisper of silk across the floor.

Very slowly it approached the
bed, until, bending over him, Philip
saw Maude's face.

Very low her voice sounded,
scarcely above a whisper, but he
heard every word as she said:

"Philip, will you forgive me? I
love you! I cannot live without
your love. Will you let me be your
wife now, Philip?"

"But you do not know, he said
feebly, "my arm—"

"I know all," she said, her lips
pressing his.

"Oh, my love, do not send me
away."

"I cannot?" he whispered.

Mrs. Marsh will never cease to
tell of her amazement at the hasty
summons to attend a wedding at
the National Hotel, for Maude left
Philip no more. It was his wife
who nursed him back to health, and
there is no question of "mine or
thine" in their possession of Steph-
en Ingersoll's wealth.

Good for a Hustler.

From the Youth's Companion.

The old lady who never spoke ill
of anyone and even intimated that
satan himself set some good people
an example of perseverance, must
have been a relative to the woman
who lived in Sussex, England, in
the days when the kettle was hung
from the cane in an open fireplace.
An English clergyman tells the sto-
ry:

A man whose wife was blessed
with a remarkably even temper
went over the way to a neighbor
one evening and said:

"Neighbor, I should like to see
my wife cross for once. I've tried
all I know and I can't make her
cross no way."

"You can't make your wife cross?"
said his neighbor. "I wish I could
make mine anything else. But
you do just what I tell you, and if
that won't not nothing will. You
bring her in some night a lot of the
crookedest sticks you can get, then
us won't lie in no form, and see how
she makes out then."

The pieces of wood were accord-
ingly brought in awkward and
crooked and contrary as could be
found. The man went away early
to work and at noon returned to
see the results of his experiment.
He was greeted with a smile and
the general request, "Temple bring
me in some more of those crooked
sticks, if you can find them: they
do just fit around the kettle so
nicely!"

Frog (to elephant)—How far can
you jump, you big bloater?

Elephant—I can't jump at all.

Froggy-woggy.

Frog (hoisting his shoulders)—
You're awfully. When I see an
enemy approaching, with a few
jumps I am out of danger.

Elephant—When I see an enemy
approaching I don't have to jump.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

July 4 1889.

THE FOURTH.

The time is again at hand to celebrate the birth of American liberty. The people of the United States, all ages and sexes, are engaged in commemorating an event in their history that marks the beginning of free institutions.

But the Fourth is not what it was a century ago. Perhaps we make more noise, and enter into the jollification with more engerness than our forefathers did; but it is not with the same feeling. We celebrate a liberty that is ours by gift and good fortune, but those who assembled one hundred years ago to commemorate the event, celebrated a liberty bought dearly, bought with blood and privation. Never having tasted the bitterness of foreign oppression, it is impossible for us in the evening of the nineteenth century to appreciate fully, the blessing of freedom. It is not to be wondered at that they who fought to release our land from foreign bonds should have entered with all their hearts into the celebration of that day where tyranny was forever banished from American soil. Proof of their victory, they commemorated the event with hearts full of gratitude to the God of battle, who rules the destinies of nations.

But what is the spirit of to-days excitement? It is to be feared that many who are to-day most jubilant never once reflect on the origin of the day. A dance, or a drunk, or a fight, is to some, the most desirable manner in which to commemorate the occasion, with little thought or care for the sacrifices or triumphs of others. Let us not forget what the day means, and take time for at least one grateful thought of our worthy ancestors who secured us the right to rejoice without fear.

Gubernatorial Contest.

GRAPTON, W. Va., June 26th.—Including the alleged returns from Kanawha county, General Nathan Goff had a majority over Judge A. E. Fleming of 110 votes in the November election. In the contest before the legislative committee, votes stricken out increasing this alleged majority by five votes. To-day Messrs. Keo, Sprigg, Lively, Maxwell and Morris were present at the session of the committee. The returns from Brooke county were considered. Fleming challenged 139 votes and Goff challenged 44 votes. Of those challenged by Fleming 84 votes were stricken out. Of those challenged by Goff five votes were stricken out, showing a clear gain of 79 votes in Brooke county and a net gain, so far in the contest, of 74 votes for Judge Fleming. General Goff's apparent majority at the present time, therefore, is reduced from one hundred and ten to thirty-six votes.

Hear the Republicans howl fraud and declare the votes were disallowed on a technicality. If only

been strictly impartial in its work this far. If there has been any partiality shown it has been shown to Goff, almost all of his objections being purely technical as the records show.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Blaine's young man with bangs, William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, has been appointed Minister to Germany. There is nothing strange about this appointment which was known and discussed in Berlin, where Phelps was with the Samoan Commission, six weeks ago, except the absurd attempt on the part of Blaine, Harrison and Phelps to make it appear to the public that the latter was very much surprised when tendered the commission as minister, when as a matter of fact the thing has been fully settled ever since shortly after the Senate rejected the nomination of Murat Halstead to the same position. By accident I discovered the cause for this little display. Phelps wants to spend the most of the summer in this country, and it was concluded that if it was given out that the position had been given him unexpectedly, he could plead "private business" as no excuse for not going to Berlin for several months. Verily the tricks of the politicians are many.

Commissioner of Pensions Tanner is supposed to be rather thick-skinned but the charges of favoritism towards a certain firm of pension agents here which were recently made against the Pension office "broke him all up," as the boys say. Before leaving for the west, where he goes to attend several soldiers' meetings, he called on the President to assure him that he was innocent of the charges. He also told the President that when he returned from this trip he proposed making a personal investigation in order to ascertain whether there was any basis for the charges.

There is to be a big discharge at the Government printing office tomorrow. I am informed that Public Printer Palmer has instructed the foremen in the several departments that he wanted none but democrats selected for dismissal.

The Indiana republicans that stay at home must be very different from those that come to Washington, or else Representative Owens, of that State, who is just from home, be fibbing when he says, speaking of his constituents: "The people of the State feel that superior to patronage, personal ambition for place, and all that, is the sense that Indiana has a President whose administration they may be proud of." For several reasons I am constrained to believe that Mr. Owens is only giving the man in the White House "tuff" with the hope of "catching on" to something for some of his influential constituents. First, because in the eyes of all the republicans from Indiana that I have ever seen nothing was superior to official patronage. Secondly, the administration of the Indiana man has hardly been long enough or its acts important enough to either be proud of or ashamed of.

The traveler who is at present occupying the White House in working the railroads in great shape. He returned from Cape May Monday night and to-day he has gone back there. He will return here the first of the week, bringing his family. Tuesday or Wednesday he is to carry the old lady and the babe to Deer Park where a dandy hotel cottage has been placed at his disposal for the summer. He is then to go to the Fourth of July celebration at Woodstock. How many drummers do you suppose he will have with him in the same time.

In only one place did they find the law being strictly carried out—Chicago. The visits of inspection will be kept up and unless the courage of the Commission shall all ooze out the law will be strictly enforced without fear or favor. This treatment, if persisted in, will make the law a permanent thing or it will cause it to be repealed.

Mr. Porter, Superintendent of the Census, proposes to set up a little opposition to the Civil Service Commission. He refuses to take his clerks through the Commission, and has arranged a list of questions which he says all applicants must answer satisfactorily before appointment. The only difference is, if furnished by the Civil Service Commission some of the clerks would be democrats, while Porter's plan makes sure of all being republicans.

Special orders have been given collectors of internal revenue as to watching fruit distillers, during the coming season.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Eight years ago there were only forty cotton seed oil mills in the south with a capital of \$3,500,000. Now there are 175 mills, with a capital of \$16,000,000.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. W. W. Brown's testimony should always be read when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for all disorders, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Democratic State Convention of Virginia, will be held in Richmond on the 14th, of August when the next governor will be nominated.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

The death of Hon. Simon Cameron, has removed a good man and one of the most conspicuous figures in American politics. He started in life at the printer's case.

O. P. Huntington is building a ship yard at Newport News which he claims will be the largest establishment of the kind in the United States.

"A little common sense," says the New York World, "is sometimes equal to a whole volume of grammar." It is a pity that this plea cannot be hammered into the heads of pedagogues, grammarians and verbal utilitians.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY

Only First-Class Literary Institution in the State.

Fifteen Professors and Teachers. Preparatory Department.

Classical Course, Scientific Course, Civil and Mining Engineering Course, Law School.

Tuition Free to West Virginia Students. Except in Law School. Tuition in Law School, \$24.00. Total expenses for one year, \$148.00 to \$200.00, including clothing and travel. Eight State students from each Senatorial District, appointed by Regents, furnished books and stationery. Females are admitted to Collegiate Department.

Send for catalogue to

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Adams, M.D., 131 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Wind, Flatulency, Erysipelas, Green Stool, Worms, and all the ailments of Infants and Children. Without dangerous medication. THE CHARTERED COMPANY, 77 Nassau Street, N. Y.



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OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER.

C. D. JAM, formerly of Mt. Grove Va., and M. O'FARRELL, have established a

LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE

At the foot of the ALLEGHANY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class

WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.

(Successors to Fudge & McClinton.)

Mt. Grove, - - Va.,

—DEALERS IN—

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Mercandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

If you need a mower

or reaper you will do

well to communicate

with the undersigned,

who is agent for the

celebrated

WALTER A. WOOD MACHINES.

All inquiries as to

terms etc. will receive

prompt attention.

Address.

I. B. MOORE,

Sunset, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. W. WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having at y purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The
time of regular meeting of this
Lodge is on the Friday evening pre-
ceding each Full Moon, unless the
Moon falls on Friday, then on that
evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—County Court meets next Tues-
day.

—Dr. M. Wallace was in town
Tuesday.

—The new mail carriers come in
Monday.

—We believe it has rained every
day for six weeks.

—Atty. C. F. Moore, went up to
Dunmore to-day (Wednesday.)

—Levi Gny, Esq., was in our city
Monday.

—Good envelopes at THE TIMES
office for 15c per 100.

—Deputy Sheriff L. W. Harold,
of Frost was in town Monday.

—Mr. P. M. Harper, of Sunset
was in town the 1st of the month.

—Wm. H. Gress, Esq., went to
Covington Monday on business.

Go to John Warts & Co., Frank-
ford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and
Self Binders. may 9-12t

—Teacher's Institute will be held
at this place, commencing August
26th.

—Malls three times a week from
here to Frost and White Sulphur
springs.

—Some communications were
crowded out this week for lack of
space, but will appear next.

John Warts & Co., of Frankford,
W. Va., will be here during June
Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't
buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—Mr. Don L. O'Connell, of An-
thony's creek was in the city a few
days this week.

—French Hall, Esq., went down
to Frankford, on a business trip the
first of the week.

Buy the Deering Mowers and
Self Binders, the best machines
that's made of John Warts & Co.,
Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—We failed to call attention last
week to the ad of the University of
West Virginia in that issue.

—Oats and corn are looking fine,
grass is good, and wheat is almost
ready to cut.

—The board of education met
Monday, for the purpose of settling
up and allowing accounts.

—H. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., went
to Highland Co., on a pleasure trip
last week.

—Jno. A. McNeel, Esq., of
Knapp's creek was in Huntersville
Monday.

—Remember THE TIMES is \$1.00
in advance and \$1.25 after six
months and \$1.50 at the end of the
year.

—Mrs. Isaac McNeel, her son
Somers and little daughter, of
Mill Point were the guests of Mrs.
Jno. J. Beard, the first of the week.

—Mr. Wm. H. Cackley, wife and
little son of Dunmore, were the
guests of Atty. C. F. Moore Tues-
day.

—Look out there! you'll slip on
some poor unfortunate democratic
fourth class postmaster's head, they
are lying perniciously all over
the country.

—If you want a Lock Lever key
and grain rake or any repairs
Call on

H. P. MCGLAUGHLIN agent
Huntersville W. Va.

—We have received the July
number of the Compendium. It is
chuck full of illustrated reading
matter, and those who want a good
magazine can do no better than to
subscribe for it. Only \$2.40 per
year.

country was in Lewisburg Tuesday
on his way to Rockersville to meet
his daughter, Miss Shale, who has
been attending school in Richmond,
Va.—Independent.

—Messrs. A. J. Mires and J. A.
Harold, of Pendleton county are in
town. These gentlemen are here
for the purpose of bidding on the
bridge abutments to be replaced
under the bridge across Knapp's
creek at this place.

—Mr. Jas. W. Warwick Jr., of
this place left last week to attend
the semi-Centennial and Com-
mencement exercises of the Virgin-
ia Military Institute. Mr. Warwick
is an old student of the Institute,
and we predict for him a good time
at the reunion of his old class
mates.

Preaching Arrangements.

Sacramental meeting at Hunters-
ville, the second Sabbath of July.
Preparatory service, Friday night
before, Saturday morning, and Sat-
urday night.

Sacramental meeting at Dunmore
the fourth Sabbath of July. Pre-
paratory services Friday night, and
Saturday night before.

The assistance of a visiting mi-
nister is expected, Bro. Friesoo or
Wilson. There will be no dinner
on the ground, services morning
and night on Sabbath.

W. T. P.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Miss Grace Clark is visiting
friends and relatives at Marlinton.

Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker has
been in poor health for some time.
He has labored faithfully for his
congregation at this place for years,
without any vacation, and we all
think that he richly deserves
one now and should spend it in
complete rest from his duties.

Mr. H. Nathan and Misses Goor-
gin and Rose Shoarer left Saturday
morning to visit relatives at Wil-
liam's river.

The following are the officers el-
ected by the Hillsboro Division of
the Sons of Temperance, for the
coming quarter:

G. R. Curry, Worthy Patriarch;
G. W. Clark, Worthy Associate;
Recording Scribe Miss G. M. Shear-
er; Assistant Recording Scribe,
Miss Verdie Clark; Financial Scribe,
Miss Kate Marshall; Treasurer, Mr.
A. R. Smith; Conductor, Mr. Thos.
Via; Asst. Con., Mr. Gus Eskridge;
Chaplain, Rev. Wm. E. Miller; In-
side sentinel Miss M. Curry; Outside
sentinel, Mr. Wm. Wiley.

The wedding of Mr. Edward Hill,
of Farmington, Washington Ty., to
Miss Jennie C. Beard, second
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G.
Beard was solemnized last Wed-
nesday at the residence of the
brides parents. The attendants
were Messrs. Joe McNeel, Dick
Boat, Sam McNeel and John Hill,
and Misses Lou Logan, Blanche
Clark, Kate Beard and Pauline Mc-
Neel. The bride was attired in a
handsome blue Henrietta cloth,
trimmed with old gold plush. Her
waiters wore lovely walking
suits. The bride received many
handsome bridal presents, among
which were a silver butter dish by
Mr. Dick Beard, silver teaspoons
by Mr. Jake Beard, table cloth
and napkins by Mrs. Wallace Beard,
which brought and holder by Miss
Annetta Logan, table set by Miss
Lou Logan, and many other hand-
some and useful presents, too num-
erous to mention. They were ten-
dered a handsome reception at Mr.
Geo. Hill's, father of the groom, on
Wednesday evening. The happy
couple will leave soon for Washing-
ton Ty., where they will make their
future home. Miss Jennie was one
of our prettiest young ladies, and
very popular, and we are sorry to
see her leave, but wish both of them

prosperity. Division.
Sons of Temperance, will meet at
Hillsboro, Wednesday, July 17th,
1880, 11 o'clock, a. m. All Subdi-
visions will see that they are fully
represented.

The Committee on programme,
has assigned to the several dele-
gates the following subjects upon
which to prepare essays, to be read
at meeting of Division:
What can be done:—

1st. To add interest to our Di-
vision—Geo. R. Curry.

2nd. For organizing new Divi-
sions—E. H. Moore.

3rd. To Reunite Dormant and
Suspended Divisions—W. S. An-
derson.

4th. For organizing Bands of
Hope—Miss G. M. Shearer.

5th. For Distributing Temper-
ance Literature—Miss L. M. Over-
holt.

6th. For Interchanging Frater-
nal Visits among the Divisions—
D. A. Peck.

7th. For Visiting Public and Sun-
day schools and Addressing the
Children—T. A. Briffey.

8th. For Collecting Funds for our
Work—J. H. Wellard and J. O.
Hill.

9th. Relation of the Church to
the Temperance cause—Rev. W.
E. Miller.

10th. Responsibility of the Chris-
tian Church for the Liquor Traffic—
J. C. Louny Sr.

11. Woman's Position on the
Temperance Question—Mrs. J. J.
Beard.

12th. Necessary for Thorough
Organization—W. H. Overholt.

All members of the order are cor-
dially invited to attend our sessions.

C. W. ESKRIDGE, D. W. P.
J. C. LOUNY Jr., D. S.

A False Christ.

The little town of Rockford, Ill.,
is the seat of a man who pretends
to be Christ returned to the earth.

He has Auburn hair and beard
and taking advantage of a resem-
blance to the conventional pictures
of Jesus he declares that though
his body is new and does not show
the wounds into which doubting
Thomas thrust his fingers, his con-
science is the same. His life, out-
side of his blasphemous claim to
divinity, is said to be blameless
and his calm suavity of manner
coupled with more than
ordinary intelligence gives him a
marvelous influence over his follow-
ers. His claim was expressed to a
correspondent of the New York
Examiner as follows:

"I am the Christ. I am the per-
fect man. I am God. I possess
all of the divine attributes, and am
sinless. This is my second advent
on earth, and the time is not far
off when I shall make such mani-
festations of my divinity and pow-
er as will startle the world, and
bring believers to me by the thou-
sands and tens of thousands. I have
unlimited power. I do not this
time often work miracles, for I wish
now to convert the world to truth
without intervention of the super-
natural, but I can work them, and
have done so for those who believe.
(His followers testify that he works
miracles.) I shall be here many
years, but I am only incarnate phre-
nically material and must perish.
When it becomes corrupt in death
I shall enter another body and will
live on earth." (Here is the hook
for a miracle to hang his chain
upon.) "Many things in the gospel
about my crucifixion and my for-
mer life on earth are inaccurate,
and I am now writing a new ver-
sion of the New Testament that
will be correct."

This all came about through the
hallucinations of fifteen years ago
Mr. Dora Helen Flah-
ler Beckman, the wife of a Congre-
gational minister in northern Illi-
nois professed perfection and soon

was in Illinois. Among the
converts was George Joseph Sch-
weinfurth a young unmarried Meth-
odist minister who now claims di-
vinity.

"When Mrs. Beckman died in
1883 she promised her followers
that she would rise from the dead
in three days. They waited seven
days with unwavering faith and
then Mr. Beckman, who had never
been humbugged, took the respon-
sibility of burying the corpse which
had already become offensive.

Then Schweinfurth came forward.
He claimed to have had a vision
"through the window of Dora
Beckman's tomb," and she had re-
vealed to him that he was Christ,
the Holy one. "My spirit passes
into thee," she said to him as she
left the world, "and thus transform-
the whole being. Go forth pure and
simple, the only son of God spirit-
ually begotten of me. Thou shalt
bring all nations to worship thee."

The Beckmantles accepted his
story, and their numbers increased.
He told them that through a grad-
ual transformation of his body he
was to become Christ, physically as
well as spiritually. Not long ago
he assembled his followers in Chi-
cago and told them that the trans-
formation was complete and that
he was now the Christ.

Schweinfurth's following is re-
markable. Already the sect has
branches in Chicago, Minneapolis,
Kansas City, Leavenworth, Louis-
ville, Cincinnati and a number of
small towns. His followers are so
overcome with this infatuation that
they hold their property subject to
their idol, and it is stated that not
less than \$50,000 worth of property
around Rockford and \$100,000 in
Chicago has been deeded to him.
An old man named Spencer Wel-
don has given Schweinfurth a mag-
nificent farm of 800 acres, four miles
south of Rockford, and there the
pretender lives in princely style.
He has put \$20,000 worth of im-
provements on the place and lives
in a large, elegantly furnished man-
sion, surrounded with beautiful
lawns, drives, lawns and all the
appointments of luxury. His dress
is modern, and his clothing is
stylish and elegant, and his deport-
ment is that of a gentleman. His
language is a careful imitation of
Christ's, and he is said to be calm,
quiet and polite, with no evidence
of insanity in his actions.

His mission they call heaven,
and here all new converts are ex-
pected to go and receive instruc-
tions with the personal influence of
the man they worship. Some of
these pilgrims Schweinfurth sends
into a field of labor, others to their
homes, and on others, especially fa-
vored he confers the degree of
"angel," and takes them into his
household. About sixty-five of these
angels—fifty women and fifteen
men—now live in the mansion with
their leader. This state of affairs
aroused suspicion, and some Chica-
go gentlemen, whose families had
been broken up by the conversion
of their wives and daughters, sent
a female member of a Chicago
Methodist church to investigate the
matter. She was to enter the man-
sion, ingratiate herself in the pre-
sident's favor, and, if possible, dis-
cover grounds for a criminal pro-
secution. The woman went and
was converted, returning to Chica-
go a zealous believer.

The pretender has taken a re-
markable hold upon people of ap-
parent intelligence among them
several ministers. A former Con-
gregational minister, who is an al-
lance of Yale and Andover, is pas-
tor of the Chicago branch, and the
leading spirit in Kansas city is the
daughter of a Presbyterian minis-
ter. This man is very zealous
and holds in prospecting, doing the
house, water, medicine and other

from a meeting by force.

This is the beginning of
Mormonism which had its birth in
the same way. In some respects
Schweinfurth appears to be the su-
perior of Joseph Smith, and his in-
fluence over his followers, according
to accounts, is not less remarkable.

Such a spectacle in this age of
schools shows that education does
not relieve the world of fanaticism.
This sect grew up in a region of
schools, and counts among its ad-
herents many persons of education
and apparent intelligence. So far
no charge of immoral conduct has
been lodged against them, and the
"angels" in Schweinfurth's "heav-
en," so far as the world knows, have
done nothing to prove that they
are impostors. About the only thing
that seems to do justice to the man
is the remark of Pock in the Mid-
summer Night's Dream, "Woe
fools these mortals be."

HORROR UPON HORROR

A complete account of the terri-
ble Johnstown flood in book form.

Sold by

J. H. BUZZARD.

Everyone should read the full
accounts of the awful calamity.

LOOK HERE!

Nice striped Glengame	8c a yrd.
No. 1 Calico	5 1/2 "
Flue Lawns	5 "
Cotton Cloth	6 "
Lace from	1 up

And a thousands other things
equally as cheap at JACOB BO
NEB'S.

A. R. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver
Coffins upon very short notice and at
reasonable prices.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following fiduciary accounts are
before me for settlement.

C. L. Austin Adm'r of Florence M.
Austin dec'd.

S. B. Hannah Ex'r of Barbara A.
Gum.

L. M. McCLENTIC, Com'r of Accts.

WANTED.

3000 of dry saw.
Address Barker Hill,
Jacob, W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

24 cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per
bushel at R. H. McClellan's mill, also
his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville,
and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 3
cts. may 28.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for
Huntersville, every Monday, Wednes-
day and Friday mornings, and from
Huntersville for Frankford every Tues-
day, Thursday and Saturday mornings.
Charges reasonable.

PATENTS.

Copyrights, and Trade-Marks obtained,
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Moderate Fees.

Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent
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time than those remote from Washing-
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or not, free of charge. Our fee not due
till patent is secured.

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ents," with names of actual clients in
your State, county, or town, sent free.
Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against
David McGlaughlin dec'd., are required
to present the same at once to his ad-
ministrator for payment, and all parties
indebted to said David McGlaughlin are
required to come forward at once and
settle up.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, R. V. Hill.
Deputy Sheriff, J. J. Boyd.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Boyd.
Assessor, C. O. Arfquist.
Com'r. Co. Ct., (C. E. Reard, Pres't., S. B. Hubbard, O. P. Moore.)
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

O. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Att.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. M. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the Times.

D. B. P. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Distinguished Business Educator

Prof. F. M. B. Principal of the University of California, Berkeley, Cal., is a graduate of the University of California, Berkeley, Cal., and has been a member of the faculty of the University of California, Berkeley, Cal., for many years. He is a distinguished business educator and has been a member of the faculty of the University of California, Berkeley, Cal., for many years. He is a distinguished business educator and has been a member of the faculty of the University of California, Berkeley, Cal., for many years.

Advertisement of which appears in another column, numbered last year. The advertisement is for a book titled "The History of the United States" by Prof. F. M. B. The book is a comprehensive history of the United States, covering the period from the first settlement to the present. It is a valuable work for students and teachers alike. The book is published by the University of California Press.

The Devil.
Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers did. They've forced the door of the madhouse, and there isn't a bit of his eleven feet, or a heavy dart from his bow. To be found in earth or air today, for the world has voted so.

But who is making the fatal draught that poisons heart and brain, and leads the blither of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain? Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell, if the Devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody say and tell?

Who digs the steps of the tolling salute, and digs the pits for his feet? Who sows the tares in the field of truth wherever the sower sows? The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true; But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about in a roaring lion now; But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row? To be honest in home, in Church and State, to the earth's remotest bound, if the devil by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith and make his bow and show? How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know. The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course the Devil is gone; But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

Striking a Light.
In the days before the invention of friction matches the difficulty of procuring fire was so great that all puns were taken to prevent the fire on the hearth from going out. All winter long it was kept by covering the coal and brands with ashes at night. This was one of the domestic cares of our forefathers, and Homer alludes to the practice as common in his day, 3,000 years ago.

But fire could not be kept with comfort in the summer, and there would be times in the winter when the hearth would become cold. Then some rocks must be brought from a neighbor's, or a new fire must be kindled in the house.

This latter process was usually accomplished by means of flint and steel. Most readers have no doubt seen a spark of fire struck out from a horse's shoe hitting a stone in the road, or from the shoes of sleigh runner grinding over rocks.

To obtain fire by this method a piece of steel, such as a file or rasp, was struck with a flint or a bit of white quartz from a granite ledge, and the spark was caught in tinder—dried cotton rags. The flint lock musket, with a few grains of powder and some tinder in the pan, was locked upon by our grandmothers as a domestic utensil. Some time, on a clear day, a burning glass—a lens for collecting at one point the rays of the sun—was used.

The method of producing fire by rubbing together two dry sticks is known to most boys, but it has not been often adopted by civilized people. It belongs to the earlier conditions of life.

In Thibet Capt. William Hill found practiced a more scientific method than any of these. The natives, taken light by campfires at night, used a wooden cylinder, two feet in diameter, and three feet long, and a small piece of tinder placed in the cap. The tinder was placed in the cap, and the cylinder was rotated by hand. The tinder was placed in the cap, and the cylinder was rotated by hand. The tinder was placed in the cap, and the cylinder was rotated by hand.

To rotate the cylinder, the hand was placed on the top, and the cylinder was rotated by hand. The tinder was placed in the cap, and the cylinder was rotated by hand. The tinder was placed in the cap, and the cylinder was rotated by hand.

with the palm of the hand on the top of the knob. The hand moved at the same time close on the knob and instantly withdrew the piston, when the tinder will be kindled alight. It requires skill to use the apparatus as well as patience to invent it.—Vanilla's Companion.

The Value of Salt.
Now that there is a prospect of salt being admitted duty free, I wish to make a few remarks to the farmer readers of the New York World, says a correspondent, on what I believe to be its incomparable value. I have used it many years in the garden and on the farm in various ways, and believe it to be profitable to all who cultivate the soil. It is needless to speak of its many uses in the household or domestic economy, nor shall I urge the great advantage of supplying it to stock—cattle, sheep, hogs and horses. It is well known to be beneficial to them in keeping up good condition, and in this three best named helps to keep down internal parasites.

Salt, in moderate quantities, is good for the land—improves grass and grain and is good for nearly all vegetable crops. I have found it particularly good for onions, cabbages and cauldages. Some seem to think it is only a stimulant; the same is said of lime. He that as it will both improve the crops. Salt, in some respects, seems to have opposite properties—to be in some measure paradoxical—for, while it preserves animal fibre, it hastens the decay of many vegetable substances. In sowing that sprinkled through leaves or weeds, it helps to destroy them; and, while heavy doses kill weeds and grass, duly distributed and mixed with the soil, it is an excellent fertilizer. This is why many people have an aversion to salting their land.

But what I chiefly wish to show is its property in destroying insects of almost every kind. Either alone or mixed with other substances it is an insecticide. Before the crop is committed to the ground it should be sown in its purity over the land wherein your insects generate in myriads. This done, one or two weeks before sowing the seed and thoroughly harrowed in through the soil, it will be absorbed thereby and will not evaporate, but remain in the ground to perform a twofold operation. When applied to the growing grain it should be incorporated with lime and distributed evenly over the crop. Worms, maggots, grubs or other insects cannot breed or live in salted earth, and if the gardener or florist, when making up his pile of compost in the spring, would add a good sprinkling of salt all through it, he would have little to complain of in the rear of grubs or other insects eating the roots of his roses or carnations. There are other things exceptionally good for this purpose, but salt will effect the end desired.

As an instance of its immediate power on some insects, take any number of other earthworms or snails, make a pile of them and put a thin layer of salt around them. They will never cross the fence till they die, and a little salt over the pile and you have many minutes they will live. Many people in mowing their lawns are greatly annoyed by the earthworm casts sticking fast to the roller, whereas a very slight sprinkling of salt would prevent this, keep down the worms and be good for the grass.

Will you now speak of it? Will you now speak of it? Will you now speak of it?

Dogs that Learn Trades.
The dog corps, long since established in the French army, has been recently much increased, and efficient. These little soldiers became. At an early stage of the tribe they gave indication of a vernal past, seeking or learning a stranger approaching even in the darkness, and quickly learning the difference between a friendly and a foreign uniform. The latest trick the military dog has learned is that of carrying dispatches between distant sections of an army or reliefs or reinforcements presumably advancing through hostile country. The system is an offshoot of the dog smuggling system, which is described in the current number of Blackwood's and the steps by which the animals are taught to understand what is wanted of them are best shown by reference to that article.

The smuggler in broad day walks across the frontier, his dog by his side, leaving the latter at the house of his accomplice and returning without him. When night falls, the dog is given a beating and turned loose to find his way home. Next he has a small packet fastened to his collar, and gradually the burden is increased. Then half a dozen or more are employed at the same time; the most intelligent being given no burden, but he may be more readily set as a scout for the others. He goes ahead, they keeping well back, till he gives them the signal that the coast is clear. The customs dog from its earliest years is made to play hide and seek with bags of coffee, rolls of lace, packages of tobacco, and the like. They do not bark, being taught to sit patiently in ambush and give a low growl or simply cock up their ears and point the true direction of the advancing pack.

The French army dogs, mastiffs, like the smugglers' dogs, though first they must be taken from point to point to find them again, when they get to understand the idea, and what is wanted of them, will find a distant column or command with little difficulty if given the general direction, unless it be at too great a distance, and carry messages to and fro with commendable zeal.—Scientific American.

Expensive Needles.
From an article entitled "Hard Times in the Confederacy" in the Century we quote the following: "In August, 1861, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse homespun cloth, cost two hundred and thirty dollars exclusive of the price paid for the making. The trimming consisted of old gray silk, and for the cutting and putting together, a country tailor charged fifty dollars. It is said to say that the private citizen looked a veritable guy in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drap upon his pocket book.

In January, 1863, the material for a lady's dress which before the war would have cost ten dollars could not be bought for less than five hundred. The material was imported to the risk of guessing how much a man might have been paid for his services through the times, in spite of the price of the material, and the material was imported to the risk of guessing how much a man might have been paid for his services through the times, in spite of the price of the material.

so interested, even though that for which could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a chance the less and a pang the more. Any of the many garments in the shape of cloth or bonnet or dress which changed to come from the North was really awarded. The need of it to be, and it seemed to be a very good reason for it.

"But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy so far as practice went when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for twelve dollars a paper, and needles for ten, with not enough of either."

Pedal Adaptability.
The Eskimo dog has the snow-shoe foot, the water dog the paddle foot, while the greyhound, for example, has a foot formed on the model best adapted to speed. That is to say, it is small, light and hard. But this modification of a foot to suit land, water or snow is to common as occurrence to cause the surprise it otherwise would, although there happens now and then a failure to adapt, which serves to emphasize the fact—as in the case of the deer, which, instead of being so modified that it can bear itself up as on snowshoes, is obliged to let itself slip in where modification fails to come. When the snow is soft it sinks helplessly in and flounders about as clumsily as any other animal less used to the feathery material; but when there is crust on the snow, as there generally is in the northern regions, even though that crust would sink under the same weight of horse flesh, the deer knows how to glide over it in safety. How much of an art this is can be best appreciated by watching how the light-footed cat will come to rest on the glistening surface of crusted snow. In spite of its sharp claws it will dip this way and that, and finally break through, where five times the weight of reindeer or mouse flesh would have skinned along with ease, speed and safety.—Scientific American.

Slightly soiled woolen articles, knitted or crocheted, may be made to look as well as new if they are carefully rubbed in flour. Cover them with flour and rub evenly, as if washing, until the flour becomes dark. Take out the article and rub in clean flour until all soil is removed. Shake well and hang in the wind until no steam of flour remains in the wool. Of course one would not care to clean in this way articles that are worn next to the body, but for shawls, capes and overcoatings flour answers admirably.—Boston Budget.

Questions Has Written 333 Books.
"I had the curiosity the other day," says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette, "in turning over a volume of the London Museum Catalogue, to examine the library of one of the most famous of scholars, right from William Brouncker. The total number of books, exclusive of other editions, is 333. Of these eight are in Italian, seven in French, five in German, two in Greek, two in Russian, two in Dutch, two in Welsh, one in Danish and one in Spanish. The diversity of languages is not too remarkable, but the number of books is a little surprising. It is a little surprising that they should be so few."

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Huntersville, W. Va.
Jan. 10, 1889.
Walter Harris Print.

Nellie Arthur had a spotted Indian pony for the apple of her eye. Mrs. Pierce was very fond of the black nag that her husband rode. Mrs. Monroe brought the first white rabbit to the National premises. Harriet Lane had a large stag-hound that was presented to her in England. "Dolly" Madison's particular pet was a fine saddle nag. At Montpelier she had a pet sheep. Mrs. Adams had a great goldfish and one of a bluish tint, sent her by a New England sea Captain. Mrs. Hayes had a magnificent imported Japanese cat that was presented to her by a naval officer. Martha Washington's chief pet was a beautiful green parrot. Mrs. Washington was also very fond of a fallow deer. Mrs. Grant had a "strawberry roan" cow that was a superb milker and supplied her table with milk and cream. Mrs. Bliss, President Taylor's daughter, who presided over the White House until her father's death, had a splendid white owl. Miss Cleveland's pet while at White House was a beautiful rose which she found in the conservatory and which now bears her name. An eagle occupied a cage at the mansion for a part of President Fillmore's term, a gift from a political admirer, and the noble bird was often fed by Mrs. Fillmore. Mrs. Jackson never presided at the White House, but a large black and white dog that had been caught when young and trained by one of her faithful slaves had the run of the household.—N. Y. Graphic.

The Limit of a Horse's Speed.
Professor Brewer said, in a recent speech before the National Academy of Sciences: The English thoroughbred is a finished breed, and it has undoubtedly arrived at the summit of its excellence. There has been practically no new blood in this breed since 1790. This breed has been finished and completed to two senses: First, as to its grade, hereditary blood and character, and, secondly, as to its speed, in which the limit has been undoubtedly reached. We have faster horses than our grandfathers, but it is not likely that our grandchildren will have a faster breed than we have now. In the case of trotters there has been a steady increase of speed. The fastest record is 2:08.4. Less than a dozen have ever been trotted in less than 2:14. The fastest record to running was made at Louisville, the time being 2:04. The speaker showed a table in which were the actual times for the last five years, and he said that a record within five seconds

of this time. The nearest that any horse has come to this record is 1:10, which was done last year. A very large number of horses have made their record but once. There are many that have made as fast time as those that have records, but in not winning the race they got no record. The record as it now stands may be lowered. When I said that speed had reached its maximum I didn't think but that better time would be made. I think about 1:30 will be the speed of winners. Hereafter breeders will be expected to keep up this high standard of excellence rather than to making better time. I believe the thoroughbred has finished his evolution—Washington Star.

The Heroes Are Not All Dead.
It is generally believed in these prosaic days that heroism and chivalry are dead, that the material of which martyrs were made has all been exhausted, and that men are now controlled almost entirely by selfish motives. This is the common talk of the day—we hear it on the street corners and read it in our newspapers and novels; in fact we can not go anywhere without hearing some cynical expression of disbelief in the nobility of human nature. We do not believe that the heroes are all dead. We do not believe that James Givens, who died the other day, was the last of his race. This man, Givens, was a common deck hand on the ill-fated steamer John H. Hanna. When the pilot house was on fire, the pilot unable to stand the heat of the flames, abandoned his post. At this supreme moment Givens took his place, and steered the vessel to the bank at the cost of his life. This humble deck hand had no special incentive to urge him on. He did not rush to his death to save wife, children or sweetheart. He was simply a poor, ignorant fellow who loved his kind, and his great heart would not allow him to seek his own safety when he saw the lives of hundreds in danger. Winded by the flame and smoke, he held on until the boat struck the shore. He was willing to die in order that others might live. From time to time we hear of such men as Givens, and then they are heard from again. God will not let such heroes perish entirely from the face of the earth. Their shining example blaze like beacon lights, and when they lay down their lives for their fellows there will always be others to take their places. Men are not all selfish and heartless. In the higher walks of life we have our "Chinese" gentlemen; in the middle class our Stanley, and among the humble poor such men as James Givens, the deck hand of the steamer Hanna. While these names are on every lip it will not do to say that our heroes are all dead.—Atlantic Constitution.

The Southern Immigration Convention has adopted resolutions requesting the Legislature of Southern States to take co-operative measures in the general plan to induce immigration. The tide of immigration Westward is ebbing and the South is the coming great section of the country. We have greater natural advantages than any other portion of the continent. Our soil is richer, our mines inexhaustible. Our climate for industry is unequalled; our scenery is renowned, and political falsehoods to the contrary notwithstanding, our people are among the most genial, generous, hospitable and law-abiding to be found on the globe. All the South lacks is capital and population to develop her magnificent resources to make her commercially, socially and politically what she naturally is, the grandest portion of our country.

To this end the Southern Interstate Immigration Bureau has been established by the Montgomery Convention. It asks the aid of the Legislature of the States to be benefited. The Legislature of West Virginia should and will examine into the subject carefully. West Virginia is probably the richest in natural advantages of all the Southern States, and has most to gain by increasing capital, population and the other advantages proposed by the Montgomery Convention, whose proceedings we commend to the attention of each individual member of the next Legislature.—Register.

An Odd Postal Regulation.
It is rather an odd thing that if you paste a printed slip on a postal card the Government will charge the receiver letter postage, while if the same matter is printed directly on the card nothing extra is demanded. The same slip which if pasted on a postal card would be charged extra for, may be put into an unsent envelope and it will then go at printed matter rates, or the whole paper from which the clipping is taken may be sent, and taking the article marked, at a much less rate than the Government would charge for the same article attached to the card. That is, the Government would rather carry four ounces for a cent than the four-fifths of an ounce for the same money.—Detroit Free Press.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, S. S.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Remedy.
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Huntersville, W. Va.
Jan. 17, 1889.

From The Capital City.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 8.—To-day has been a lively day among the candidates for positions in the coming session of the W. Va. Legislature. Men of note from all parts of the mountain state graced the streets of this city to-day, coming principally to see how "the ball" would open up. Among those present were Judge Campbell, of Monroe, Hon. Jas. E. Keena, Judge Fleming, Jas. D. Alderson, Esq., Danl. B. Lucas and many others who have figured prominently in West Virginia politics, together with numerous applicants for page-ship, clerks etc.

At 2 p.m. the Democrats held rather a conference, but did not go into a caucus until 8 p.m. Everything worked nicely and nominations were made for the various positions to be filled to-morrow upon the convening of the House. Jos. J. Wood, Esq., from Ohio was elected Speaker of the House over Hon. Jos. Sprigg, of Hardy. J. M. Hamilton, Esq., was elected Chief Clerk over Col. J. B. Peyton, of Wheeling. W. B. Gibbs, of Roane, was elected Sergeant-Arms over three other gentlemen.

Everything passed off as smoothly as could be in the Democratic House, but when we turn to the Republican Senate we find much discussion from various points and up to this writing they have not brought out a man for the Pres. of that body, and as to how matters will turn out with them remains to be seen.

The Legislature will convene at 10 a.m. to-morrow. The Democrats will organize the House and it is probable that Col. Carr, the Union Labor Legislator may get the Presidency of the Senate since harmony doesn't reign in the Republican camp. The committees and committee clerks will be appointed Thursday morning.

Jan. 9.—The full Democratic ticket was elected in the house to-day; all by a majority of four.

The Senate stands 12 Dem., 13 Rep. and one Union Labor, (E. B. Carr). The Democrats nominated Mr. Carr for the Presidency of that body, and it has been balloted all day on the Presidency, each ballot standing a tie. An over-vote was a stand-still and the Senate reorganized.

No business of importance was transacted in the House to-day.

The Legislature

The West Virginia Legislature met in Charleston to-day. The House organized with the following officers, selecting Hon. J. J. Wood of Ohio County, Speaker, J. M. Hamilton, of Calhoun County, Clerk, and W. B. Gibbs of Roane County, Sergeant-Arms.

and no organization of that body shall be effected so that day to day the honorable Senators, but for President, all to no purpose except that the inn is being had at the expense of the State, to the tune of about \$500 a day.

The democrats first cast their votes for Col. Robt. Carr, of Kanawha County, but after several the votes had been cast they agreed to support anyone the republicans might designate, rather than tie up business by a continued stand lock. No sooner, however, had the democrats gone over to the republican candidate than the republicans deserted him and scattered their vote in such a way as to make an election impossible.

What they hope to gain by this manner of conduct is not evident, unless it is that they hope by this means to prevent an investigation by the Legislature of the alleged election frauds, fearing such investigation might unearth things they prefer should remain buried.

There is certainly no excuse for such conduct, and it by no means argues well for those who indulge in it.

A Man and His Work.

Napoleon used to say that it did not matter what a man's trade was—if he was the best workman in his line he was a very superior man, deserving as much honor as anyone in the empire.

Young men just starting in life with a prejudice against manual labor would do well to get this idea into their heads. When a man is determined to do his best work, he will improve his methods, and his increasing brain-power and skill will be so apparent that the lowest honest occupation will be ennobled, and the tailor will have the respect of all good men.

We have in our mind as we write a man who might easily have made a reputation in literature, journalism or law, but he deliberately chose the occupation of a canvasser for a large publishing house. He knew that his education, abilities and tastes fitted him for a high place in some learned profession, but he was also conscious of the fact that he was born with a certain tact and magnetism which never failed to win men and bend them to his will. He was poor and wanted money, plenty of it, and quick returns for his work. He found that the profitable against canvassing was so great that heavy commissions were offered to first-class men. So he made a contract with the publishing house, not to sell books, but to secure subscriptions for something in the art line. In fifteen years he accumulated a fortune. Last year his commissions amounted to \$17,500, and he has several times refused a salary of \$10,000 a year. This man feels a pride in his work. He knew that the only way to make his occupation pleasant and profitable was to go to the very top, and he went there. Men joke and sneer when they speak of book agents and canvassers, but they become very thoughtful when this master of his business takes them in hand. They recognize in him great talent, an earnest purpose, and all the points that make a gentleman.

Now, there are hundreds of other occupations less popular, and involving more distasteful work than this business of canvassing, that can be elevated and made remunerative by the right man. When we say right men we mean men who will train every brain cell in their heads and every nerve and muscle in their bodies to aid them in doing their latest perfect work.

Does all this require an exceptionally gifted person? By no means. It is utterly impossible to work in

and concentration will take the place of genius. The former mechanic or clerk who will trade himself mentally and physically for the best work that is possible in his field may make more or less than the musician whose story we have told for their encouragement, but one thing is certain—their measure of success and the development of their faculties will win admiring recognition, and they will take their place among the superior men of the community in which they live. There is more in the man than there is in the occupation.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Hord's Sarsaparilla Calendar for 1889 is one of the neatest and prettiest we have seen. If the medicine is half as good it is well worth taking.

The Baltimore Sun says: "The Senate tariff bill has been getting along swimmingly until now by deferring consideration of items upon which the Republican Senators are not well agreed. Strange to say, sugar is the cause of most of the bitterness that is said to exist. Senators Plumb, Ingalls and Stanford oppose the proposal to cut down the duty on sugar 50 per cent. This opposition might be met by a bounty of 1 cent per pound on all sugar produced in Kansas and elsewhere in this country, but a bounty, too, might develop opposition. There are other features of the bill that are not wholly satisfactory. For a bill that is not to pass it has a great deal of work upon it. A worse tariff bill has never been proposed. No pretense is made now of protecting labor; the object is to 'check imports.'"

Minister Phelps expects to return to the U. S. by March 4th, so that President Harrison can send a new minister to England without delay.

The County Commissioners of Kanawha county have torn down their old Court House, which they will replace by a new one costing over \$100,000.

The Delinquent for February lately received is unusually good. This periodical is a general favorite with the ladies, and is well worth all it costs. Published by the Butterick Publishing Co., New York.

If the Legislature is talking about electing a United States Senator as it is organizing, there is danger of Keena's term expiring before a successor is chosen.

The "kicking" element of the last Legislature seems to have fallen into line very gratefully. The trouble is now on the other side of the house.

A very destructive cyclone swept over the country last week, paying special attention to portions of Pennsylvania. Great damage was done to property and many lives lost at both Pittsburg and Reading.

President elect Harrison has been persuaded to go this far with brother Maine—he will tender to the Secretaryship of State, provided a solemn promise is made by brother Maine that he will not take it.—Charleston Star.

John H. Barrett, of New York, has decided that by entering the sugar trade the North River Sugar Refining Company has violated its charter and forfeited its right to incorporate existence. A righteous declaration.

Nothing remains of the famous English settlement of Jamestown, Va., begun in 1607, save the ruins of a church tower, and this is crumbling year by year. The roots have crept the monumental stone to the church yard, and thus one of the few buildings remaining

are carried by the waves of invasion. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 a day at this work. All as usual.

This identical message of Gov. L. W. Wilson to the Legislature of West Virginia is now before the people. We regard it as about the ablest State paper the Governor has given us during his administration. The paper speaks attention to election laws and their abuse, and make what we deem wise and wholesome suggestions to our law makers. Gov. Wilson doesn't hesitate to say what he thinks, nor to call a spade by its right name.

Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. W. W. Wilson's Sarsaparilla should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It soothes the little sufferer at once, it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little child is awake bright, as a button. It is very pleasant to take. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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for which will allow the highest market prices. Give us a call and see what a large amount of goods you can get at our store for ONE DOLLAR.
OUR TREASURY
is not overflowing with a surplus, but we have decided nevertheless to reduce the "PRICE" on everything we have on hand, so that the public will also be enabled to make a saving of our business.
Again we ask you for your undivided support in this campaign,
AND if you decide not to do so, we will be pleased to give you the best bargain to be had in this neck o' woods.
To the "GREENBAX" on hand on account of Nuts, we are in need of "GREENBAX" and think you certainly ought to pay us back, if not, you are doing us
HOPING to meet you all smiling in front of our store after a very successful day.

BEST COUGH MEDICINE.
PISO'S CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION
It has permanently cured thousands of cases pronounced by doctors hopeless. If you have pulmonary symptoms, such as Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, &c., don't delay, but use PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION immediately. By Druggists. 25 cents.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
CURE SICK HEADACHE
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are especially valuable in Constipation, during and preceding this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, regulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure
ACHE
in the back of so many lives that have to where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are entirely vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action place all who take them in view of a cure. For Sale. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICAL CO., New York.
Sole Agents: E. T. Hamilton, Warren, Pa.

JAMES & MAYER BUGGY &
BUGGIES.

CARRIAGES.
Manufacturers **THE Vehicle for the**
FARMERS' & MERCHANTS' USE

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI.

C. F. Moore, EDITOR.

Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, Jan. 31, 1889.

Terms of Subscription, \$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 28.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff,
Deputy Sheriff,
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor,
Com'r of Cr. (C. H. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannan.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July in levy term.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

C. F. MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER.

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE.

Attorney-at-Law,
Lawburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KIL.

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. M. WEYMOUTH.

RESIDENT DENTIST.
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. E. P. PATTERSON.

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Distinguished Business Educator

Prof. Math. Principal of the Commercial College of Ky. University, Lexington, Ky., with his own method of teaching, and his own system of book-keeping and general business education. He has been for many years a successful teacher in the world's reputation for his system of book-keeping and general business education. He has been for many years a successful teacher in the world's reputation for his system of book-keeping and general business education. He has been for many years a successful teacher in the world's reputation for his system of book-keeping and general business education.

Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS: Moisture; intense itching and aching most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue to form which often bleed and ulcerate becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S REMEDY cures the itching & bleeding, heals ulceration and in many cases removes the piles. It is equally effective.

DOES ANY ONE KNOW?

Does any one know what's in your heart and mine,
The sorrow and song,
The demon of sin and the angel divine,
The right and the wrong;
The dread of the darkness, the love of the day,
The ebb and the flow
Of hope and of doubt for ever and aye,
Does any one know?

Does any one dream of the love that is years,
The heart that is mine;
The depth and the width of the cup which each pours
Of richest red wine;
Of the hate that is dark as the mid-night of grief,
The anguish and woe,
The doubt clouds of halting and blind unbelief,
Does any one know?

Does any one see what we have in the heart
To love and to hate;
Of life's every motive an intricate part,
Of chance and of fate;
The memory of kisses, of starlight, of songs,
Of roses and snow,
Of woman's sweet eyes, of prayers and of wrongs,
Does any one know?

Does any one hearken to music of bells,
And the sigh of the sea,
And the whisper of woodlands that mystically swell
For you and for me;
The sound of the fond voices that ever respond,
In tones soft and low,
To the prayer we are breathing into the beyond,
Does any one know?

—[N. Waterman in New York Mercury.]

Forest Preservation.

The series of articles by Professor Shaler in Scribner's has ably presented the topic of tree preservation, a topic the American people must positively give heed to. No nation under the sun was in times of peace ever so wasteful as our own. The increasing scarcity of securing a supply of food has tended for some hundreds of years, if not thousands, to render human beings less economical of means and careful of methods. The older races, like the Chinese, never waste; to them everything has its use. But we have destroyed as much as we have produced. Forests that nature raised by the labor of a thousand years we have burned up in a day. Civilization has invented the phrase clearing up, which means wanton removal of all things that stand in the way of our immediate needs. Where vast stretches of oaks covered millions of acres it is difficult to find a single grove or a single tree; but how inestimable such remains are when found! It is not wholly from the utilitarian standpoint that we look, but the æsthetic. These are like their surroundings. If it be undesirable to dwell in the forest, it is still more undesirable to dwell without the companionship of trees. But as a matter of economy and physical necessity we are compelled to have sympathy for and with the vegetable world. Our destiny, in common with the whole animal kingdom, is identified with the plant kingdom. In the struggle for existence, from the outset, there has been a mutual interdependence of all living things. If we destroy the trees we injure our own progress and prospects. In the present economy of nature protoplasm, or the basis of life, can only be created by the plant kingdom; from it we receive the same at second hand. But our existence is dependent on trees and plants in many other ways, and always has been. The earliest human races were littoral, or shore dwellers. They had no tools to work their way through forests, nor weapons to cope with the denizens of the forest. But with the advance of the art of building

tion of trees was the destruction of their means of existence. The North American Indian saw only starvation in the white man's unsparing ax.

Civilization has brought us into even closer relation to trees, and dependence on vegetation. The equilibrium of the air, adjusting the proportions of carbon gases for our healthy existence, depends on trees. Malaria is not caused, but prevented, by a judicious proportion of forest land. Professor Shaler takes up the case with great energy to show that the most serious result following the destruction of our forests will be the consequent loss of soil, turning vast areas into deserts. "Already a large part of many fertile regions has been sterilized in this fashion; and each year a larger portion of our infinitely precious heritage of soil slips into rivers and finds its way to the sea, because we have deprived it of the protecting coating of vegetation." We have also to consider the immense vegetation deposit which is yearly added to the soil where forests abound. Our own culture takes from the soil, on the contrary, more than it gives. So the waste from the rain is greater in tilled soil than in wooded lands. In forests the soil is ever deepening; in open lands ever decreasing. This evil we must endure, but should be careful not to aggravate. The amount of soil now swept away annually is actually clogging the large rivers, compelling them constantly to change channels. The argument of Professor Shaler is pressed to show that no man has such a right in soil that he may be wasteful of it, or use it for the disadvantage of his neighbors. Government, he holds, should interfere to prevent waste of forests.

The question of forest preservation has been more or less considered by several of the states, but, in fact, apart from the encouragement of tree planting, little has been done in a systematic manner to regulate the use or prevent the waste of trees. Our relation to the vegetable kingdom grows ever more intricate, and our serious dependence more emphasized constantly since the demands of civilization for timber and fuel increase, and must increase.

At present the greatest loss in the way of forest destruction is from fires caused by locomotives, malice or carelessness. Some of the railroads have already taken action to prevent the recurrence of the evil from locomotive sparks. The plan adopted is to clear away all timber growth for 100 feet on each side of the track. A furrow is then run along the outer edge of this space, and the whole kept mowed and clean. The loss from timber fires is not less than an average of \$2,000,000 per state annually. This is wholly preventable.

The work of Professor Shaler is notable in this respect, that it makes the subject, which has been rather held to be local, to be a continental matter. He has enlarged the subject, and shown that it vitally touches the very possibility of human existence.—Globe-Democrat.

Royal Salaries in Europe.

A table recently prepared shows the royal salaries paid in Europe, and it forms interesting reading for those who have an idea that our own government is conducted on a wasteful and extravagant plan.

Prussia, \$3,000,000; the king of Italy, \$2,400,000; the queen of England, \$2,200,000; the queen of Spain, \$1,800,000, and the king of Belgium, \$500,000.

What a sermon against monarchial government this brief table contains. Eight persons, men and women—for kings and queens are nothing more—receive each year in the aggregate \$28,150,000 for doing what? For doing nothing that hundreds—maybe thousands—of their subjects could not do just as well and possibly much better. Some of these monarchs get their salaries for really doing nothing. Queen Victoria, for example, has absolutely no function to perform except to represent in her royal person the idea of dominion and sovereignty. She has no part in the government of the country. The most irrepressible Irish member of parliament does more and has more to say about ruling the empire than Victoria has; and yet because she is what she is, the mere eidolon of a bygone autocracy, her living subjects pay her over \$2,000,000 every year for her own use and benefit.

The king of Prussia receives \$3,000,000 a year as compensation for his arduous royal duties; and when it is considered that he is the emperor of Germany, that he is a man over 80 years of age, and that the reins of government have been for years in the hands of Bismarck, it must be admitted that, judged by republican standards, he does not earn his salary.

Probably the czar of Russia performs as much or more actual labor than any reigning sovereign in Europe. The form of government of Russia being a despotism, the czar must necessarily center all authority in himself and be, in fact as well as name, the fountain and source of all authority. But even for his duties, irksome, multifarious and difficult though they may be, \$8,250,000 is more than they are worth, especially in view of the financial condition of Russia and the immense drain upon her resources.

The people of the United States thought they were doing a wonderful thing when they increased the president's salary from \$25,000 a year to \$50,000; and yet the larger amount is only a trifle over two days' salary of the emperor of Russia, while at the same time the United States is really better able to pay the president the czar's salary than Russia is to pay the czar the president's salary.

Royalty is simply an enormously expensive luxury, with nothing to recommend it except tradition and precedent, and the only wonder is that it can keep its hold so long on intelligent and progressive nations in this age of the world.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Shipping Gold to Europe.

When one recalls the millions upon millions of dollars in gold that annually seek Europe to provide for the necessities of our import trade, the question of how gold is shipped to Europe becomes a curious and interesting one. The bank of America is the largest single shipper of gold abroad. Shipments are made in stout kegs, very like the ordinary beer kegs. Every one contains \$50,000 in gold or in bar gold. The latter is the favorite for these shipments, since the government has permitted the sol-treasury to exchange bar for gold coin, as coin is \$1,000,000 shipment in Italy

three-fourths of that amount. Where coin is sent double eagles are preferred. They are put in stout canvas bags, each bag containing 125 double eagles, or \$5,000 and ten large 50 c. bags.

About the only precaution taken against tampering with kegs is a treatment of the keg ends, technically known as "red taping." Four holes are bored at equal intervals in the projecting rim of the staves above the head. Red tape is run through these, crossing on the keg's head, the ends meeting at the center, where they are sealed to the head by the burdest of wax and stamped with the consignor's name. The average insurance is about \$1,500 per \$1,000,000. Then there is an expense of \$2 a keg for packing and cartage aboard ship, or \$200 for the same sum; and the inevitable loss by abrasion, whatever it may prove to be. There are great Wall street firms shipping from \$25,000,000 to \$40,000,000 annually. Some of these have for years insured themselves, and as a result that the saving has been sufficient to replace a loss of \$1,000,000. These are large figures. But this has become a country of large figures and affairs.—Edgar L. Wakeman in Globe-Democrat.

Left Handed Writing.

"It looks like copperplate," remarked a prominent teacher of penmanship to a reporter, as he exhibited a handsome specimen of chirography from among the many specimens in his large collection.

"It couldn't have been written very rapidly," suggested the reporter.

"It was, though—as rapidly as the writer could make his fingers move."

"Probably he is a professional penman; bookkeeper or teacher likely?"

"Neither, and he only learned to write four years ago. He was a soldier. During the war he lost his right arm. After the war he became a traveling salesman. Five years ago he lost a leg in a railroad accident, and then took up penmanship. He had to learn it all over again. But by perseverance you see how much he has accomplished. He is the secretary of a mining company down town and draws \$10,000 a year salary. One odd thing about this is that he never was a good penman when he had both arms. But in learning to use his left hand he acquired the art of making all of his characters plain. He made them slowly at first, and now he can't write badly, no matter how rapidly he works."

"Did you ever know of a man's learning to use both hands equally well?"

"There are a few instances on record. I heard of a man once who not only wrote with both hands, but wrote with them at the same time and a different sentence with each hand. He was the wonder of the profession, but he was more of a freak than anything else. Ambidexterity is a great accomplishment, but such experiences as that are not valuable, save as curiosities." New York Mail and Express.

Mrs. Jay Gould died at her home in New York last week.

Senator Poye, of Maine has been elected and Senator Isham G.

PREACHING. Rev. J. Luster Henderson will preach for the year at the following places, as stated:

1st	Monday	Huntersville	11 A. M.
"	"	Pine Bluff	11 A. M.
2nd	"	"	11 A. M.
"	"	"	11 A. M.
3rd	"	Huntersville	11 A. M.
"	"	St. Pleasant	4 P. M.
4th	"	Boothel	11 A. M.
"	"	Sanct.	8 P. M.

HOME NEWS

—Locals and eggs are scarce at this season of the year.

—Henry Overholt, Esq., of Hillsboro, was in town yesterday.

—We are indebted to Hon. C. P. Dorr for the Journal of the Legislature and other public documents.

—Huntersville looks' lonesome this week. No session of the County Court.

—Geo. W. Wagner, went up to Traveler's Rest last Saturday to look after his log drive on the river.

—Several drammers have recently visited our town with a line of Spring goods.

—Five or six communications that should have appeared this week are omitted because they were not communicated.

—Mrs. Fannie Yeager, who lives with her son, Peter D. Yeager, at Traveler's Rest, was suffering from a cold and break both legs last Thursday.

—A recent letter from Hon. H. A. Yeager announces that he is well pleased with his surroundings and hard at work for Uncle Sam. His address is Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

—There will be no mail from Huntersville to Danmore Saturday, Feb. 26, unless it should be a cloudy day. We have prevailed on Andy Hughes to stay in town if there's any danger of seeing his shadow.

—We have received the first number of the Clipper, a weekly independent newspaper published at Addison, N. Y. As a rule we don't have much use for so-called independent papers; however, this may be an exception.

STORY OF A REWARD.—Stebell D. McLaughlin offers the above reward to any one who can show a rider boy that the one born at his house on the 24th of July. Mitchell to be the judge himself and the amount to be paid in Confederate money. Two out four boys.

—The Housekeeper, a Semi-Monthly periodical, devoted to domestic interests, published at Minneapolis, Minn., is among the most valuable exchanges we receive. The issue for Jan. 15, is exceedingly good. Every housekeeper ought to have it.

—The December number of Woman's Work, a monthly household paper, published at Athens, Ga., is before us. This is a comparatively new periodical, but has in its short life gained an enviable reputation and has become quite a favorite with the ladies.

—We have just received Vick's Floral Guide for 1889. It is exceptionally well gotten up; even ahead of what it has been in the past, and everybody knows that it has always been good. This Guide is issued by one of the oldest and most reliable houses in the United States. If you want to deal with a thoroughly honest and responsible seedman, send your orders to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. John H. Waymouth will be at Mingo Flats, Feb. 4th and remain 3 days; Edray, Feb. 9th, 8 days; Mill Point, Feb. 20th, 3 days; Huntersville, Feb. 26th, 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry. Teeth extracted by the use of a new Gold Millage in which artificial teeth, which add very much to their

Your worthy contemporary the Potomac Times has changed hands, and under the new management has become far more interesting. It tells the Wheeling Intelligencer that a change of heart is more needed for it than a change of name is needed by West Virginia. Time would tell to repeat all the funny squibs that have appeared. There is some speculation as to who the squibbist can be. The squibbist most fit seem pretty equally divided between "Bill Arp" of Georgia, and "Billy Childs" of Brown's Mountain. Your correspondent ventures the conjecture that a number of the Huntersville bar could tell us something that would settle the question, if properly interviewed. Who will do it, is the question.—Potomac Times correspondent, in Rochester News.

Yes, you can find out which bill it is by consulting a Huntersville attorney. In all probability you will make his acquaintance and find his name to be **Bill**, and not so funny after all. Try it.

Danmore Doings.

The lumbermen are busy getting in shape to move out.

Capt. Smith is done cutting logs and will move to the ark on Greenbrier river this week.

It is to be hoped the fording of the creek at this place will be kept free from logs in the future. A good deal of inconvenience has been occasioned for the last two or three weeks by logs in the ford.

Our people have not laid in a supply of ice yet, and it doesn't look now as if they would.

C. F. Moore, Esq., of Huntersville, was up on a flying business trip last week.

Col. Pritchard is doing a considerable logging business this season.

Smart Items.

Snow and rain.

Look out for ground-hog day, and stay in your skins.

J. C. Harper is back from a trip to Hinton.

Miss Sallie Hamilton has gone to the Levels to attend school.

Robert Pritchard, Esq., of Henling Springs, Va., was in this section last week. Rob is a business man, but wears a smile when on Knapp's Creek not common among drammers.

Miss Edmonia Gann, of Hillsboro, and Olie Rimel, of Stripling Springs, Va., are visiting friends and relatives in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Emma Harper, who has been dangerously ill for some time, is now improving.

We would like to hear something more on the subject of dehorning cattle; it is a matter of interest. Can't somebody tell us how to de-horn hogs, and de-horn mules. Success to you.

DICK.

The Philadelphia Times hears that Gen. Harrison had almost decided that it would seem too much like a public acknowledgement of the money influence in politics to give a Cabinet place to Mr. Wanamaker, who was credited with contributing \$100,000 and raising an additional \$300,000 for the campaign fund. Then Col. Quay came along and said that Mr. Wanamaker gave only \$10,000.

"Was the dog fat?" asked the buyer of pork in the old story.

"Fat?" exclaimed the man who wanted to sell the dogskin. "That dog was so—fat that—"

"Don't want it," interrupted the dealer. "Skins of fat dogs are no good."

"Oh, but he wasn't one of them—fat dogs, you know," replied the man, with the stress on the last word.—N. Y. Sun.

Millanah Washburne, of Minneapolis, will succeed Millanah in the name State in the United

AN EXCELLENT PRESENT.

There will be general appreciation on the part of the public of the delivery of the President and Mrs. Cleveland in their refusal to receive a portrait of the present mistress of the White House painted for preservation in that house. This feeling of satisfaction will arise, not because the public would not be pleased to see Mrs. Cleveland's portrait thus conspicuously displayed, but because of gratitude that she had had the good taste, as well as the good sense, to discourage any such attempt at publicity.

If the Executive Mansion could contain, in some retired room set off mainly for this purpose, a complete collection of the portraits of all the estimable ladies who have ever graced the house, and if this could be provided at public expense the result thus obtained would be pleasing to the average American citizen. But this policy has not been pursued, so that only an insignificant proportion of such portraits are so displayed, and the art of these few is not such as to encourage their increase or multiplication.

This last remark applies not only to the White House, but to the great mass of portraits in the various departments and in the Capitol. The art is not encouraging and nothing is more certain than that this will continue to be the case until the selection of fourth or fifth rate artists is taken from the subjects to be represented and lodged in some authoritative commission composed largely of artists who have made their careers and who are no longer competing for work at this character.—Washington Post.

A large corporation for the mining of coal and the manufacture of coke has just been organized under the name of the Davis Coal and Coke Co. The company consists of Hons. H. G. Davis and Stephen B. Elkins, Col. T. B. Davis, Maj. Wm. Armstrong and Harry G. Huxton, Esq. The company's properties are located 50 miles south of Wheeling, on the line of the West Virginia Central Railroad near Thomas Station. Active operations and development of the and properties commenced at once. This is considered one of the finest coking coals in the country, being absolutely free from all impurities. The company will furnish work for quite a number of men in the near future.

A law in Massachusetts defines intoxicating liquor as any beverage containing more than 3 per cent. of alcohol by volume, at 60 Fahrenheit in a recent case before a jury, the State assayer testified that Jamaica ginger contained over 60 per cent. of alcohol, 8 per cent. of pure Jamaica ginger extract, and 28 per cent. of water. An ordinary whiskey contains only about 50 per cent. of alcohol, it follows that Jamaica ginger must be a pretty lively sort of temperance drink.

A St. Louis doctor has removed the brains from a dozen different frogs and heated the wound and let them go. They went off as if nothing had happened out of the usual, and it was plain that they had lost nothing of value. A frog which he poked on his brains instead of his legs would stand a mighty good show in a paddie near a school house.

General Harrison made the following remark the other day: "I have offered my Cabinet place to my man. I haven't yet selected any man for my cabinet. No person shall be forced on me. I shall not discuss whom I will put into the Cabinet till after I am inaugurated and send their names into the Senate for confirmation." Would the Cabinet makers can now take a

NOTICE.

A reward of \$100 will be paid to any one who may give information leading to the recovery of any of our tools, etc. that have been stolen from the woods or along the railroad.

ST. LAWRENCE BROOM & MFG CO., Danmore, W. Va.

Jan 14 4-1

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of Nursery Stock. All new, choice and fast-selling specialties. Terms for sale PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special inducements to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instructions. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once, and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. MENTION THIS PAPER. Jan. 31 1881.

Stramonium Liver Regulator produces no unpleasant effect upon the stomach to matter how long it is taken. A little taken at night increases refreshing sleep and a natural excretion of the bowels. A little taken in the morning sharpens the appetite, cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath.

"I never remembered a medicine until I knew it to be good. In a winter of twenty-five years I have often felt the need of such a medicine, and when I found it I exclaimed: 'Bureka!'"—Rev. J. P. PARKER, Proprietor "Christian Visitor," Smithfield, N. C. 17 41

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction on the 1st day of March, 1889, the following property 225 Sheep mostly ewes 27 two-year-old Cattle, 4 Cows and 1 two-year old bull, 4 horses, one buggy and harness, one cane mill and household and kitchen furniture.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock, a. m.

JACOB McGLAUGHLIN.

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP.

Huntersville, W. Va.

I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done in neat style.

J. C. THOMPSON.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste, J. C. THOMPSON, Clerk. Jan 10 4-1 Printers fee \$4.02.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Black Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Indigestion, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, No. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, Bile and preventing the accompanying unpleasant, while they also cure all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. When they only cured.

As the body would be almost intolerable to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all still head.

ACHE

is the name of so many troubles that here is where we make our great head. The pills cure a while others do not.

Carters Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action cleanse all who use them. In view of the fact that the pills are sold everywhere, or sent by mail CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

JACOB BONER

CHEAPEST

STOCK

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, and the HART goods.

you have seen a line lot of STOCKS, and you will find them cheaper than any other place in the county, and exchange goods in produce.

Come and see for your share, at Huntersville, W. Va.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 14th day of October, 1888, in the case of John W. McNeel's estate, of the following real estate, situated in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill's Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RECKER, Spec'l Com'r. Bonds, as required by law, have been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk. Jan. 10 4-1 Printers fee \$5.75.

Notice to Lien Holders.

To all persons holding liens by Judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. Wankers.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in the case therein pending, to sell the real estate of the said John F. Wankers to the satisfaction of the lien thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you, and each of you against the said John F. Wankers, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjustment to me at my office, in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

5TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this 5th day of Jan., 1889.

L. M. McGLAUGHLIN, Com'r. Jan. 10 4-1 Printers fee \$3.35.

IF YOU WANT

Letter Heads,

Envelopes,

Business Cards,

Official Blanks,

Posters,

or

Anything

In That Line,

REMEMBER

AT

THE TIMES OFFICE

They may be procured at

lowest Rates

and of

Best Style

and

QUALITY.

One phase in business life which is not an uncommon one, and which shows that the world wags not as badly as it is said to do, is the returning to the merchants of "conscience money." It very often comes under our notice. The last occasion I observed was the other day at Burr's when a well known Catholic clergyman came up to Mr. Franklin, by whom I was standing, and handed him \$30, which a penitent of his had asked him to restore to Burr's. Whether the amount the repentant creature retained had been taken in money or goods of course no one knew, and equally so of course only the priest knew the name of the person making restitution. Not very long ago a widow who had been very wealthy, but had been robbed of everything was surprised by a visit of a gentleman who had formerly known her husband. He handed her \$200, which he said had just come to him directed to his care to be delivered to her, simply labeled "conscience money." You have heard the story of the man who sent \$50 anonymously to a shop keeper, with this incognito note: "Here is \$50 of money, which I stole from you. I send it again my own course 'answer' when I 'divide' again I will send the other \$50." This philosophy, I think, is a fair sample of the kind we can never get out of.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

Feb. 7, 1889.

THE LEGISLATURE.

When it was announced some time days ago that the dead-lock at last been broken and the organization of the Senate effected, the disgusted public indulged the hope that such folly was ended, at least for this session. It was generally believed that, inasmuch as the democrats held the power to elect a United States Senator by a small majority, they would certainly be too wise to cast anything but a unanimous vote. But, alas! we find ourselves mistaken. History is repeating itself, and the scenes of 1837 are being re-enacted. The feature we most regret, however, is that this tie-up is partly occasioned by the conduct of our own representative, Mr. C. P. Dorr; which is as much a matter of surprise as it is of regret. When we recall the fact that Mr. Dorr was nominated by a convention and earnestly supported by many because he was the party's nominee and for no other reason, it seems exceedingly inconsistent for him now to place himself in the attitude of a bolter.

If we properly understand it, Jno. W. Kenna was nominated in caucus by more than a two-thirds vote, thus proving him to be the decided favorite. Furthermore we believe Kenna to be the choice of nine-tenths of Mr. Dorr's constituents. Then we are totally unable to see how Mr. Dorr can fail to support Kenna and at the same time be true to his constituency, true to his party, and true to his pledges virtually made, if not explicitly.

He may have reasons sufficient to satisfy himself that his stand is justly taken: If so, the people have a right to know those reasons. Mr. Dorr has sense enough to know that nothing in the nature of a personal difference or prejudice should keep him from supporting the nominee of the democratic caucus; and he will later discover that nothing of that character will suffice to justify his action in the eyes of those who entrusted to him the right to represent them.

We sincerely hope he will no longer persist in delaying an election, but will at once fall into line and, though it be late, still show us that our confidence was not misplaced when we cast our votes for him on the 6th of Nov. last.

Hon. Anthony Higgins is the first Republican to represent Delaware in the United States Senate. Another remarkable thing is that for thirty-six years, more than the life time of a generation, either a Bayard or a Hamilton has occupied the distinguished position.

Congressman Springer, of Illinois, has introduced a resolution in

no preference; it has not decided any gentleman's claims to the support of the democratic majority for the office of Senator. It has expressed itself with genuine sincerity in favor of whomever the democrats should, in the wisdom of the majority, select for its honors, and has remained neutral as to all. It has pleaded with earnestness for harmony; for the laying down of all motives, and the burying of all prejudices that could by possibility interfere with the attainment of that condition of organization necessary to the very preservation of the democratic party. We have asked nothing else and we have desired nothing else.

There is not the shadow of a doubt that our position is in full accord with and has the hearty sympathy of every true democrat of the State. And there is no doubt that to-day, more than ever before, the democrats are fearfully and anxiously looking to the action of the democratic majority in the State Legislature to put an end to the fights and feuds that have demoralized the party, and delivered it almost to absolute defeat, and, by concert of action, repair the damage that it has already suffered.

But what is the spectacle that now presents itself? A democratic caucus by two-thirds vote nominates Mr. Kenna for the office of United States Senator, and yet, when the ballot is taken in the Joint Assembly, the sense of the democratic party, fully and rightfully and fairly expressed by the highest and only authority in the party, is disregarded from motives that form no excuse for disobedience, and that should not be entertained by anyone who occupies his position by virtue of democratic votes.

This is not a question to be determined by any man's personal whims, or by any man's ideas for what is best or worst, expedient or inexpedient for the party. The party judges of all these matters for itself, and in this case it has judged wisely or unwisely, no matter. Mr. Kenna is the regular, legitimately nominated candidate of the democratic party for the United States Senator. It is the duty of the democratic members of the Legislature to elect him.

It is a shame, it is wrong, it is dangerous in the highest degree to defy all the laws and precedents of the party, and risk its only chance of salvation as is being done now.

This is our position on the matter as it now stands, and it would be our position no matter who stood in Mr. Kenna's shoes.

The first principle of democracy is obedience to the will of the majority.—Charleston Gazette.

An appeal is made to the people of this city in behalf of the National Home for Malmed Confederate Veterans at Austin, Texas. We trust that there will be a generous response to it on the part of our fellow citizens, including the Union veterans of the war. It is agreeable to hear that many of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic have already taken an interest in it. A goodly sum has recently been added to the fund by the people of Boston, and an attempt to raise contributions is to be made in other Northern cities. The institution that has been established at Austin for the past two years, is wholly inadequate to meet the demands upon it, and the desire of its managers is to raise means for the erection of a structure to replace the small wooden building which is now the Confederate Home. We trust that they may very soon be able to do this, and

night. There were 2,500,000 gallons of water in the reservoir in the morning. Now there is nothing but a water abyss to be seen. The hole in the bottom of the basin is about fifteen feet in diameter, and there are large cracks in the earth extending in very direction. The water disappeared within five minutes. The Roanoke Waterworks Company's reservoir is located on Mill Mountain, about two miles south of the city. Two immense basins were only completed in the latter part of the past summer at a cost of \$50,000. They are immense holes dug in the mountain's side, large enough to hold 1,500,000 gallons of water each. They were tampered with white clay and lined with brick laid with cement, after which a heavy coat of the best cement that could be procured was worked over the inside of the brick wall. The work was superintended by Howard Murphy, of Philadelphia, a hydraulic engineer of long and successful experience.

Vice President Trout when asked what he thought was the cause, said it was evidently due to overruns in that section.—Philadelphia Times.

Just what the Samoan trouble will end in is yet unknown. It is not likely that the United States and Germany will go to war; yet such a thing is among the probabilities. While the bone of contention is of little intrinsic value, the principle involved is one of great importance, and our government should act with firmness. The conduct of Secretary Bayard in the matter is highly satisfactory and commendable. Latest advices indicate that Bismarck, the Dutchman, is beginning to weaken at the knees. While we are not so well prepared for naval warfare as we should be, still with the recent additions to our navy we could make it lively for the boys.

The House of Delegates unanimously adopted a resolution yesterday, refusing to consider any question connected with West Virginia's supposed share of the indebtedness of Old Virginia. To put the matter beyond all fear of recurring to vex their deliberations during this session, a motion was made to reconsider the vote adopting the resolution, and the motion to reconsider was laid on the table.

This to our mind, was a very wise disposition of the matter. There is no sense in vexing our State with this question until the action of Virginia shall create some basis for it.—Charleston Gazette.

New York city has been having considerable trouble with the employees of her street car lines. About 5,000 men have been on a strike for several days, not only refusing to work but endeavoring to keep others from taking their places. All cars that have been run for the last week have been under police protection. The mob has repeatedly undertaken to terrorize the city authorities, but have been checked in their attempts with but little difficulty. The trouble is not yet ended, but gradually dying out.

General Lawton, of Georgia, the American Minister to Austria, has forwarded his resignation, to take effect on the 5th of March, and will return to this country early in the summer. He is a man of sense and a gentleman, and has filled a diplomatic position in which there was little or nothing to do, as a man of sense and a gentleman should.

It is stated with a good deal of certainty by the leading newspapers that Senator Allison has declined a Cabinet position. A rare man he is, if that be true.

The latest news from Charleston is that one of the kickers has fallen into line and voted for Kenna. Dorr, however, is still unaccountably standing off. He is a ruling consideration, not only by his conduct, but not of a kind to be envied.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The president has notified congress that Count Arce-Valley, the German minister, has informed the state department that German troops would be withdrawn from Simon and the neutrality of Samoa preserved.—Charleston Star.

At last China has a railroad. It is eighty-one miles in length and cost, so the directors say, \$900,000 per mile, which is regarded as the cheapest road in the world, considering the number of bridges and the length of the embankments.

It is reported that the Republican senate would probably confirm Hon. Joseph S. Miller, of this state, as civil service commissioner, if President Cleveland should see fit to appoint him. It is stated that Gen. Goff will use his influence to this end. This is a high compliment to Mr. Miller, who is a sterling Democrat, and one of the most energetic and capable men in the country.—Charleston Star.

It is said that there is only one Democratic member of the Kansas state senate. We regret that such is the case, but there is one advantage to it after all. A caucus held by him cannot fail of being harmonious and there is no danger of his failing to support the caucus nominee.—Charleston Star.

He may fail to support the caucus nominee, if as likely to change his mind as some politicians are.

Fiduciary Notice.

The following is a list of Fiduciaries whose accounts are before me for settlement.

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—Miss Minnie Gammon is spending this week on Beaver creek.
—S. B. Moore, Esq., of Edray was in town Monday.
—Miss Mattie Rogers, of Alderson is visiting Misses Minnie and Mary Beard, on Beaver creek.
—P. McLaughlin, Esq., wife, and little son have returned from visiting relatives and friends in Highland county.
—We understand that N. J. McNeel, Esq., of Mill Point, has made application to the County Court for the appointment as Sheriff of Pocahontas County.

—Last week we stated that Mrs. Bettie Yeager, of Traveler's Repose had fallen and broken both legs. Since we have learned that but one leg was broken, and that she is doing well.

—Let everybody rest easy; we don't think there is any immediate danger of war with Germany. If anything of the kind should occur we promise to let our readers know in time to load their carbines.

—One of our most welcome visitors in Jan. B. Alden illustrated "Literature," published at 393 Pearl St. N. Y. for 50 cents a year. Subscribe for it.

—The Housekeeper, published at Minneapolis, Minn. 16, 18 & 20 North Fourth St. Semi Monthly, still visits us regularly. This paper is very cleverly popular with housekeepers.

—The Ladies Home Journal, Published Monthly at 435 Arch Street Philadelphia is one of the very largest and best ladies papers we receive. Terms 50 cents a year. You cannot do better than to subscribe for it.

—Babyhood, a monthly periodical published at No. 5 Beekman Street, N. Y. at \$1.50 per year for the month of February is exceptionally good. The contribution by Dr. V. M. H. Flint on "Common or Winter Colds" deserves special attention.

—We have received the February number of the Cosmopolitan, published by John B. Walker, 363 Fifth Ave. N. Y. Mr. Walker has recently taken charge of this magazine, and will no doubt keep it up to its usual excellence, if we may judge by his past labors.

820 EDWARD.—I shall pay the above amount to any one giving information that will lead to the discovery of the person who has been stealing my wood.

H. S. RUCKER.

DEISTEY.—Mr. John H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Plate, Feb. 4th and remain 4 days; Edray, Feb. 9th, 8 days; Mill Point, Feb. 20th, 3 days; Huntersville, Feb. 23rd, 3 days and will be prepared to attend to all operations in Dentistry. Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine, Gold fillings inserted in artificial teeth, which add very much to their natural appearance.

Jan 24 4-t

A Card of thanks.

On last Saturday night, a large crowd of our friends from this and adjacent neighborhoods came to the Parsonage and gave us a good "pounding". They "pounded" us with a great variety of weapons in the shape of beef, pork, corn, cabbage, clothing, groceries, &c., &c., and also with the hard cane. We recovered however, from the shock sufficiently to thank them for their liberal donation, but we desire to express our hearts felt, thanks to all of our friends through the columns of the Times. Special thanks are due to Misses Minnie and Mary Beard for getting up the donation. We are tender our thanks to

ty, was at Huntersville this week. His business was to obtain signers to a petition requesting the Hon. O. P. Dorr to abandon his present tactics, fall into line and be one of his party. No Democrat who was approached with the paper hesitated to add his name.

Accidental Shooting.

Mr. George Haliday, a young Englishman who for some time past has been boarding at the home of H. M. Lockridge, Esq., on Kunip's Creek, was accidentally shot last Thursday. He was at Dr. J. B. Lockridge's at the time the shooting occurred. It seems that he and one Dick Jordan, (Col.) were carelessly handling a pistol when Dick in his effort to "show off" pointed the pistol at Haliday and discharged it. The ball entered Haliday's right side just below his vest and ranged backward, lodging somewhere in the region of the spine behind the hip bone.

He was attended by Drs. Lockridge, Ligon and McClintic. He is doing as well, perhaps as could be expected; but must, of course be in a right critical condition.

Haliday is about seventeen years of age. Dick, the colored boy, about sixteen, but very much of a man in his own opinion.

A Raw in Tawa.

Our usually quiet town was the scene of some very disorderly conduct on last Saturday night. One Edward Martin who had for some time been boarding at Hotel Pocahontas left a few days ago and took up quarters at the Huntersville Hotel. Saturday night, while under the excitement of little much snake medicine, he concluded to go back to Hotel Pocahontas and "paint it red." Several times he was asked by the proprietor, Mr. Geo. W. Wagner, to leave the house, but Martin refused to obey, saying he would not leave. At last when he found he would be put on bet he gave a promiscuous assault on the inmates of the Hotel. In the difficulty he seized a large iron-stone pitcher that happened to be in the office and threw it across the room striking one Daniel Murry, a boarder, on the right eye, smashing the pitcher and inflicting a very ugly and dangerous wound on Mr. Murry's face. Martin was finally expelled from the office with two black eyes.

Dr. S. P. Patterson was called in to see both Murry and Martin.

On Tuesday morning a warrant for Martin was issued by Justice R. C. Shrader and put into the hands of Constable J. H. Buzzard, who executed the same by arresting said Martin and bringing him before said Justice Shrader for preliminary examination. A number of witnesses were examined at length, when the Court decided that Mr. Martin should give bond in the penalty of \$500, to appear before the next grand jury; in default of which said Martin was committed to jail.

Mr. Murry was at the time paying a short visit to his friend Mr. Coughlan, a boarder at Hotel Pocahontas.

He seems to be a very quiet, gentlemanly young man, and everybody regrets exceedingly his misfortune. It is not known as yet how his wound may terminate; at present his condition is somewhat discouraging and it is thought that even if he gets well, he will lose the sight of his eye.

Illinois courts are vexed over a question of ownership. A lottery ticket stolen from the mails and sold to an innocent third party, drew a \$1,000 prize. The party to whom the ticket was addressed claims the prize. There is no pre-

have gone out of the ford. Wm. H. Oakley, of the firm of Oakley & Co., has sold his interest in the Dunmore Store to R. L. Nottingham.

Misses Belle and Mary Wakeman, arrived here last week from Warren Co., Va. They are first class dressmakers and milliners.

Rev. W. T. Price preached at this place Sunday night.

The ladies about Green Bank and Frost have been making war on the foxes; they have caught seven.

Several schools in this district have closed.

Wm. H. Hull of Green Bank shipped eighteen whole deer to Staunton this winter.

J. P. Woodell and Geo. C. Cooper have built new houses at Green Bank.

Feb. 4th, 1889.

What a War Would do for Us.

If our government is in the humor to adopt a vigorous foreign policy the Samoan affair offers a very inviting opening.

Without reviewing the causes of the strained relations now existing between this country and Germany, it will be of interest to consider some of the advantages and disadvantages of a foreign war, so far as this country is concerned.

A war of any magnitude, lasting a year or so, with such a power as Germany would keep us busily occupied. The probability is that it would not be altogether a naval warfare. There would be fighting on land and sea, and our weak coast defenses would tempt the enemy to attack our seaboard cities.

Hundreds of thousands of men would be withdrawn from their peaceful occupations, and scarcity of labor and higher wages would necessarily follow. Large army contracts for food, clothing and munitions of war would keep our industries booming. The government would again flood the country with greenbacks, making flush times and stimulating speculation. Everything would be unsettled, and fortunes would be lost and made in a hurry.

Unexpected events would occur. Germany would make a desperate attempt to extend her colonizing policy to this hemisphere. France would be certain to take advantage of the situation by occupying and fortifying the isthmus of Panama. The war, beginning with a squabble over far-off Samoa, would perhaps extend the scope of its operations until it circled the globe. The example of France on the isthmus would be followed by the British in Venezuela, and there would be an odor of gunpowder in every direction.

That the United States would finally come out with flying colors is a safe prediction to make, but it would be a costly triumph in blood and treasure. Then would follow long years of taxation to pay off the increased national debt, years of currency contraction, and last, but not least, a flood of new pension bills.

There are other things to be considered. A foreign war would make the American people hurry their sectional differences, but it would also bring with it widespread demoralization. It would build up and it would destroy. It would enrich, and it would impoverish. It would make our flag feared and respected, but it might excite a war like spirit that would not rest satisfied for a generation to come.

In view of the past policy of our government, it is not likely that the Samoan trouble will lead to a war with Germany, but it can do no harm to take a long look ahead and

A reward of \$10 will be paid to any one who may give information leading to the recovery of any of our tools, etc. that have been stolen from the woods or along the railroad.

ST. LAWRENCE BROOM & MFG CO.,
Dunmore, W. Va.

Jan 14 4-t

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of Nursery stock. All new, choice and fast-selling specialties. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instructions. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once, and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD F. SNELL,
Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

Jan. 31 184.

Himmons Liver Regulator produces no unpleasant effect upon the stomach no matter how long it is taken. A little taken at night insures refreshing sleep and a natural evacuation of the bowels. A little taken in the morning sharpens the appetite, cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath.

"I never recommend a medicine unless I know it to be good. In a family of twenty-five years I have often felt the need of such a medicine, and when I found it I exclaimed: 'Hurrah!'"
Rev. J. P. PARKER, Proprietor "Christian Visitor," Smithfield, N. C. "17 4t

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction on the 1st day of March, 1889, the following property 225 Sheep mostly ewes 27 two-year old Cattle, 4 Cows and 1 two-year old bull, 4 horses, one buggy and harness, one cane mill and household and kitchen furniture.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock, a. m. JACOB McGLAUGHLIN.

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP,

Huntersville, W. Va.
I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done in neat style. J. C. THOMPSON.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court House thereof on the 1st day of January 1889.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste,
JOHN J. BRARD, Clk.

Jan 10 4-t Printers fee \$4.00.



CURE

Stomach troubles and relieve all the troubles that lead to a bilious state of the system, such as Headache, Nervousness, Dizziness, Heartburn, indigestion, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Buy it if you only cured

HEAD

Also they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from the distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here and those who once try them will find them little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

In the case of so many headaches that begin to where we make our great boast that pills cure a headache they do not.

CHEAPEST

STORE

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, and the BEST goods.

Who has received a fine lot of DRESS GOODS NOTIONS, CROCKERY &c. &c., and will sell you 25 per cent. cheaper than any other store in the county, and exchange goods for produce.

Come and see for yourselves, at Huntersville, W. Va.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 10th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et al.

I, as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in pursuance of the Court House of said County, to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the order of the Court, thereon, on the

5TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889.

the following real estate, situate in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill's Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Gruffy. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE:

So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, failing due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as ultimate security.

H. S. RUCKER, Special Comm'r.

Bond, as required, by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner.

JOHN J. BRARD, Clk.

Jan. 10 4-t Printers fee \$4.00.

Notice to Lien Holders.

To all persons holding liens by Judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. Wadless.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County made in the cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John F. Wadless to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said John F. Wadless, which are liens on his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to meet my office, in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

5TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1889.

Given under my hand this 5th day of Jan., 1889.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r.

Jan. 10 4-t Printers fee \$4.00.

IF YOU WANT

Letter Heads,
Envelopes,
Business Cards,
Official Blanks,
Posters,
or
Anything
in That Line,
RRRRRRRR
AT
THE TIMES Office
They may be procured
at
lowest Rates
and of
Best Style

HOME NEWS

—Winter has been trying, but some earnest at last.
—Geo. P. Moore, Esq., of Edray was in town Tuesday.

—Another trial before Justice Shradar to-day.

—Wm. H. Overholt, Esq., of Hillsboro paid Huntersville a flying visit last Saturday.

—Jno. W. Warwick, Esq., of Edray was in town Monday and Tuesday.

—Drummers are beginning to make frequent visits to this section.

—If you want Envelopes, Letter or Note heads, cheap, call at the TIMES office and you can get them.

—Mitchell D. McGlaughlin, accompanied by Miss Fannie Withrow, went to Bath Co., Va., last Tuesday.

—Drs. John Ligon and Wm. G. Townsend were called in last Friday to see Mr. Murry, at Hotel Pocahontas.

—The ice crop was not so bad after all. Every ice-house in town was filled last week, and some left over.

—H. H. McClintic, Esq., of Buckeye was in Huntersville last week. Mr. McClintic is supplying our town pretty much with flour from his new mill.

—A recent letter from Capt. W. L. Treadwell, who, with Capt. Craig, is now at Klammer, Fla., states that he is well pleased with that country.

—Now the new advertisement in this week's issue, signed by Messrs. Isaac McNeel and Uriah Bird. They are proposing to sell flour, etc. at very low rates.

—A correspondent suggests that the next move in the way of public improvement should be the building of a bridge across Greenbrier river near Clover Lick. What say you all?

—Mr. Daniel Murry, who was severely hurt in the disturbance at Hotel Pocahontas, an account of which we gave last week, started to Philadelphia last Monday to be treated in the hospital. The doctors attending him decided that his eye would have to be removed. This is extremely unfortunate for Mr. Murry, and we have the sympathies of all who know him.

—We have received another communication from F. A. Benick, Esq., on matters of interest to the farmers. Mr. Benick's last communication was very much appreciated by the readers of the TIMES, and they will, no doubt, read with eagerness whatever he may contribute hereafter. Why don't some of the rest of our people speak out?

—President Cleveland has at last decided to go to New York to practice law, instead of coming to Huntersville as he had thought of doing. He gives as his reason for the change, that so many of our people expect a lawyer to practice before the County Court and Justice, without making any charge. Cleveland acted wisely, and if this imposition on good nature isn't stopped, the entire legal fraternity will be obliged to move to New York.

—The people of Huntersville enjoyed last Saturday what to any other set of people would be a rare treat, but to them has become a common occurrence. It was a trial before Justice H. S. Shradar. In this case A. W. Rider was plaintiff and H. W. Taylor defendant. About all the lawyers in town were employed and all the citizens of the district examined as witnesses. The effort was to get Taylor to give bond to keep the peace. This, however, was not accomplished, and Mr. Rider had the

—L. M. McClintic, Esq., made a visit to Bath Co., Va., this week.

—We have just received a new line of paper and envelopes, which are being sold printed or unprinted, remarkably cheap. If you need anything in that line, send in your orders at once.

PLEASING—I will preach the 1st Sunday in this month, at the Beaver Creek school house, at 11 a. m. by request of a special subject.

DENTISTRY—Dr. John H. Weymouth will be at Mingo Bluffs, Mo., 4th and remain 4 days; Edray, Feb. 9th, 8 days; Mill Point, Feb. 20th, 8 days; Huntersville, Feb. 28th, 3 days, and will be prepared to attend to all operations in Dentistry. Teeth extracted by the use of Cocaine, Gold fillings inserted in artificial teeth, which add very much to their natural appearance.

—Jan 24 4t

Beck Allegany Jettings.
We have had a remarkably fine winter thus far, there has been but little snow here.

Mrs. Jacob Shinnaberry has about recovered from her recent illness.

—Mr. Henry W. Hong is seriously ill. He is being attended by Dr. Austin.

Married, Jan. 31st, at the residence of the brides brother, by Rev. W. H. Ballance, Mr. J. L. Slaven and Miss Conja Tallman, all of this county. It is reported that one of the spectators got a "needle narrows" while the ceremony was being performed.

—We can produce a man who, to hear his exploits, rivals even Manichausen, but, unlike that great adventurer, he gets lost occasionally.

Many of our people are indignant because the majority's choice for sheriff was not allowed to qualify.

The people are much pleased with the "Times" in this section.

—SCRIBLER.

Danvers Deluge.

Capt. E. A. Smith and his men moved into the ark last Saturday, ready to begin the drive with the first water.

Jas. Stretch has moved into the camp to take care of things during vacation.

A daughter of Geo. W. Arbogast, aged 15 years, who has been afflicted for a long while, died last Friday.

John Ralston, of Green Bank received an ugly and dangerous cut on his face last week. He was attempting to split a frozen oak block with a double bit axe, when the axe rebounded hitting his brow, entering his cheek bone, and splitting his lip.

The Sunday school at this place, under the superintendence of Mr. Jno. A. Taylor is in a prosperous condition. An excellent library of 100 volumes has been ordered for the use of the school, and is expected to arrive this week. Donations of good books are requested and will be highly appreciated.

We are all very much outdone by the conduct of the man from Webster county (we don't claim him) in the Legislature.

—Your etc.

Beaver Dam.

Northwest of the mountain at the head of Swago creek, in to be found a section of fine country, susceptible of vast and largely paying improvement, if it had the advantage of a passable public highway. The present road across the mountain to this section is only a pretense, it has neither grade nor location, such as any County Court ought to recognize. A Ketchikan and review was made some years ago, a grade of five degrees up and under, on good road land, but was never

made that a good road be opened on this line, on some other, and a motion will soon be made, for this purpose. No investment pays a greater dividend than one put into opening good roads into and through rich and fertile country. He pleased fellow citizens of the County Court, to meet when we call, and hand down an order for this much needed improvement.

—Xx.

Temperance Reform.

In a recent issue of your paper I found a report of a mass meeting in Hillsboro, W. Va., on Temperance work etc. which leads the reader to thinking.

It is logical to admit that any community has the right to speak out "in meeting" and defend their homes and their friends from the demon, strong drink. But is it good sound logic to thus "straiten at the camel" in the bad, whiskey by the jug full, and "swallow the goat" in selling and furnishing essence of cinnamon and Jamaica ginger by wholesale? It pays a good profit, and will intoxicate, and toper will have it and drink it, if they cannot get whiskey. And who ever saw Jamaica ginger put up in half-pint bottles, until within the last few years.

Would it not be much better to be consistent and sell no intoxicant if we advocate total abstinence. A few merchants in this county do not sell these drugs at all, but a few do sell them, and that to public injury.

—Xx.

Settled at Last.

It has always been hard for us to understand how matter is induced by mind; but now the whole thing is as plain as the nose on the back of a man's head. Prof. D. F. Brown discussing the matter in the N. Y. Independent, tells us "so plainly how the thing is done that no man, woman nor child could fail to understand it, knowing the whole affair to be controlled by the nerves." His illustration is as follows:

"A couple of organisms which for the sake of distinction, we call Newton and La Place. These were in marvellously complex relations of interaction with the environment, and there was also a very wonderful play of nervous discharges along lines of least resistance, together with diverse differentiations of the homogeneous and manifold integrations of correspondence. The plexuses and ganglia, too, wrought happily, and incessant motor excitations were produced in abundance."

Don't you see? It's an easy as falling off a log. If that's not plain will give you a rule that will work it. Find the greatest uncommon agitator, draw a parallel to the intestine, divertor and punctate the thermometer, and be sure to keep in a cool place.

There seems to be some difficulty to determine whether it is the duty of Mrs. Cleveland or Mrs. Harrison to do the White House Spring cleaning. The present situation says she certainly will not make the soap and set the hair.

The West Virginia Legislature is still busy doing nothing. The Fleming-Goff content is still unsettled, the Senatorial question unsettled, in fact everything unsettled, even the board bills of the senators and representatives. There is one thing however we may depend on the proscript legislators doing, that is drawing the salary.

—NOTICE.

We are prepared to furnish wheat, flour and oats at our mills at the following prices:
Wheat, per bu. 2.00
Flour, per 100 2.25
Oats, per bu. 1.10
Corn, per bu. .75
Terms, cash.
Respectfully,
J. H. HIND,
J. H. HIND.

NOTICE.
A reward of \$100 will be paid to any one who may give information leading to the recovery of any of our tools, etc. that have been stolen from the woods or along the railroad.
J. L. LAWRENCE, HODG & M. H. CO.,
Dumfries, W. Va.
Jan. 14 4t.

SALESMEN.

Wanted for our complete line of Nursery Stock. All now, choice and Early selling the garden. I can furnish PAYING PHILITONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instructions. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once, and secure choice of territory.
EDWARD P. SHELL,
Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.
Jan. 24 1891.

Hempstead Liver Regulator produces no unpleasant effect upon the stomach no matter how long it is taken. A little taken at night induces refreshing sleep and a natural evacuation of the bowels. A little taken in the morning sharpens the appetite, cleanses the stomach and awakens the brain.
"I never recommended a medicine unless I know it to be good. In a majority of twenty-five years I have often felt the need of such a medicine, and when I found it I exclaimed: 'Bureka!'"
Rev. J. P. PARSON, Proprietor, "Christ the Visitor," Smithfield, N. C. 174t

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at public auction on the 1st day of March, 1890, the following property
225 Sheep mostly ewes
27 two-year old Cattle,
4 Cows and 1 two-year old bull, 4 horses, one buggy and harness, one cane mill and household and kitchen furniture.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale.
Sale will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.
JACOB McGLAUGHLIN.

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP.

Huntersville, W. Va.
I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done in best style.
J. O. THOMPSON.

At a County Court held for the County of Pocahontas, at the Court House thereof on the 1st day of January, 1890.

It is ordered that all persons having business to transact with the Court hereafter, shall either present it to the Court in person from the bar or by their attorney, and that the Court will not hear any matter unless presented in the foregoing manner.

A copy, Teste,
JONK J. BRANN, Clk.
Jan 10 4t
Printers, fee \$4.00.



CURE

Stick Headache and relieve all the troubles that result from a bilious state of the system, such as Headaches, Nervousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable cures have been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, you liberate a torrid Liver. Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all Disorders of the stomach, cleanse the Liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Also they would be almost potent to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but for the fact that they are so good for the whole system, and give you a new life, that they will not be willing to be without them. Buy after all sleep head

ACHE

is the name of so many things that have to do with the human system. Our pills cure a whole host of ailments.
Carter's Liver Pills are very good. I have never known a case of Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, or any other ailment, that they did not cure. They are perfectly reliable and do not give or purge, but by their gentle action cleanse the system, and give you a new life. Buy after all sleep head

Respectfully,
J. H. HIND,
J. H. HIND.

JACOB BAKER
HILLARY STREET
STORE
IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY,
and the BEST goods.
We have received a fine lot of
DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS,
GROCERIES, &c., &c., and will
sell you 25 per cent. cheaper than
any other store in the county, and
exchange goods for produce.
Come and see for yourselves.
Huntersville, W. Va.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 15th day of October, 1888, in the chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r vs. et al.

John W. McNeel's heirs, et al.
L. as Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall offer in front of the Court House of said County, West Virginia, at public auction, to the highest bidder, subject to the order of the Court, the following real estate, to-wit: A certain lot of land, situate in and adjoining the town of Huntersville, on the north side of the town, and containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, to-wit: and adjacent to the town of Huntersville. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel, from James Grady. They are valuable for agriculture, and the title is believed to be good.

TERMS OF SALE: 1/3 cash, and the balance in two equal installments, the first due on the 1st day of March, 1890, and the second on the 1st day of June, 1890. The purchaser will be required to give bond, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, failing due in six and twelve months respectively from date. And a lien will be retained as aforesaid security.
H. B. BUCKNER, Special Comm'r.
Bond, as required by law, has been given by the above Special Commissioner.
J. H. BAKER, Clerk.
Jan. 10 4t
Printers, fee \$4.00.

Notice to Lien Holders.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise, on the real estate, or any part thereof, of John F. Wankles.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in the cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said John F. Wankles to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present claims held by you and each of you against the said John F. Wankles, which are liens in his real estate, or any part of it, for adjudication to some officer in the town of Huntersville, on or before the

5TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1890.

Given under my hand this 10th day of Jan. 1890.

L. M. McNEEL, Clerk.
Jan. 10 4t
Printers, fee \$4.00.

IF YOU WANT

Letter Heads,

Envelopes,

Business Cards,

Obituary Notices,

Posters,

Anything

in that line,

TURNER'S

AT

THE TIMES' Office

They may be procured

at

lowest rates

and of

Best Style

and


QUALITY.

TRY US

Her grandmother was an sick that the report got out that she was dead. A sympathetic old gentleman met the child on the street, "And when is your grandmother to be buried, my dear?" he asked her.

[illegible]

Dobbing's Electric Soap
THE BEST FAMILY SOAP
IN THE WORLD.
 It is strictly pure, uniform in quality,
 It is original in style, and which we will not
 imitate in the slightest. This soap is
 known to be quality of-day with
 stand made twenty years ago.
 I would not wonder that you
 have the best quality. It is the
 one of the best and the most
 and the most famous in the world.
 It is a good thing to have on your
 shelves and in your homes.



FREE
 ONE P. 11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-

[illegible]

the New York Times and other

—Mr. G. L. Austin, of Green Bank, was in town Monday night.

—On Monday there was a considerable rise in the waters in this section. The lumbermen were busily engaged driving logs.

—Messrs. John J. Beard and C. F. Moore, with their families, were down at Hillsboro last week attending the funeral of Mr. Joseph Beard.

—James Grimes and Mrs. Jacob Kelley, living near Mill Point, are both on the sick list. Dr. Mathew Wilson is attending.

—Geo. R. Curry, Esq., of Hillsboro steps higher than ever and went back to common people. Another big boy at his house.

—Mr. Peck, President of the Beaver Lick Lumber Company, was in Huntersville Monday looking after the interests of his company.

—Mr. John R. Slaven, who has been sick at the Huntersville Hotel for some time died just a few minutes before the paper for this week went to press—Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 2:30 p. m.

—We are informed that H. M. Lockridge, Esq., has for some days been suffering from a renewal of his old trouble, rheumatism.

—N. J. Brown, Esq., Mill Point's enterprising merchant, is keeping up well with the times. He has a full line of spring goods already displayed in his store.

—George Haliday, the young man who was accidentally shot some two weeks ago is said to be doing as well as could be expected.

—Daniel O'Connell, Esq., who is associated with the Cumberland Lumber Company, spent several days in Huntersville last week. Before a great while he contemplates locating in this vicinity and says he intends to run one of the best Back wheat Mills in the Country.

—Our efficient Countess, Jas. H. Buzzard, while crossing Thorny creek last Monday, narrowly escaped being drowned. His molestation and fell, throwing Mr. Buzzard into the water. Fortunately he was thrown near a fence, by means of which he succeeded in getting ashore.

—The Delineator for March is fully up to its usual excellence. The publishers of this magazine spare no pains nor expense to make their publication what the ladies demand. It's one of the very best illustrated periodicals in the country. Price \$1.00 per year. Published by The Bantam Publishing Co., 7, 9 & 11 West Thirtieth St., N. Y.

A CARD OF THANKS.—I desire to express my thanks to the people of Huntersville, and others, for the kindness shown me during my recent affliction at Hotel Pocahontas. I shall ever remember it with sincere gratitude.

DANIEL MURRY.

—Where clapping.

Heavy rains and plenty of mud. Mr. E. L. Holt is off on a trip to the States.

Mr. Joshua Sharp, of Northville, entered last week as a pupil of the H. St. and F. Academy.

Miss John Hill, of Kansas and Mr. J. R. Hill, of Missouri, are visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Miss Leda Hill, of Jacob, entered last morning as a pupil of the H. St. and F. Academy.

We had our trials in town last Saturday. I tell you a town has to walk straight while he stays in town now.

The Hillsboro division of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park is getting ready every day, and doing an excellent work at this place.

Died on last Thursday morning Mr. Joseph Beard, of Huntersville. He had been sick a very short while,

devout member of the M. E. Church, South. All deeply sympathize with his sorrowing relatives, but we feel that his home is now with the West.

PRUNELLA.

Died.

At his home in Hillsboro, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on the 14th day of Feb. 1889, Joseph Beard, in the 79th year of his age.

In the death of Joseph Beard Pocahontas county loses one of her oldest and most respected citizens, whose long and eventful life is honorably and inseparably identified with the history of the county. He was born in Greenbrier county, W. Va. on the 20th day of Sept., 1810, and removed to Pocahontas county in the year 1857. Early in life he was united in marriage to Mattie Jordan, daughter of John Jordan, Esq., with whom he happily lived till the day of his death, and who now survives him, an aged and lonely widow. As the issue of this marriage were born three children; one son, John J. Beard, the present Clerk of the Courts of Pocahontas county, and two daughters, Mrs. Isaac McNeel, and Mrs. Wm. L. McNeel, now deceased.

In the year 1883 Mr. Beard made a profession of religion and connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1844 when the division came, Joseph Beard without hesitation cast his lot with the M. E. Church, South.

His life was marked with unusual energy and activity, but in no enterprise was this more manifest than in his labors for his Church. He was not a religious enthusiast, nor specially demonstrative, but unceasingly gave those better and more substantial evidences of firm and abiding faith in Christ and his church. In the prosecution of church work of every kind, he was always ready to do his part, and never slow to suggest to others their duty when the occasion demanded. He was a man of firm convictions and decided opinions, yet ever maintained a liberal respect for the belief of others. There never lived a more sincere man; deceit had no place in the make up of his character. Indeed his habit of telling the truth plainly, and his outspoken candor in commending the good and reproving evil sometimes falsely led those who were not well acquainted with him to think him in some matters a harsh man, but he was not so; underneath the surface of solid belief and right candor was hidden a heart as tender as the heart of a child, the sympathies of which responded to the gentlest touch. His generosity and hospitality were proverbial, the friend and the stranger were ever his welcome guests, nor did he ever weary in sharing the comforts of his home with as many as chose to partake of them. He was possessed of a peculiarly happy nature; disappointment nor calamity could never subdue for any time his cheerful spirit. It was his rule to always do his best and to be satisfied with the result.

He will long and widely be missed. He was affectionate and indulgent toward his kindred, and true in his friendship. He was a good and useful citizen, ever ready to contribute in any manner to the good of society and of his country. But most of all will he be missed by his church, whose interests were first in his heart. His life is ended, but his influence will still be felt, and truly may it be said of him that "being dead he yet speaketh."

At the home of his parents on Knapp's Creek in Pocahontas County, on the 14th day of Feb., 1889, Pryne Harold, young son of Andrew Harold, Esq.

The immediate cause of his death we are informed was diabetes. He had been sick a very short while,

was dead. His many friends were greatly surprised and shocked. Pryne was a bright, promising boy, highly esteemed by all who knew him. His premature death is a grievous stroke to his family and friends, in whom we extend our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA.

Volume XI. carries this work from Debt to Dominions. The 640 pages are packed with information of just the kind which the vast majority of reading people desire to obtain. Like its predecessors it is truly manifold in its character. In a single volume it gives an unabridged dictionary, and a cyclopedia of information which is ample for practical use, is fully reliable, and is brought down to the present year. Among the articles treated at some length we notice that Debt, with its various sub-heads, has over 7 pages; while kindred topics, as Debtor and Creditor, occupy over 6 pages more. Delaware has about 5 pages; Dellmou Tremons, 4 pages; Democracy, nearly 7 pages; Denmark, about 10 pages; Dentistry, about 6 pages; Descent of Man, 6 pages; Development, 11 pages; Diet, 3 pages; Digestion, 28 pages; Diphtheria, 5 pages. There are, also, a large number of really helpful illustrations. The form of the book is most convenient; the paper, printing, and binding are all very good. This is emphatically the Cyclopedic for the people, and the extremely low price—only 50 cents a volume in cloth, or 65 cents in half Morocco—brings it within the reach of all. A specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not satisfactory. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Atlanta, and San Francisco.

The New Cabinet Officer.

NORMAN J. COLMAN,

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

President Cleveland's appointment of Norman J. Colman as Secretary of Agriculture, the new Cabinet officer, is universally approved. During the administration about to close this distinguished man has been Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture. As head of a department comprising Seed, Entomology, Horticulture, Pomology and Propagating, Statistics, Chemical, Forestry and Veterinary divisions, he has been eminently successful in carrying out the intention of the law of May 15, 1862, which established the Department of Agriculture.

The new Cabinet officer is a New Yorker by birth and a Missourian by adoption. He was born at Richfield Springs, in 1827. From the age of sixteen up to twenty-eight he was a teacher in New York State, and Louisville Kentucky. While at Louisville he studied law and took the degree of LL. B. He subsequently formed a partnership with M. C. Kerr, afterward Speaker at Washington, and began practice at New Albany, Indiana. Mr. Colman became District Attorney. In 1885 he removed to St. Louis and bought out an agricultural paper. Mr. Colman is the suggestor and originator of the Missouri Horticultural Society, the State Board of Agriculture. He was a member of the Legislature during the excellent political career of 1865-66 which passed the Hinkley Constitution, and was a leader of his party. In 1868 he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor but was defeated. He was unanimously nominated for Lieutenant Governor and elected in 1871. During the war he was a Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel of the 10th Missouri militia. Secretary Colman is a power in his command of information pertaining to agri-

JACOB BOWER

(HAS TREASURY)

CHEAPEST

STORE

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, and the BEST goods.

He has received a fine lot of DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES &c. &c., and will sell you 25 per cent. cheaper than any other store in the county, and exchange goods for produce.

Come and see for yourselves, at Huntersville, W. Va.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the 20th day of January, 1889, and on the 10th day of October, 1888, in the Chancery cause of N. J. Brown vs. E. N. Grant Jr. and others, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed to sell on

SATURDAY, MARCH THE 23rd, 1889 in front of N. J. Brown's store at Mill Point, Pocahontas County, W. Va., at public auction to the highest bidder 161 acres of land, the property of the defendant, E. N. Grant Jr. Said land is situated near Greenbrier river, about one mile from Mill Point in this County, is fertile and in a fine state of cultivation and has a comfortable dwelling house and out buildings upon it.

TERMS OF SALE: Enough cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale and the residue upon a credit of 6, 12 and 18 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date and a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid.

L. M. McCLINTIC, Special Commissioner.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk Crt. Va.

Feb 21st Printers fee \$8.25.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of Nursery Stock. All new, choice and Fast-selling Specialties. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instructions. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once, and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL,

Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

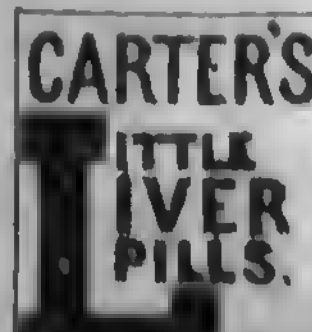
MENTION THIS PAPER.

Jan 31 1889.

Simmons Liver Regulator produces no unpleasant effect upon the stomach no matter how long it is taken. A little taken at night insures refreshing sleep and a natural evacuation of the bowels. A little taken in the morning sharpens the appetite, cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath.

"I never recommend a medicine unless I know it to be good. In a number of twenty-five years I have often felt the need of such a medicine, and when I found it I exclaimed: 'Eureka!'"

Rev. J. P. FABIAN, Proprietor "Christian Visitor," Southfield, N. C. 17-41



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles that attend a bilious state of the system such as Headache, Nervous Prostration, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, and in preventing the annoying complaint while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, regulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint. But fortunately they give relief from end here, and those who (who try them will find) these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will be willing to do without them but after all sick head

ACHE

In the face of so many pills that have to be taken to get relief from Sick Headache, the pills of a whole other kind. (Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and are a gentle purgative. They are sold in small packages at all drug stores. In retail at 25 cents per box. A 50-cent box, or sent by mail for 60 cents. CARTER MEDICAL CO., N. Y. City.

JACOB BOWER

My House and lot and the yard in front of it, with all the improvements, including the well, and the outbuildings. For further particulars, Address the undersigned.

Feb. 21 J. H. BOWER, Jr., M. H. Polak, W. Va.

SHOWMAKERS SHOP, at Huntersville, W. Va. I am prepared to do in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done to neat style. J. C. THOMPSON.

Fiduciary Notice. The following Fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement. George A. Callison Adm'r of Martha E. Dorsey, dec'd, Charles Lightner, Ex'r of William Lightner, dec'd, I. B. Moore, Adm'r of Margaret Moore, dec'd. L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r Accts.

FIDUCIARY 2. The following Fiduciary accounts are before me for settlement. L. M. McCLINTIC, and C. F. Moore, Adm'r of Jacob, dec'd. JAMES W. BRAWLEY, Com'r Accts.

PATENTS.

Patents, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted, on Moderate Fees. Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Can see you till patent is secured. A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address, C. A. BROWN & CO., Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered on the 10th day of October, 1888, in the Chancery cause of John W. McNeel's adm'r.

John W. McNeel's Heirs, et al. As Special Commissioner appointed in said decree, shall proceed, in front of the Court House of said County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to the power of the writ of certiorari, on the

5TH DAY OF MARCH, 1889, the following real estate, situated in said County, to-wit: A certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro on the Hill Creek Road; and also, another certain lot or parcel of land containing one acre, lying above the first mentioned lot, in and adjoining the town of Hillsboro. Both of said lots were bought by J. W. McNeel from James Griffin. They are valuable lots, and the title is believed to be clear.

TERMS OF SALE: So much cash in hand as will pay costs of suit and sale, and for the residue of purchase money the purchaser will be required to give bonds, with good and approved personal security, bearing interest from day of sale, falling due in Six and Twelve months respectively from date, and a lien will be retained as aforesaid security. U. S. McNEEL, Special Comm'r. Bond, as required by law has been given by the above Special Commissioner. JOHN J. BEARD, CLK. Jan. 10 41 Printers fee \$8.75.

IF YOU WANT

Letter Heads, Envelopes, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Posters, or Anything In That Line, REMEMBER AT THE THREE CORNER They may be so used Lowest Prices

you the gentleman." We have not

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One inch	\$ 1.00	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00
Three in.	2.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
Gr. column	3.00	6.00	10.00	17.00
Half col'n	6.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
One col'n	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.33; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

May 16 1889.

The town of Stafford, Kan., was wiped out by a cyclone last week.

There is going on in Richmond, Va. a tremendous religious upheaval among the negroes.

Two young men in Summerset, Pa., hanged their father to get their inheritance.

Was it the Harrison family or the republican party that was elected last November.

All the records smashed. The City of Paris crosses the ocean in 5 days 23 hours and 7 minutes.

The State claims 90,000 population for Richmond, with a suburban population of 25,000 more.

THE Parkersburg Journal seems to think that the prospects for the "Black Diamond" railroad are more encouraging.

Had it been Cleveland, it would have been tariff reduction—as it is, Harrison and wage reduction, remarks an observant exchange.

Carter B. Harrison, who was last week appointed marshal of the middle district of Tennessee, is a brother of the President.

Mrs. Louisa Shaffy, of Staunton, is dead. It was just about four weeks after the death of her lamented husband, Judge Shaffy.

The only woman ever convicted of horse stealing in Missouri was a beautiful girl of 18 years, on May 7. The jury gave her two years.

It is said that they have had to put folding beds into the White House to accommodate the numerous branches of the presidential family.—Ex.

Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is to address the literary societies of the University of Virginia at their final celebration on the 25th of June.

It is intimated the President will spend a portion of the heated term in the mountains of West Virginia, near Davis, on the new West Virginia Central Railroad.

It is conceded by republicans as well as democrats that the best all round speech at the New York centennial was delivered by ex-President Cleveland in response to the toast, "Our country."

Frank W. Palmer, of Illinois, has been appointed Public Printer. The newspapers offices along the railways leading out of Washington will now prepare for a deluge of tramp printers.—Ex.

Where is the increase in the price of wool that the republican orators told you about so positively last fall? If a republican President was elected? In fact where is anything true?

ELEVEN fourth class postmasters were removed in Pocahontas county last week. Clarkson is getting in his work pretty fast.—Braxton Democrat.

Mr. Democrat we haven't heard of them as yet.

There are five banks and six newspapers and an average daily sale of fifty dollars worth of postage stamps in Guthrie, Oklahoma, a town which did not exist prior to April 22nd. In a few days more we may expect to hear it boasting, with the rest of its accidental contemporaries of "the finest opera house west of the Mississippi."

Where is the protection to American labor that you republicans talk about? We don't know where it is! but there is one thing we do know, that there are thousands of working men, working for whatever compensation they can get, and thousands upon thousands who are out of employment altogether, and have large families in a starving condition.

West Virginia is talking a phenomenal boom. More miles of railroad will be constructed during the present year than in any other one year in her history, and she is a Democratic state, too. Our Republican friends who are continually howling about old fogies and mossbacks and claiming that nothing but a Republican administration can attract capital into a state, should make a note of this.—Charleston Daily Star.

Rather a funny little episode happened near Philippi last week. A young man went to the clerk of the court and obtained a permit to wed a young lady. On his way home he called at the residence of another young lady, to whom he had been paying some attention, and exhibited to her his license to wed her rival. She, with rather more spirit than her sex usually possesses, getting the paper into her possession, very deliberately proceeded to tear it to pieces, and consign it to the flames, and the young man was compelled to postpone the wedding to another day.—Nicholas Chronicle.

The New York World sees in Mr. Cleveland's conduct, since his retirement from the Presidency, many evidences that he again aspires to become his party's leader in the next National struggle. It sees in Mr. Harrison's disregard of the civil service, and the consequent disgust of the mugwump element with the President, an opportunity for Mr. Cleveland. It says: "If Mr. Cleveland can and will make himself the exponent and champion of the real ideas and true principles of Reform—reform in politics, reform in administration, reform in legislation, reform in justice—his nomination would be quite possible, and he would have a vigorous supporter in the World."

Is it possible that the World is beginning to arrive at the light at last? It lists a number of reforms which it would have Mr. Cleveland to make himself the champion and exponent of, on condition of his vigorous support. Well could Mr. Cleveland say to this proposition: "All these things have I kept from my youth up." The World knows that it is setting no pattern for Mr. Cleveland. He walked the reformer's path all through his administration, and hence his defeat. No man could have done more than he in the way of the reforms indicated—because no man was ever more honest, or finer than he. The open opposition of the World to Mr. Cleveland began the very hour of his inauguration, and was there, relentless and unjust from that day till now. We are glad to see it ready to acknowledge at last that the man to lead the Democracy to victory in 1892 is Grover Cleveland.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 10th.—Harrison made the best appointment that he has yet made when he selected Ex-Gov. Thompson, of South Carolina, as the democratic member of the Civil Service Commission. Gov. Thompson was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland's administration, and was during the last days of Congress appointed by Mr. Cleveland to the same position he has just received from a Republican President, but the Senate did not act on his nomination.

There is a sweeping and walling, and gnashing of teeth among the little crowd of late applicants for the position of Public Printer, five of whom are understood to have made a combination, each promising to give the other four appointments in the office if made Public Printer, over the fact that the coveted prize has gone to Ex-Congressman Frank W. Palmer, formerly postmaster at Chicago. Whether Harrison suspected the "combine" which these applicants had entered into I can not say, but it is known that some days ago he told a gentleman that he should not appoint any of the applicants up to that time and asked him to name a good man for the office. Palmer was named, and after further investigation the office was tendered to him, and he accepted it. When the appointment was made public it was really amusing to see the members of the "combine" chafing around trying to find somebody to introduce them to the new Public Printer so they could get in their applications for the "fat" positions under him. It is thought that one of these men—Donath, nominally of Pennsylvania, really of the District of Columbia, may lose his mind so great a shock has the disappointment been at not being made Public Printer. He was so certain that he was to get the appointment that he had already given away several of the most important places in the Government Printing office.

It is evidently the purpose of the the republican politicians to make the census bureau an asylum for their political proteges. The Interior Department has decided that the appointments in this bureau will have next year when it gets regularly to work, over 1500 clerks, besides an army of special agents, and the most of these will be kept for two years or longer. It will be a great convenience to prominent republicans to use these positions to pay off their political debts, and if the appointments were made under civil service rules that would be impossible.

The first of the fifteen contested election cases which are to come before the Fifty-first Congress was opened by the Clerk of the House this week. It was Culbreth vs. Morgan, of the second Mississippi District.

Harrison having provided a snug place for his brother is now, so it is said, about to appoint Blaine's brother to one of the most lucrative local offices in Washington Register of Wills.

The new Secretary of Agriculture in order to prove his familiarity with farming implements, and maybe to get sold with the farmers of the country, put in a half hour cutting grass with a scythe in the grounds surrounding his department, and did this week. Of course he was entirely ignorant of the fact that several newspaper men had their eyes on him during the entire performance.

Republicans are already beginning to compare Harrison with Hays and Arthur, they say that he is third about to the extent of cowardice.

It is said that the Post office De-

partment will be out of order in April in order to avoid compliance with civil service rules under which all such appointments should have been made since May.

Senator Sherman thinks that Governor S. B. Hildes will be elected chairman of the National Democratic committee to succeed the late ex-Senator Barnum. This is taken here to mean that Senator Sherman will not accept the position.

Theodore Roosevelt of N. Y., who has just been appointed as one of the republican Civil Service Commissioners, is a pronounced free trader. Funny isn't it, that a man elected President solely because he was a rigid protectionist should give such a prominent appointment to a free trader.

The newspaper man's luck has not yet deserted him. The new Public Printer is a member of the fraternity.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mailback leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable. JOEL FLACK, Carrier.

BORANZA PATENTS CAMP

STOEHMAN BROS. & CO. at Huntersville, W. Va. I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done in neat style. May 10 6 m. J. C. THOMPSON.

PUBLIC SALE!

I will proceed to sell at public auction Friday 17th commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., all of the Household and Kitchen furniture and Farming Utentials, belonging to Frank Chapman, on Beaver Creek.

TERMS, cash in hand M. W. BEARD.

WOOL! WOOL!

We want to buy 10,000 lbs. of wool for which we will pay part cash. It will pay you to see us before you sell.

Very Respectfully, Harold & Moore, Huntersville, W. Va.



CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARNOLD, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 N. 3rd St., N. Y.

If you need a mower or reaper you will do well to communicate with the undersigned, who is agent for the celebrated

WALTER A. WOOD MACHINES.

All inquiries as to terms etc. will receive prompt attention.

Address,

I. B. MOORE, Sunsot, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. + W. + WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,

ANNOUNCEMENT
TO THE VOTERS OF
POCAHONTAS COUNTY.
By the 10th
sons from
Constitution, I have
a candidate for
of County
Thanking you
again collect your
coming election

HUNTER
NO. 65. A.
time of regular
Lodge is on the
ing preceding
Moon falls on Fr
on that
evening.
J. R. Dotson, M.
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

HOME NEWS

—Sheep Shear
—Corn planting is over.
—More new subscribers this week.
—A special term of the County Court met last Tuesday.
—What's the matter with the correspondents this week.
—Geo. W. Siple, of Green Bank was in the city Tuesday.
—Rain and sunshine make grass grow.
—Charley Arbogast was in town Tuesday.
—Sheriff McNeal was in Huntersville Tuesday.
—L. W. Herold, of Frost was in Huntersville Tuesday.
—Lots of new subscribers this week. Let more come.
—E. A. Gibbs, of Raphine, Va., is in town.
—Capt. Stofor, who has been on Elk for some time has returned.
—Have Jelliko, of Charleston was in town last week.
—A. F. Wickline, of Monroe Co., was in our city last Thursday.
—S. M. Walls of Baltimore, was in town Sunday.
—L. B. Trent, of Huntington was in town last week.
Go to John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t
—Andrew Price, and Henry McGlaughlin were in town the first of the week.
Buggy harness and Saddles at \$3.20 and up to \$40 at A. P. Leist's Rouseville, W. Va. 30-2m
—The County Court, Messrs. Moore and Beard, were here Tuesday.
—A Barbour county man is going to put thirty-seven acres of ground in peanuts.
A nice line of ladies hats just received at Herold & Moore's, Frost, W. Va.
—Eli Baker, has been appointed postmaster at Beverly, Randolph Co.
Sewing machines from \$25 to \$50; warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, Rouseville, W. Va. 30-2m
—They are going to vote for a six month school in the Little Lev etc
If you want a good suit of clothes go to Herold & Moore's, Frost, W. Va.
—Lots of fishing going on now. The fellow who catches the biggest fish is usually the biggest liar.
—Don't forget that we are trying to get a good local paper, and want the news, and if you know of any place report.
NOTICE
The Final Celebration of Julia and Male and Female Academy will take place Thursday and Friday evening, May 23rd and 24th. Exercises will begin promptly at 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to the Public to attend.

—H. Dever, of Knapp's was at this place Tuesday.
Go to Herold & Moore's, Frost, W. Va., for your dry goods and notions. Best styles and lowest prices.
—The State Press Association of this State meets at Hillsburg, on the 18th of June.
Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12t
—O. E. Hoge, of Christiansburg, Va., was at this place the first of the week.
Call an examine our stock of queensware, we can suit you in both quality and price. Herold & Moore, Frost, W. Va.
John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t
—Messrs. E. H. Moore, Joe. McNeal and R. M. Beard, of Academy, were in to see us Tuesday. Mr. Beard was driving a fine pair of match bay mares.
—Sheriff McNeal and C. E. Beard, brought one Perry Towse to jail last Tuesday, on a capias for non-payment of fines &c., made at the last term of the Court.
—The Greenbrier Independent says that Mr. John Furglosong, of Lewisburg, died at his home, on Thursday last, the 2nd inst., in his 74th year.
—Don't forget that next Tuesday 21st is school election day. Come to the polls and vote for Mr. M. G. Matthews, for County Superintendent; he is the only candidate in the field.
Herold & Moore, Frost, W. Va., have just returned from the east, and are now receiving the nicest, best and most complete stock of goods they have ever offered the public, which will be sold low down for cash or good produce.
—Messrs. B. C. McMillough, Geo. Grant and C. A. Chureb, were in this vicinity a part of last week looking after implements for a branch railroad from the C. & O., from the White Sulphur to this place.
—Don't forget the poor editor when you have a news story, says an eastern exchange. If your wife likes you, let us know it, and we will set it all right before the public. If you have company, tell us, if you are not ashamed of your visitors. If a youngster arrives at your home begging for raiment, buy a lot of cigars and come around, and, if you are a cash subscriber, we will find a name for him or her as the circumstances will permit. And if you have a social gathering of a few of your friends, bring around a big cake, seven or eight pies and a ham not necessarily to eat, but as a guarantee of good faith. You needn't bother about lavishing us, for our wardrobe isn't suitable for the occasion. We mention these things because we want the news, and we are bound to have it.
Lola Dead.
The faithful old nag belonging to Capt. Stofor, passed beyond this world of toll a few days ago, an Elk. She was 22 years old, and has long since through the Capt's generosity, been the errand maid of our town, and her death will be regretted by those who depended on her, when they wanted to ride a short distance.
Mill Point Pickings.
Fine weather for planting corn and making garden.
Withrow McClintic and M. F. Quinn left last Thursday for Raleigh Co.
The farmers are nearly all done planting corn.
Mr. Hindgarner has moved to Hillsboro.
Mr. J. T. Hoggsett is quite ill at this writing.
Miss Mury Tucker is visiting in our neighborhood.
We had a big run and ballroom last Saturday night.

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Orders of Publication.
No. 1.
At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May 1889.
Chas. L. Austin & Co. vs. Wm. F. Arbogast & Co.
In chy. No. 1.
The object of this suit is to have partition or sale of a tract of land containing 5,400 acres, known as the late No. 7, 8 and 11, lying on the Alleghany in certain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds thereof divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and all appearing by affidavit filed that Chas. Wade, Anson O. Wade, Paul L. Gay, Helen M. Gay, Blanche Warwick, David V. Rackman, Chas. W. Ham, Transelle Cunningham Trustees; James Arbogast, Elrig B. Shotts, Amos Ginn, Thos. G. Ginn, R. Lee Ginn, Laura Ginn, S. A. Porter and Lilla his wife, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, that the heirs of Stewart Slaven Sr. and of Anne Shotts are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs, without effect, to ascertain in what county Margaret Dyer resides. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.
Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, C. K.
L. H. STEPHENSON, C. F. MOORE, may 9th 4t printers fee \$11.88
No. 2.
At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia on the first Monday in May 1889.
Chas. L. Austin & Co. vs. Wm. F. Arbogast & Co.
In chy. No. 2.
The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,785 acres, lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas County and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and all appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O. Wade, Chas. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscoll, Andrew, John, Angel and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobola his wife, and Jane Groves are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Potts, dead, are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs without effect, to ascertain in what county, Lorenzo Humphries and Jane his wife, Allen Stephenson, Julia Regor, (formerly Arnold) reside, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.
Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, C. K.
L. H. STEPHENSON, C. F. MOORE, may 9th 4t printers fee \$10.10
No. 3.
At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia on the first Monday in May, 1889.
Chas. L. Austin, & Co. vs. Wm. F. Arbogast, & Co.
In chy. No. 3.
The object of this suit is to have a sale of a tract of land containing about 1,676 acres lying on the Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas county, and the proceeds divided among those entitled thereto according to their respective rights and interests, and all appearing from affidavit filed that Anson O. Wade, William, Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary Driscoll, Andrew, John, Angel and Amos Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobola his wife and Joseph Groves are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the heirs of Susan Potts, dead, are unknown, and that due diligence has been used on the part of the plaintiffs without effect to ascertain in what county, Lorenzo Humphries and Jane his wife, Allen Stephenson, Julia Regor (formerly Arnold) and Allen Stephenson reside. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.
Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, C. K.
L. H. STEPHENSON, C. F. MOORE, may 9th 4t printers fee \$10.10
Order of Publication.
At rules held in the Circuit Court Clerk's office of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the first Monday in May, 1889.
George C. Hill's Administrator vs. Heberon J. Hill & Co.
The object of this suit is to settle the accounts of the administration of George C. Hill, dead. To cause the creditors of said deceased, to submit the real estate of which he died, to be sold and to distribute the proceeds thereof to the parties entitled thereto. The said Heberon J. Hill, and it appears from the account of the administration of George C. Hill, that they are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they appear here within one month after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.
Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, C. K.
L. H. STEPHENSON, C. F. MOORE, may 9th 4t printers fee \$10.10

PRIVATE SALE OF LAND.
I wish to sell at private sale, 150 acres of land lying within one half mile of Huntersville River opposite to the mouth of Stamping Creek, formerly known as the Macbeth place. I will sell at a sacrifice. I will remain in the County two weeks, in the vicinity of Little Lev and Huntersville, after that
Address, Jas. E. A. Ginn, Raphine, Va.
CARPETSWEEPERS.
If you want something that will keep every thing as clean as a new pin, and dust from getting over every thing in the house, buy a Carpet Sweeper of Brison Hill, Johns Pocahontas Co.
GOOD PLUM.
21 cts pr. pound, from 70 cts per bushel at H. H. McComb's mill, also his flour at A. Barlow & Co., Martinsburg, and Barlow & Moore's, Elroy, Ind. & etc. mar. 25.
PATENTS.
Invents, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.
Our office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual patents in your State, county, or town, sent free.
Address: C. A. SNOW & CO., Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.
Commissioner's Sale of Land.
Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 1st day of April, 1889, in the chancery cause of Frederick Burr's Heirs vs. Frederick Burr's Ex'r & Co.
I, a Special Commissioner, duly appointed in said decree, shall proceed to sell in front of the Court House of said County, at public auction to the highest bidder, ON THE 17TH DAY OF JUNE 1889, the following real estate, to wit: Two hundred and thirty-two acres of land, being lot No. 1 in the partition of the lands of which Frederick Burr died, situated in the county of Pocahontas, West Virginia, for the purpose of paying the claims of the said Frederick Burr's Heirs.
TERMS OF SALE.
Cash in hand with interest to pay of said debt and one third of the cost of said sale and for the balance the purchaser to execute three promissory notes, bearing date respectively on Nov. 1st, 1st and 1st, and to pay the same in three equal installments, with interest from date, and with good personal security. When will also be retained until the full payment of the said debt.
J. B. RUCKER, Special Commissioner.
Should be required by the law have been given by the above named Commissioner.
JAMES J. BEARD, C. K.
Apr. 28th 1889

FOR THE TRAINING
SINGAPORE, SINGAPORE, SINGAPORE

of Pocahontas

art, A. N. Campbell.
y, L. M. McClintic.
M. J. McNeel.
J. J. Beard.
C. O. Arbogast.
C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Geo. Baxter.

COURTS.

opened on the first
Monday in June
October.
opened on the 1st
of March, October
in July July is

-al-Law,
Hun-ville, W. Va.
the courts of Poc-
ahontas counties, and in
of Appeals.

-al-Law,
Hun-ville, W. Va.
the courts of Poc-
ahontas counties and in
of Appeals.

-al-Law,
Hun-ville, W. Va.
the courts of Poc-
ahontas counties.

Notary Public,
Hun-ville, W. Va.
the courts of Poc-
ahontas counties.

-al-Law,
Hun-ville, W. Va.
the courts of Poc-
ahontas counties.

-al-Law,
Hun-ville, W. Va.
the courts of Poc-
ahontas counties.
given to claims for
Pocahontas county.

-al-Law,
Hun-ville, W. Va.
the Circuit Court
county.

-al-Law,
Hun-ville, W. Va.
SOUTH.

DENTIST,
Hun-ville, W. Va.
Pocahontas County ev-
The ex-act
will appear in

& Surgeon,
Hun-ville, W. Va.

ERLING Co.

PIANOS.

BUCKLEY MT.

For THE TIMES.
Those mountains cross the river,
So lonely look and dark;
No human sound, no human step,
I ever see or mark.
The seasons come, the seasons go,
White snow flakes gently fall;
The trees take on their fresh green
leaves,
But still 'tis silence all!
If I could see a child at play,
Or sturdy manhood's walk, —
Something to break the loneliness,
Something with which to talk.

I gaze until the topmost pines
Gaze darkly down at me,
And summon to my wanted task,
What'er the skies may be.
If sadness reign, or gaiety,
If friends are stern or kind, —
Duty, the bright and guiding star,
United God's rest we find.
Mrs. ANNA L. PRIOR,
Marlinton, W. Va., May 1889.

In the Throat of A Boa.

BY COL. EDWARD B. TAYLOR

"I can never look upon one of those writhing, slimy things without a shudder," said my friend, Colonel Paul Ballantyne, as we three (his pretty South American wife was of the party) stood in front of the boa constrictor's cage in the serpent-house at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden.

"And yet, dear," interposed Mrs. Ballantyne—and she laid her hand lovingly upon her husband's arm, and looked up into his handsome face with a wealth of love glowing in her lustrous brown eyes—"if it had not been for the serpent you would probably never have met me. But perhaps you regret that?" she added, with a pretty pout.

"Ah, that was the recompense," said the Colonel, and he eyed her fondly. "But for that, I think I could never have summoned up fortitude enough to again look upon one of the monsters. As it is I cannot repress the shudder, and in fancy I feel myself again being hunked down to death."

"You had an adventure, Colonel?" I ventured.

"Adventure!" he echoed. "Well, I should say so. The most horrible a man ever experienced. But you dine with us to-day, and then I'll tell you the story."

He did, and gave me permission to print it, which I have done with out material alteration, and with the substitution of fictitious names for the real actors, who will doubtless read and recognize this history.

Three years ago my friend was sent to Venezuela, as the agent of a firm of mahogany importers, who had purchased some valuable forestry concessions in that country.

The lumber tract lay along the banks of one of the bayous of the Orinoco River, about one hundred and fifty miles above the Isle of Barima.

The Colonel examined the tract, selected a site for a logging camp, and proceeded to La Guayra, purchased supplies, and engaged a native Venezuelan, named Guzman Mendoza, to superintend the logging.

Indian laborers to fell the trees could be engaged in any quantity in the vicinity of the mahogany forest.

Mendoza was a slightly-built, curly-haired fellow with an ungovernable temper, to which he gave way in the slightest provocation. He was supposed to be an Indian hunter, and was much attached to his nation.

that he was worth more than the liberal salary that was paid him.

The camp was established, a corps of native axe-men engaged and preparations were made to get together the material for a big mahogany raft, which would be floated down to the mouth of the bayou, where the precious wood would be loaded in vessels sent out by the firm which employed the Colonel.

Accompanied by Jose, who was familiar with woodcraft, the Colonel made daily excursions into the forest in all directions, to locate and mark the trees.

The tract proved to be a rich one. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, and the forest was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated to the bayou, and thence to the river.

They had been in camp about a week, and the work was progressing satisfactorily, when Mendoza, who had heretofore been kept too busy to quarrel, got into a dispute with his employer, and had it not been for the interference of some of the Indian workmen, one would have shot the other, for both men drew their pistols.

After they had both had time to cool down, the Colonel, who is naturally of the most forgiving disposition, apologized to his antagonist, and requested that the matter be forgotten.

He held out his hand in token of amity, but Mendoza, with a shrug of his shoulders, and a contortion of his dark face, turned on his heel and walked away.

That night he and Jose held a long conversation, which was carried on in a low tone of voice, but although they looked frequently toward the Colonel and exchanged significant glances, he did not dream that they were plotting treachery.

The next morning the Colonel and Jose started, as usual, for a short expedition in the forest.

It was a feast day with the Indians, and they were making merry in the camp.

Jose carried a small hatchet for marking the trees, and over his shoulder was slung a haversack, containing lunch.

The Colonel walked in advance, armed only with a small rifle.

By noon they were ten miles from the camp, and further down the bayou than they had ever been before.

When they stopped for luncheon near a small spring, Jose informed his patron that they were only a few miles distant from the extensive coffee and indigo plantation of General Antonio De Silva, who controlled leagues of forest land in the vicinity, and from whom the American mahogany merchants had purchased the logging right.

After lunch the Colonel lighted his pipe, and leaned his back against a great tree trunk to enjoy an after-dinner smoke.

Nearly by was a clump of low bushes, bearing a yellowish berry and he asked Jose if they were good to eat.

Jose examined them, and immediately declared that they were excellent.

"I have often eaten them down toward the coast, senor," he said, "and I have never seen any before so far in the interior."

He tasted the berries, pronounced

vor, and in taste something like the raspberry.

He did notice that Jose ate only a couple, nor did he see the look of ruminating exultation on the Indian's face.

Ten minutes after eating the first berry, the Colonel felt strangely exhilarated, and burst out into a rapturously college song with the holstorous hilarity of one intoxicated with absolute.

His whole nervous system, even to his finger tips, tingled with pleasing excitement. He had a vague recollection of making a resolve to check his ludicrous outbreak; of seeing Jose glide away into the forest with his rifle over his shoulder, and a look of malignant hatred on his swarthy face; of struggling to his feet and calling to the Indian to come back, and then he rolled upon the ground and all became blank.

Not until the following day did consciousness begin to slowly assert itself. He then awoke, with a horrible sensation of helplessness.

The lower half of his body was numbed and paralyzed by a terrible gradually constricting power from all directions.

His limbs appeared dead, and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of his body. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets; there was a ringing in his ears, and he breathed with great difficulty.

His throat was hot and dry, and he was consumed with a raging thirst.

He was lying face downward, and having determined to throw off the stupor, he raised his hands to his head.

Instantly he was dragged back ward several feet along the ground. Horrified and bewildered, he made a frantic effort, raised himself on his elbows and looked about him.

He was half engulfed in the throat of a monster boa-constrictor!

The reptile had begun to swallow him without first crushing him with its coils, as is usually the case.

When the serpent moved, an indescribably sickening odor arose and almost stupefied the imprisoned man.

Maddened at the loathsome prospect, the Colonel gave a horrified scream of agony, and clenching his hands at the ground, struggled to release himself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

But the teeth of his devourer were fastened in his hunkskin coat, and held him like a pair of hungry nippers, while the horrible anthon pump below was worked with renewed energy.

The Colonel ceased his struggles, and looked about anxiously for Jose.

"What has become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed?"

As he was puzzling over these speculations, he suddenly remembered that just before consciousness left him, the Indian had disappeared in the forest, and then, like a flash, he recollected the fellow's conference with Mendoza, and he realized that he had been left to perish.

At the terrible thought, he made another effort to escape.

The movement disturbed the boa, and again it dragged him backward two or three feet, and again the constricting action from below

the that rim of the boa constrictor's jaws.

They were three inches higher up his body than when he first regained consciousness.

The excitement through which he had passed had exhausted his emotions, but this dire discovery awakened them.

He tried to form some plan of putting an end to his existence, but his brain was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. He was beyond all power of action.

Once he fancied that he heard the cry of some animal or human being near by, but he was too far gone to pay much attention.

At last all seemed to be over with him. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over him, the roaring noise in his ears continued for awhile and then all was silent.

He had sunk into the unconsciousness of complete exhaustion.

"I remembered no more," said the Colonel, "until I came to my senses again, and found myself lying on a luxurious bed, in a cool pleasant room."

"The first face that I saw as I opened my eyes, was that of the lady who afterward became my wife. At the time I thought her an angel from heaven, and—well, she is as dear one as a mortal can be."

"I was very weak, and it was several days before I fully recovered. Then she told me the story of my rescue."

She is extremely fond of scientific pursuits, and was botanizing in the forest, accompanied by her maid and two trusty servants, when she suddenly beheld the head and shoulders of a man protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine length along the ground.

Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, she uttered the horrified cry that I had dimly heard.

"It brought to her side the servants, who were armed with sharp axes, to cut a path when necessary through the tangled undergrowth of the forest."

"They boldly attacked the serpent and succeeded in chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in his body caused by my feet and legs. It was necessary, however, to slit open the severed head and neck before I could be released."

"At first they thought me dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life."

Under Miss De Silva's directions the Colonel was taken to her father's house, and there she nursed him back to life and health.

A tender passion, such for the other, was developed during his convalescence, and when he was able to return to the logging camp, she had promised to be his wife.

He then learned from one of the Indian woodchoppers of the cowardly plot against his life.

Jose had seen the gigantic serpent crawling slowly toward the Colonel while the latter lay smothering under the tree, and had determined to assist his master, Mendoza, to a terrible revenge.

Knowing the stupefying effect of the yellow berries, the Indian had induced his companion to partake of them, and then led him to his horrible fate.

When he returned to camp, he reported that the Colonel had been killed and devoured by an enormous serpent, but when news

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, May, 23, 1889. Terms of Office Year. Subscription, IN ADVANCE. No. 44.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeil.
Deputy Sheriff, C. O. Arbogast.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. E. Beard, Pres't.
Com'r. Co. Ct., S. B. Hannah.
S. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

J. SNYDER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

R. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

DR. P. P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

THE STERLING CO.

Manufacturers of



THE STERLING PIANOS,

Quality of Workmanship of Design,
with independent factory and
ing in Turin, Italy, to be built.

Every Piano Warranted for Five Years

BUCKLEY MT.

For THE TIMES.

Those mountains cross the river,
So lonely look and dark;
No human sound, no human step,
I ever see or mark.

The seasons come, the seasons go,
White snow flukes gently fall;
The trees take on their fresh green
leaves,
But still 'tis silence all!

If I could see a child at play,
Or sturdy manhood's walk,—
Something to break the loneliness,
Something with which to talk.

I gaze until the topmost pines
Gaze darkly down at me,
And summon to my wanted task,
What'er the skies may be.

If sadness reign, or gaiety,
If friends are stern or kind,—
Duty, the bright and guiding star,
United God a rest we find.

MRS. ANNA L. PRIOR,
Marlinton, W. Va., May 1889.

In the Threat of A Boa.

BY COL. EDWARD B. TAYLOR

"I can never look upon one of those writhing, slimy things without a shudder," said my friend, Colonel Paul Ballantyne, as we three (his pretty South American wife was of the party) stood in front of the boa constrictor's cage in the serpent-house at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden.

"And yet, dear," interposed Mrs. Ballantyne—and she laid her hand lovingly upon her husband's arm, and looked up into his handsome face with a wealth of love glowing in her lustrous brown eyes—"if it had not been for the serpent you would probably never have met me. But perhaps you regret that?" she added, with a pretty pout.

"Ah, that was the recompense," said the Colonel, and he eyed her fondly. "But for that, I think I could never have summoned up fortitude enough to again look upon one of the monsters. As it is I cannot repress the shudder, and in fancy I feel myself again being sucked down to death."

"You had an adventure, Colonel?" I ventured.

"Adventure!" he echoed. "Well, I should say so. The most horrible a man ever experienced. But you dine with us to-day, and then I'll tell you the story."

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Indian laborers to fell the trees could be engaged in any quantity in the vicinity of the mahogany forest.

Mendoza was a slightly built, surly-faced fellow, with an ungovernable temper, to which he gave way at the slightest provocation. He was accompanied by an Indian servant, named Jose, who was much attached to his master.

Colonel Ballantyne had several worthy quarrels with his servant, on the way up the river, and he began to regret having engaged someone so obstinate and unmanageable. But Mendoza

that he was worth more than the liberal salary that was paid him.

The camp was established, a corps of native axe-men engaged and preparations were made to get together the material for a big mahogany raft, which would be floated down to the mouth of the bayou, where the precious wood would be loaded in vessels sent out by the firm which employed the Colonel.

Accompanied by Jose, who was familiar with the country, the Colonel made daily excursions into the forest in all directions, to locate and mark the trees.

The tract proved to be a rich one. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, and the forest was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated to the bayou, and thence to the river.

They had been in camp about a week, and the work was progressing satisfactorily, when Mendoza, who had heretofore been kept too busy to quarrel, got into a dispute with his employer, and had it not been for the interference of some of the Indian workmen, one would have shot the other, for both men drew their pistols.

After they had both had time to cool down, the Colonel, who is naturally of the most forgiving disposition, apologized to his antagonist, and requested that the matter be forgotten.

He held out his hand in token of amity, but Mendoza, with a shrug of his shoulders, and a contortion of his dark face, turned on his heel and walked away.

That night he and Jose held a long conversation, which was carried on in a low tone of voice, but although they looked frequently toward the Colonel and exchanged significant glances, he did not dream that they were plotting treachery.

The next morning the Colonel and Jose started, as usual, for a short expedition in the forest.

It was a frosty day with the Indians, and they were making merry in the camp.

Jose carried a small hatchet for marking the trees, and over his shoulder was slung a haversack, containing lunch.

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By noon they were ten miles from the camp, and further down the bayou than they had ever been before.

When they stopped for luncheon near a small spring, Jose informed his patron that they were only a few miles distant from the extensive coffee and indigo plantation of General Antonio Du Silva, who controlled leagues of forest land in the vicinity, and from whom the American mahogany merchants had purchased the logging right.

After lunch the Colonel lighted his pipe, and leaned his back against a great tree trunk to enjoy an after dinner smoke.

Near by was a clump of low bushes, bearing a yellowish berry and he asked Jose if they were good to eat.

Jose examined them, and immediately declared that they were excellent.

"I have often eaten them down toward the coast, sir," he said, "but I have never seen any before so far in the interior."

He tasted the berries, and pronounced them delicious, but somewhat different in flavor from those growing near the coast, and picked some for the Colonel, of which the latter ate thoughtfully, without any suspicion of

vor, and in taste something like the rasp-berry.

He did not then that Jose ate only a couple, nor did he see the look of cunning exultation on the Indian's face.

Ten minutes after eating the first berry, the Colonel felt strangely exhilarated, and burst out into a rickety rollo-gue sung with the boldest hilarity of one intoxicated with absinthe.

His whole nervous system, even to his finger tips, tingled with pleasing excitement. He had a vague recollection of making a resolve to check his hitherto outburst; of snoging Jose glide away into the forest with his rifle over his shoulder, and a look of malignant hatred on his swarthy face; of struggling to his feet and calling to the Indian to come back, and then he rolled upon the ground and all became blank.

Not until the following day did consciousness begin to slowly assert itself. He then awoke, with a horrible sensation of helplessness.

The lower half of his body was numbed and paralyzed by a terrible gradually constricting power from all directions.

His limbs appeared dead, and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of his body. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets; there was a stinging in his ears, and he breathed with great difficulty.

His throat was hot and dry, and he was consumed with a raging thirst.

He was lying face downward, and having determined to throw off the stupor, he raised his hands to his head.

Instantly he was dragged backward several feet along the ground. Horrified and bewildered, he made a frantic effort, raised himself on his elbows and looked about him.

He was half-engulfed in the throat of a monster lion-constrictor!

The reptile had begun to swallow him without first crushing him with its coils, as is usually the case.

When the serpent moved, an indescribably sickening odor arose and almost stupefied the imprisoned man.

Maintained at the loathsome prospect, the Colonel gave a horrified scream of agony, and clenching his fists, and struggling fruitlessly at the ground, struggled to release himself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

But the teeth of his devourer were fastened in his backskin coat, and held him like a pair of hungry alligators, while the horrible suction pump below was worked with renewed energy.

The Colonel ceased his struggles, and looked about anxiously for Jose.

"What has become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed?"

While he was puzzling over these speculations, he suddenly remembered that just before consciousness was left him, the Indian had disappeared in the forest, and then, like a flash, he recollected the fellow's continuance with Mendoza, and he realized that he had been left to perish.

At the terrible thought, he made another effort to escape.

The movement disturbed the lion, and again it dragged him backward two or three feet, and again the constricting serpent from below began.

So long as he kept perfectly quiet the serpent seemed content to let matters take their own quiet course,

the faint rim of the lion constrictor's jaws.

They were three inches higher up, his body than when he first regained consciousness.

The excitement through which he had passed had exhausted his emotions, but this also discovery weakened them.

He tried to form some plan of putting an end to his existence, but his brain was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. He was beyond all power of action.

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"The first face that I saw as I opened my eyes, was that of the lady who afterward became my wife. At the time I thought her an angel from heaven, and—well, she is no nearer one as a mortal can be."

"I was very weak, and it was several days before I fully recovered. Then she told me the story of my rescue."

She is extremely fond of scientific pursuits, and was botanizing in the forest, accompanied by her maid and two trusty servants, when she suddenly beheld the head and shoulders of a man protruding from the mouth of a monster lion, whose scaly body lay in serpentine length along the ground.

Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, she uttered the horrified cry that I had dimly heard.

"It brought to her side the servants, who were armed with sharp axes, to cut a path when necessary through the tangled undergrowth of the forest."

"They boldly attacked the serpent and succeeded in chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in his body caused by my feet and legs. It was necessary, however, to slit open the severed head and neck before I could be released."

"At first they thought me dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life."

Under Miss Du Silva's directions the Colonel was taken to her father's house, and there she nursed him back to life and health.

A tender passion, such for the other, was developed during his convalescence, and when he was able to return to the logging camp, she had promised to be his wife.

He then learned from one of the Indian wood-choppers at the camp, that just before his disappearance, Jose had been seen near the logging camp.

Jose had seen the gigantic serpent crawling slowly toward the Colonel while the latter lay smoking under the tree, and had determined to assist his master, Mendoza, to a terrible revenge.

Knowing the stupefying effect of the yellow berries, the Indian had induced Jose to consume a portion of them, and then had left him to his horrible fate.

When he returned to camp, he reported that the Colonel had been killed and devoured by an enormous serpent; but when news reached the camp that the supposed dead man was safe, at General Du Silva's plantation, he sought his own explanation in the fact that Mendoza, deceived, and was never seen

Entered at the Post office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 23 1889.

"An Era of Prosperity."

On the fourth of March the Republican legislature of Kansas, after singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," passed a resolution "that we congratulate the nation upon the inauguration of this moment of a republican administration, and a consequent era of prosperity and good government." A few days later came the failure of the Reeling iron works with liabilities of nearly \$2,000,000, and throwing 2,000 men out of employment. Then the failure of the Excelsior pottery at Trenton, N. J., employing 300 hands, followed by the shutting down of the rolling mills at Reading, Naamian and Gibraltar, Pa., and the Findlay, O., iron and steel company, with liabilities of over \$100,000. A few more days passed and then came a lookout at the Fall River, Mass., calico works, in which 6,000 men, women and children were thrown out of employment. Scarcely a day passes without a forcible reminder from somewhere that the "era of prosperity" of which the Kansas solons spoke has dawned upon the country. This is shown by the reduction of wages of mechanics and laborers and a decrease in the price of farm products all over the land. It is probably an "era of prosperity" for somebody and "protection" is doubtless a big thing for somebody, but for whom? Is it for the laborer, the mechanic, the farmer or the producer in any of the branches of manufacture or trade? Not much. Such prosperity is not recognized by the money kings and the gentlemen who now have our government under their control. It may be an "era of prosperity" for them and it doubtless is. If it did not pay them to poison their present tactics and if it did not pay the millionaire manufacturers to shut down their works they would not do it, would they? Well, it is hardly probable. But what are you going to do about it? "Protection" is the watchword of the administration that will be in power for nearly four years to come and the people who are supposed to be the real rulers of the country do not develop more good sense than at that time they showed in the last election. It is likely to remain so for four years longer. The workmen who voted for Harrison and the kind of "protection" to American labor by the broad shield of "American law" that Gen. Gallatin stoutly has no right to "kick." He ought to take his medicine like a man. He asked for it, and he had got it but he imagined that it does not taste as good as he thought it would. Hypocrites are said to be a dear breed, and it is doubtless true. Many a Republican has followed in party who only had, when stopping to ask himself what his own interests

will. If not, we had better turn the country into a vast idiot asylum and let "protection" rule the roost until its followers starve to death laughing then at which is a reality the most gigantic fraud of the nineteenth century.—Charleston Star.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, May 17th.—Hon. Samuel J. Randall who has been confined to his residence in this city for several weeks past, is now much better, although not yet well enough to get out of doors. He contemplates spending the summer at the seashore.

Solicitor General Jenks, of the Department of Justice, who tendered his resignation at the beginning of the present administration, has been notified of its acceptance by the President to take effect on the 15th inst. Mr. Jenks will continue in the service of the Government as counsel in the telephone cases until they are disposed of. This position was the bone of contention which brought on the recent bitter wrangle between Senators Sherman and Quay. It was privately promised to Sherman's candidate Alphonzo Hart, of Ohio, some weeks ago, but for some unknown cause the appointment has not yet been publicly announced.

Ex-Senator Riddleberger, would-be-Congressman Langdon and other anti-Mahone Republicans come to Washington and elicit the President all they want to, but so far everything given out in Virginia has gone to a Mahone man.

A big scramble is now taking place in the Government Printing office, Palmer the new Public Printer having taken charge of the office Monday, since which time he has hardly been allowed an opportunity to eat or sleep so great is the rush. He has made but few appointments yet, but one of those few—Chief time keeper, was secured by ex-Senator "Billy" Chandler, of New Hampshire, who is one of Palmer's bondsmen, for his private secretary. "Billy's" friends are all so likely to be heard from when the contracts for the year's supplies for the office are made next month.

Chief Justice Fuller has gone to Norfolk, and from there he will proceed to South Carolina on his district tour.

Harrison's first negro appointment Rev. James Townsend of Indiana, to be recorder of the General Land Office has created quite a commotion in the Land Office. In the division of which Townsend is to be Chief there are 25 white lady clerks and every one of them is trying to get transferred to some other division in order to escape the negro chief. As one of the ladies puts it; "We naturally have to pay a certain amount of court and deference to our Chief, and it will be very disagreeable for me to treat a negro as my superior, I shall get into some other division if I can; if not I suppose I shall have to stand it, as my bread and butter depends upon it."

Oklahoma does not propose getting left in the great scramble for office. Corporal Turner has appointed a band of pension examiners for Guthrie and the Civil Service Commissioners have received a letter asking how soon examinations are to be held in Oklahoma.

It is said that the Sherman and Ponder factions of Ohio republicans have got up a complaint on the Federal officers in Cleveland, and that ex-Mayor Adam Smith will be surveyor and Col. D. W. McCaughey collector. The first is a Sherman man and the latter plus his faith to Ponder.

One man has appeared here as a candidate for office that every respectable man in the country should rejoice to see disappointed. That

he minister in Denmark. Haskell is the man who publicly insulted Mrs. Cleveland by a scandalous editorial in the columns of his paper while she and her husband were the guests of his city. It is surprising that he could get anybody to endorse his application.

The Court of Claims has decided that the celebrated "Triggs" awards, which have been in the custody of the Treasury department ever since the war should be turned over to Mr. Myers, the executor of the General Triggs' estate.

Ex-Congressman DeHilltree, who spends his time in New York, but for political purposes, claims a residence in Texas, says that Harrison has given him control of all the Federal patronage of Texas. It may be just as Mr. DeHilltree says, but you know Mr. DeHilltree is the champion runner of the country.

Ex Public Printer Denolick and brother, ex chief clerk of the Government Printing office have been presented with handsome gold-headed canes by the clerical force of that office.

A Mysterious Death.

On Wednesday of last week some fishermen discovered the body of a man lying on the bank of Green-brier river, about three miles above Alderson, in Fort Spring district, this county. The body had evidently floated down during the recent rise in the river and deposited where found. The authorities of that district were notified, and a jury of inquest went down from Ronceverte to investigate the matter. The body was very much decomposed, and was that of a man 35 years of age and was well dressed, having on a tailor made suit of clothes, worth about \$15 or \$20. Nothing on his body was found to identify him. The only articles found were a couple of pocket handkerchiefs a money purse, (no money in it) and a small knife. There were some indications that he might have been foully dealt with, but no doctor being present at the inquest, this was not positively ascertained. He was evidently above ordinary men in position and circumstances, but who he was and how he met his death are mysteries.—Green-brier Independent.

In New York.

THE WEST VIRGINIA TROOPS CHEERED FROM ONE OF THE LINE TO THE OTHER.

A gentleman who returned from New York, and who saw the great parade there, says the West Virginia delegation showed up in great shape. There were about 150 members of the National Guard in line from this State, being headed by Gov. E. W. Wilson, Gen. R. L. Wood and the Governor's Staff, including Col. A. A. Frauzheim of Wheeling. Then came the Governor's Guard and the two companies of 1st men. The boys marched like old-timers and were cheered all along the line.

There were few Governors in the line who received more cheers than Governor Wilson and he was one of the very few who received bouquets. While passing up Fifth avenue an immense bouquet of carnations was thrown to the Governor from one of the thousands on that thoroughfare.

The Governor's Guard band was doing and made splendid music, and altogether the turnout was a creditable one for which the men should receive praise, as they all paid their own expenses.—Ronceverte News.

There are fifteen contested Congressional election cases to be decided by the next Congress. Three of them are from West Virginia.

The Illinois house passed the bill appropriating \$50,000 for a

The West Virginia soldier boys gets \$10,000 as their share of the \$100,000 appropriated by the last Congress for distribution among the National Guards of the several States.

The Supreme Court has decided that the Scott Chinese exclusion act is constitutional. This must be quite unpleasant to Gen. Harrison and other lovers of the almond-eyed Mongolian.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to me." H. A. Aaron, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Diarrhea, Indigestion, Worms, gives sleep, and promotes the growth of the child. Without injurious medication.

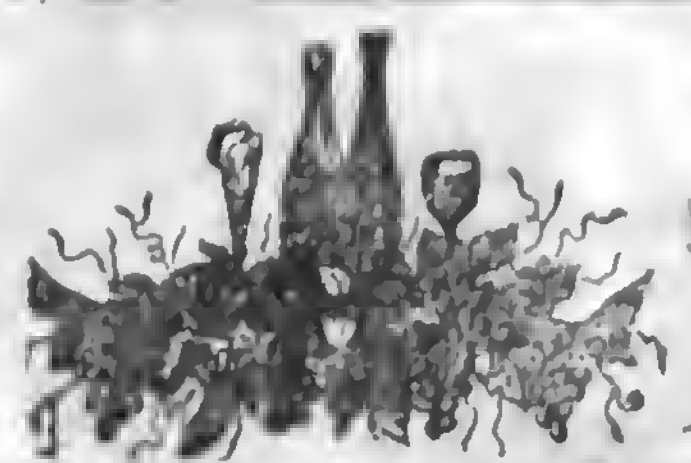
The Castoria Company, 71 Murray Street, N. Y.

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If you want something that will keep every thing as clean as a new pin, and dust from getting over every thing in the house, buy a Carpet Sweeper of H. A. Hild, Street, Huntersville, W. Va.

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Huntersville W. Va. I am prepared to make to the best style and order, Boots and shoes of all kinds. Also repairing them to suit you. May 16 6 m. J. C. Thompson.



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All brands of

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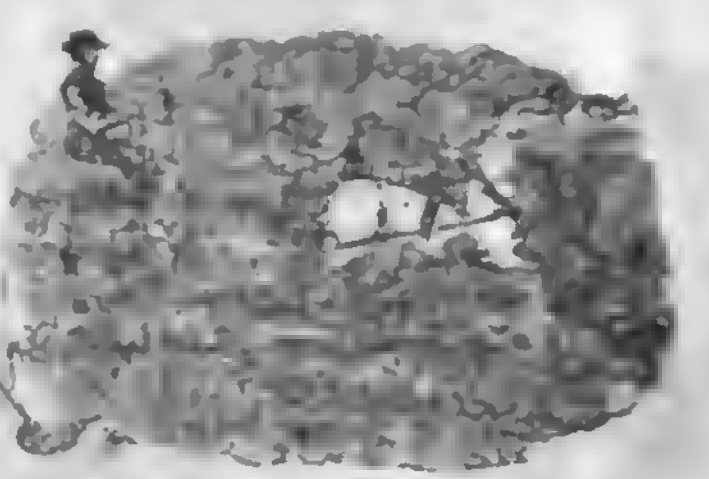
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Order filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Merchandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

If you need a mower or reaper you will do well to communicate with the undersigned, who is agent for the celebrated



WALTER A. WOODMACHINES.

All inquiries as to terms etc. will receive prompt attention.

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Sunset, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

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Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 23 1889.

The True Home Life.

From Good Housekeeping.

What is the central point of the home life? Is not this the question which we should each, as home-builders, ask ourselves? What are the things of all that we do, daily, weekly, or returning in their appointed time, which are only not necessary, but are harmful to the true home life? It may be that the only reason for doing certain things is because the proceeding generation has done the same things, and that, too, in very mechanical ways. A mother holds her first child while it sleeps upon her lap; it becomes accustomed to it. When she grows stronger she must lay it down to do necessary work; it frets and cries and refuses to take its naps. The mother is worn out in her efforts to do the work and quiet the cries; so she carries the child about in her arms. It is slow to walk. She becomes nervous and irritable, toward her baby, even. Her second child is cross and restless. She bears and rears several children. All through these years the mistake persists and wears her out. The children are not taught to depend upon themselves and to be helpful.

This mother does non-essential things and leaves the essential undone. Her mental growth stopped long ago; alas for the time when the little children find that mother cannot help them in their little studies, and alas for the mother who has let the knowledge of her girlhood slip from her, and has not added to it both for herself and family! What is more beautiful to see than great sons and daughters asking mother's opinion of some point which they are in doubt about, which they bring to her to have settled before they return to school? To have them hasten eagerly to tell her upon their return that their work was right!

Sometimes it is through suffering only that a woman learns that there are many things which need not be done. It is often in these times of forced quiet that she sees most clearly that real living is not a part of her home life. After her experience is gained and she has but little strength, she can then think what she should do with the strength which is still left to her.

Temporal wants and pleasures must be considered, and indeed planned for, but there are many things done in the way of cooking food at whole some through its richness, which should be made rare, it at all. Sacrifices which take away rest and sleep to keep up pride in dress or some adornment, should never be made.

Let children be taught that they may have tidy clothes when they can make, iron, and keep them in order. In a home where the work of light and wisdom, and will

were old enough to iron much milled white dresses they preferred plain ones.

Nothing can take the place of neatness and order. These depend much upon good management, for one can always be cleaning, yet never clean, always arranging, yet never in order. Sometimes one's own spirit is restless which is the secret cause of the lack in the divine part of a true home life.

She Thought It Time to Get to Business.

"Oh darling Ethel," said the young man, as he moved nearer to the blushing maiden, "you really do not love me as I do you, or you would not be so cold."

"I am not cold, Herbert," murmured she.

"Yes you are. Here I have loved you madly for months, and to-night I have told you so, and yet you refuse to let me kiss your sweet lips only once to seal our compact."

"It would not be right, Herbert," she sighed.

"Yes, it would, my darling one. It would not harm you; it would never be told to the cold ear of the world; it would be a token I should never forget. Do you give me one, just one, my affianced bride."

"Well, Herbert," said she, as her liquid eyes beamed love to his, "if I give you this token, will you give me one to keep near my heart?"

"Anything, darling, any token you may wish!"

"Only your name, dearest; your name on a piece of paper. It is only an odd, a romantic, yet perhaps a foolish, girlish idea of mine, but I want your dear name that I may carry it in my bosom, and gaze on it and kiss it when you are away. Just put your name here."

And Herbert did so only too gladly, and she placed the paper in her bosom, and when she reached her room she took it out and gazed on it. And above his name where he didn't happen to see, appeared this legend, which had been written just before he called:—"Evanville March 28, 1889. This night I promised to marry Ethel, and I heretofore bind myself to do so at the time we mutually agreed on.—HERBERT MONTEVERRE."

"Yes," she muttered to herself as she sank to rest on her pillow, "I think I've got him foul. There have been too many ducks kissing and clothing over me for the last five years, and I think it's time to take a tumble and get a sure grip on one."

His Honeymoon.

The following rather singular method of enjoying a honeymoon may commend itself to impetuous bridegrooms if it does not to their brides. The colored female cook of a family living in Boston came upstairs one afternoon, and, twirling the corners of her apron with embarrassment, said to her mistress:

"You see, missus, I thought it might be best to be tellin' you dat I—dat I done got married las' week."

"Ah! and what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Miss Williams, missus, You see, my husband, he am a cook, too. He am a skell in a hotel."

"A chef, eh? That's very nice. And do you expect to leave us directly?"

"Not directly, missus. I'll stay for de present. You see, my husband, he's done gone to New York an' Washin'ton on his honeymoon, an' I'll be up on to six weeks before he comes back."

Form in your children the habit of daily reading in the Bible. Say to each of them in your own way that which Sir Matthew Hale wrote to his child: "Every morning read seriously and reverently a portion of the Holy Scriptures. It is a book

ship. Mrs. Blossum: "What's that I O horrors, the hotel affre." Mr. Blossum: "Yes come on; we've no time to lose." Mrs. Blossum: "But here I am in my night dress." Mr. Blossum: "Good enough; I'm glad you got out of your bedchamber, and into something decent."

As it is the manly man who wins and satisfies a good woman, so it is the womanly woman who pleases and retains the desirable man. She need not be soft or silly, or weak or nervous—she may be strong, vigorous, resolute and brave; but, whatever she is, she must be womanly in order to please.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

As Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine, it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

"Tis said absence conquers love," quoted a husband, in writing home to his wife from whom he had been some time away, "I hope, dear it won't be so in your case." "Oh no," she replied in her next letter, "the longer you stay away the better I shall like you." He had to take it thus ambiguously, as he was afraid to risk asking an explanation.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Success in Farmer's Families. A paper in a Massachusetts health report gives this suggestive summary of the principal cause of sickness in families of farmers:

1. Overwork and exposure; the women being more frequently overworked.
2. Improper and improperly cooked food.
3. Damp location of dwellings.
4. Want of cleanliness about their houses, especially in reference to drains, privies, cellars and proximity to barnyard and hog-pens.
5. Impure drinking-water, largely due to preceding causes.
6. Bedrooms imperfectly ventilated and on the ground floor, with the too general use of feather beds.
7. Insufficient recreation.

MY FIRST WORD IS

Bargains!

To all corners, I offer the opportunity of the season in

Dry Goods, Hats, Clothing, Notions, Groceries, Hardware Queensware, Tinware, Trunks, Valises &c.

I will sell as low as could be bought in the city.

JACOB BONER,

he used when children are suffering with colic. It is the little child's friend, and it is the mother's friend, as a writer. It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, and the mother, and it is the best remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

IF YOU NEED

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Drug Envelopes, Tags, Business Cards, Official Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters, Briefs for the Court of Appeals etc.

GET THEM AT "THE TIME."

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FOR THE BLOOD. Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It comes quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

FULL LEATHER TOP \$85 DIRECT TO CONSUMER Starting 25 to 40 Per Cent No Middlemen. No Expensive Store Charges. PIONEER BROS., COLUMBUS, O.

FOR DYSPEPSIA. Use Brown's Iron Bitters. Physicians recommend it. All dealers keep it. 50c per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

WHY YOU SHOULD Scott's Emulsion Cod Liver Oil HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

It is Palatable as Milk. It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions. It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change. It is wonderful as a flesh producer. It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Disease, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

Poor, Foolish Men.



TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to push my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and adopt

Wolff's ACME Blacking

A magnificent Blacking Polish, which lasts on shoes a week, and on women's shoes two or three days. WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

THE FAVORITE CARRIAGE CO.

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF



FINE VEHICLES FOR THE TRADE.

Dobbing's Electric Soap

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD.

It is Strictly Pure. Unharmful in Quality.

Twenty years ago, when we first began to make soap, we were told that it was impossible to make a soap that was both pure and cheap. But we have done it. Our soap is made of the best materials, and it is sold at a price that is within the reach of every family.

READ THIS TWICE

THIS is a great saving of time, of labor, of soap, of fuel, and of the fabric. Dobbing's Electric Soap is used according to directions. One trial will demonstrate its great worth. It will pay you to make that trial. Like all good things, it is extremely recommended and commended.

Beware of Imitations.

TRUST upon Dobbing's Electric Soap. Don't take cheap imitations. Dobbing's Electric Soap is the only soap that is both pure and cheap. It is made of the best materials, and it is sold at a price that is within the reach of every family.

Dobbing's Electric Soap.

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THE MOST EXTENSIVELY ADVERTISED

LAUNDRY BLUE IN THE WORLD.

BLUINE is more concentrated than any other bluing. It is more economical, because you can get in just the same amount in every wash. It is in a clean and neat; no dust, no spattering or spilling.

BLUINE is in small sheets, packed in a handsome package, and would be an ornament on any table.

BLUINE is the cheapest, because it is the best.

Twenty-Four Washings for Ten Cents.

It is all that a woman needs. It is the best. It is the only one that is both pure and cheap.

BLUINE is the best. It is the only one that is both pure and cheap.

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Deputy Sheriff, C. O. Arbogast.
Recorder of Ch. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r. Co. Cl., S. B. Haanah.
S. B. Moore.
Geo. Baxter.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

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Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. S. RUCKER.

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

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Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

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D. R. J. H. WEYMOUTH.

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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Physician & Surgeon,
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Manufacturers of



THE STERLING PIANOS.

Quality of Tone, Beauty of Design, Finish & adaptability for Grand, Upright & Traveling Pianos.

Every Piano Warranted for Five Years.

READY TO BE MARRIED.

I am ready to be married;
I can make a loaf of bread;
I can cook as nice a dinner
As my mother, so she said;
I can keep a room in order,
Sweep the house and make a bed;
Mother says a girl may marry
Who can make a loaf of bread.

I am ready to be married.
I can cut and make a dress;
Mark the linen with the cross-stitch;
Mend the lace, that's hardly less
Fine and dainty than a cobweb;
So I dare to tell him, "Yes!"
Mother says a girl may marry
Who can cut and make a dress.

I am ready to be married;
I can knit a stocking well,
I can make and I can darn it,
And a "bargain" I can tell;
I can shop and go to market,
And I'm not a ball-room belle;
Mother says a girl may marry
Who can knit a stocking well.

I am ready to be married;
And I have a lover true,
Just the handsomest and dearest
Lad that ever came to woo;
Never maiden loved her lover
Half so dearly as I do;
Mother says a girl may marry
When she has a lover true.

—Ex.

Did Sun and Moon Dance.

BY E. R. BURTON.

"An, did yer mamma never tell yo of that, Elsie, me darlin'! How the sun an' the moon dance together, the bot' of 'em, on Easter mornin'! Oh! oh! what a shame it is, it is! Might be she never heard of it, for there be a heap of ignorant ignorance in Ameriken waitin' to be put in the shrove an' burnt up like a pack o' peat, so it is. Fair, an' I think the most beautiful things is Irish, so an' I do!"

"But really, Maggie," and little Elsie's blue eyes were wide with wonderment, "really and truly, does the sun dance with the moon on Easter morning?"

"What would I be tellin' yo for if it wasn't so at all? They do in Ireland; just as sure as the blessed sun comes up droppin' out av the say, lavin' mild England in the dark, had luck to her! The moon runs hoppity skip across the sky an' joins hand with the sun, an' they dance a rare Irish jig together."

"That must be dreadfully funny," said Elsie gravely; then, a last doubt lingering in her puzzled thoughts, "Did you ever see them Maggie?"

"See them, is it? Oh, oh, run away, now, to yer mamma an' stop axing me bothersome questions. Don't I tell ye it's so? What more do ye want, I dunno!"

Elsie put her little finger in her mouth and walked slowly and with abstracted gaze into the sitting room, where her mother sat sewing and her father was reading the evening paper. She sat down upon a low stool under the mantle and studied the brown and yellow figures of the carpet. In the soft light of the big lamp on the center table the brown seemed darker than it did by daylight, and the yellow was almost white. Elsie wondered vaguely whether the yellow moon would be white during the dance with the sun, for she remembered that whenever it appeared by day it was wofully pale; and would the sun turn his dazzling face aside for just one minute so that she could have a good look at him and would the moon have lost? and would the sun's legs go right down from the great, hot circle of flame, or would there be a body like papa's? or would both, and this seemed more likely, would both just tilt from side to side and back in each other's face before they resumed their regular duties?

It was strangely interesting to

himself above her head began to buzz with immense importance and then uttered a single tiny ring and went on ticking hurriedly, as if in haste to reach the next hour mark, when its buzzing should prelude a more significant announcement. All well regulated clocks are subject to this vanity; they puff out the cheeks of their faces, rattle away as if all their precious husks were falling to pieces; the pendulum is silent, and then the commotion ends with a few silvery strokes; more or less, after which the time piece recovers its moister solipsism and goes on about its usual business.

"Half-past 8," said Mrs. Durant, glancing up at the clock. "Time little girls were in bed."

"Mamma," exclaimed Elsie, taking a tack in her dress with her fingers and looking hard at her feet, "mayn't I sit up all night just this once?"

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Durant, laying her sewing down in her lap, "what does the child mean?"

Papa Durant looked inquiringly over the top of his paper.

"I want to see the sun and the moon dance together," replied Elsie, "and I can't wake up early enough if I go to bed."

Mamma Durant was too astonished to speak, but papa, with an amused smile said:

"You would have your trouble for nothing, Elsie; the sun and the moon don't indulge in such antics."

Elsie did not understand her father's words exactly, but she felt the denial and she responded:

"Maggie says they do every Easter morning, when the sun comes out of the sea, and the moon hops, skips and jumps, and they take hands and dance in the sky, at least in Ireland, the both of them, and perhaps, if I just sit up all night, they'd do it for me. Please papa."

Papa laughed.

"If you sat up little one," he said, "you would not be awake in the afternoon to sing with the other children in the Easter festival. You wouldn't like to miss that?"

"I think I'd rather see the dance," responded Elsie.

"Maggie shouldn't put such notions in little girls' heads," said mamma, and forthwith Elsie was bundled off to bed. Her lips pouted with something more than affection when she kissed her father good night, and two or three times some tears rolled slowly down her face; but she went to her room without a murmur, and when her head was on the pillow she looked up at the stars and wished some thing would keep her awake. Her father had remonstrated her doubts as to the entire truth of Maggie's story; but it would have taken much more than that to convince her, for the event was too interesting not to be believed, and she was more than willing to see herself whether it was so.

As she lay wondering about it all a thought suddenly sprang into her head. Why should she not stay awake and see the dance? Papa and mamma had not said that she must not, and they would not care very much when she told them at breakfast what she had done. This thought became a fixed determination, and for several minutes she looked at the stars steadily with open eyes. Then she caught her self dozing and she sat up in bed. Even in this attitude her head rapidly drooped, and she got out

owns of the trees and houses, and far away a dog barked. From the room below came the clear, high tones of her mother's voice and the deep, hoarse murmur of her father's replies. Mellow sounds from the top of the little hill back of the house told that the church clock was striking 11. How slowly the time passed for Elsie! She looked up again at the stars and thought how the angels must get watching through the dark silence of every night. Then somebody walked rapidly by, and when she could no longer hear his footsteps she wondered if it were nearly 12 o'clock. At last it grew chilly, and she climbed into bed again, just for one minute, to get warm.

The evening had grown old for country folk before Mrs. Durant put aside the work that had lain idle in her lap for many minutes, and followed her husband to their chamber. Her thoughts had gone back to a happier time when her son Willie was with her. Only five years ago, and how long it seemed! He had yielded to a restless disposition and wandered away, where she knew not, except that it was credibly reported that he had shipped abroad on East Indian mail. If he were alive he would be nearly 20 now, but no word from or about him had ever been received. He had been absent a year when his parents sought to overcome the depression that grew upon them by leaving their former home and establishing themselves in a pretty country village where this story finds them.

Mrs. Durant said nothing to her husband of their common grief, and before she slept she laid herself out to be heartily by thoughts of Elsie, upon whom she poured forth all of a mother's yearning affection.

Elsie started. There was a flow of soft light in her room, and the stars that had shown so clearly into her window were almost invisible. She sprang from her bed with a great fear at her heart. Was it day? No, there was the moon smiling at her and making the whole night glorious. How had the moon come around the house corner so quickly? Had she been asleep? The street lamp had been put out. It could not be more than a minute since she struggled her toes under the blankets, and yet— It must be near morning, and intent on being out in time for the dance she hastened to put on her clothes. She would go up to the church at the top of the hill. There she would see all of the known world except that vague confusion of some far off town where papa used to live.

With care not to awake anybody, Elsie crept down the back stairs, drew back the latch of the kitchen door, cautiously opened it and stepped out. Everything was wonderfully still, as if the earth was holding its breath in expectancy over the heavenly experts to occur at daybreak. Neither the stillness nor the night itself had terror for Elsie. She walked quickly across the yard and through the sleeping orchard beyond to the low wall that bounded the churchyard. Over this, and presently she stepped upon the the shadow of the steeple. The moon was on the other side of the clock face, or this might have been that it was but a few minutes past midnight. Fully satisfied with her adventure thus far, she sat down upon the church steps to wait.

Then for the first time the

outgrowing the significance of her name. Elsie welcomed him and rose to pick her up, whereat Dot scampered away, tail in air.

"Naughty pussy! come here," cried Elsie, and ran after her. In the orchard Dot disappeared, but, hearing a slight noise below, Elsie went softly forward, intent on taking her pet by surprise. Arrived at the gate to the yard she paused and looked about. What was her surprise to see a man cutting with a large pocket knife at the sash of the kitchen window! For a moment she looked on in wonderment, but when the man had cut away the fastening and was carefully raising the window, she exclaimed:

"That's my papa's house!"

Like a flash the man turned around and peered across the yard, his hand still on the half-raised window.

"Huh! It's a kid," he muttered, and he let the window down and walked over to Elsie.

"What are you doing here, young one?" he asked in a whisper.

"I'm going to see the sun and the moon dance in the morning," replied Elsie, "and you mustn't speak out loud or you'll wake papa and mamma, and they'll make me come in."

The stranger smiled.

"I won't disturb 'em," he said. "I wasn't going to anyway. The fact is, little one, I'm hungry, and all I was going to do in your house was to find something to eat."

"How do you know where the pantry is?" asked Elsie.

"I don't, but please I could find it. You know, I suppose? Can't you get me a bit of bread or something?"

Elsie thought a moment. She remembered how no longer ever went hungry from her father's door, and without reflecting further she crept into the house, and as she went in the stranger muttered, "And to think that the door was unlocked all the time!"

When Elsie returned she brought a half loaf of bread and a doughnut, a luxury of which she was especially fond. The stranger ate up the bread ravenously and Elsie watched him in silence a moment. Then she asked:

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

This seemed so strange to Elsie that she said nothing more. The hungry man ate every morsel of the food and then put his box in his hands.

"I am much obliged to you," he whispered. "I'm no thief, little one, and I never tried before to break into a house, though I've been hard times enough."

"Wouldn't you like to see the sun and the moon dance?" asked Elsie. "I think they'll do it this morning, and that'll be pretty soon, won't it? They do in Ireland every Easter morning."

"Who told you so?"

"Maggie."

"Who's she?"

"My sister's friend."

"What is your papa's name?"

"Mr. William Durant."

The stranger smiled, and leaning forward peered curiously into Elsie's face.

"Say that again! Who's your papa?" he exclaimed.

"My father's name. I live here now."

"What is your name?"

"Elsie."

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

May 30 1889.

Fourteen lawyers have been president of the United States.

A Cincinnati man, in order to keep peace in the family, has married his mother-in-law.

Governesses are going to the front. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts was a governess and so was Mrs. Levi P. Morton.

Mr. Gladstone's visit to Italy has improved his health immensely. When he returns to London he will look ten years younger.

Francis D. Duffin, of Brooklyn, a printer, bet \$500 on the losing horse at the race, and then settled his grief by committing suicide.

Hoo. Thorndyke Rice, recently appointed by President Harrison United States Minister to Russia is dead.

Prince Louis de Ligne and Viscount de Jonghe fought a duel at midnight by torch light in a French forest. Nothing was wounded except trees.

THE Democrats have secured a majority of five in the constitutional convention of Montana. The prospects for the future do not look so dark, after all, do they brethren?

Mrs. Oscar Folsom, mother of Mrs. Cleveland, was married on the 20th in Jackson, Mich., to Henry E. Perrine, of Buffalo. He is secretary of Buffalo City Cemetery Association.

Hon. John W. Wainwright, distributed \$100,000 among his employees last week. It was the result of his profit system adopted in his Philadelphia business house.

Hon. Jno. T. McGraw has resigned as Collector of Internal Revenue. He will be succeeded by A. B. White, editor of the State Journal, a bitter partisan paper at Parkersburg.

The Boston Journal reports that Samuel Cummings of that city while leaning against a rail in his grain-mill, began sneezing and sneezed so hard that he dislocated his shoulder.

Miss Jane Wood, a young lady who lives in Wetzel county, has completed a nice quilt containing 22,140 pieces. She commenced it when seven years old, having worked at it for fourteen years.

A Republican exchange says: "A man who is addicted to drink is not likely to get anything from Harrison." We can understand now why it was that so many of the brethren who seemed to have every prospect of success failed to get the same.

A Clatsop county preacher has been indicted on four accounts for gambling and card. The failure of his flock to vote promptly in the Sunday school is the cause of the indictment.

Can you give a majority of 1,500 to about 150 is not so bad, even if a full vote was not polled. At the same rate of increase we will be able to carry the county by about 800 majority at the next election.—Charleston Star.

The iron makers of the South are driving the Pennsylvania furnaces out of blast. The Southern mills have been selling pig-iron in New York at \$16.50 a ton for a year, while the Pennsylvanians have been compelled to get \$18 per ton for theirs, or close their mills. The Tariff will not help Pennsylvania hereafter. Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama are the countries from which Pennsylvania must protect herself, and she can't do that by a tariff.—Charleston Gazette.

The editor of the New York Times, Mr. C. R. Miller, in a closing lecture before the Dartmouth Alumni Tuesday on the "Art of Making a Newspaper," said among other things:

"The art of making a newspaper, like any other art, demands of him who would practice it a special skill and some information. The vulgar error that the newspaper art demand no special training, but may be taken up at a moment's notice and a generous salary by any man or woman temporarily out of work or unacquainted with any kind of work, is treacherous to an obvious source. Young men are admitted to the practice of the law, they are graduated in medicine, and they are ordained or appointed ministers of the Gospel, in each case after a fixed term of study has elapsed and an ascertained degree of professional knowledge has been acquired. Of him who asks for work in a newspaper office no degree, license, or certificate is exacted. Yet no contention is that the training which fits one successfully to practice the art of making a newspaper is no less arduous, and usually rather more prolonged, and yields so smaller volume of attainment than the special studies preparatory to the practice of law, of medicine, of engineering, or architecture, or the instruction of ingenious youth."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 24th.—"Harrison has a weak back bone," said a republican Senator, and it is constantly growing weaker. There is every indication that we are to have a repetition of the worse features in the Hayes and Arthur administrations." This language was used by a man who is generally regarded as being very friendly to the administration, and there is no doubt that he is, but he was asked by a republican friend his opinion of the President and he gave it without reserve. And the known facts in a number of cases bear the Senator's statement as to a weak back bone out. For instance he wants to put his old law partner Attorney General Miller in the Supreme Court bench, but owing to a vigorous protest from the Indiana republicans, who want Judge Woods of that State appointed, he does nothing. Again: In the early days of the administration John Wainwright selected a business man of Philadelphia to be Postmaster at that city, and Mr. Harrison lacked the nerve to make the appointment. And again: Some time ago John Sherman was promised that Ex-Congressman Hart, of Ohio, should be appointed Solicitor General, Hart was telegraphed to and told to come on and get the appointment. Quincy made a big row accusing Sherman of lying etc., and intimating that the administration might go to Jefferson, for all he cared. Once more Harrison's back bone went back on him and Hart's appointment has not yet been made.

When Italy was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became ill, she clung to Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

never heard of, and that an indictment is a true one.

Oklahoma can't have a national bank. So says the Attorney General to whom the application was referred by the Treasury department.

Some absurd rumors about the sending of an English man of war to Alaskan waters to prevent the provisions of Harrison's recent proclamation, as to the seizure of all vessels found illegally taking seals, from being carried out, forcibly if necessary, have been floating around here this week but nobody seemed to take any stock in them.

Justice Miller of the Supreme Court, having failed in his purpose of getting ex-Secretary of War McCrary, appointed as his successor, or rather in getting a promise to that effect from Harrison, now says that he has no intention of retiring.

Washington has been the scene of some very heavy fighting among some of the big fellows in the republican party during the present week. Blows have been passed that will be remembered for years and revenged too, if the opportunity comes, and it most always causes strife among the leaders: distribution of the patronage. The first skirmish was between Representative Cannon, of Illinois and Senators Culm and Farwell of the same state. Cannon got one of his constituents appointed collector of Internal revenue without consulting either of the Senators. Cannon has the best of it so far on the Senators swear vengeance. The next engagement was a battle royal that has raged all the week. It is over the Philadelphia Federal appointments. On one side is "Cheap John" Wainwright, Representative Harry Bingham and Boss McManes, and on the other Senator Quay alone, with all his war paint on. The fight has been carried to the White House nearly every day and poor Harrison has been compelled to act as referee much against his will. This fight is still on, with the result in doubt. Another engagement was caused by a U. S. Marshalship in New York, Senator Everts dared to oppose the candidate of Senator Hiscock and Boss Tom Platt, and not only to oppose the other candidate but to have one of his own. The three met here this week and indulged in a few rounds. Everts is believed to have been completely knocked out. It seems to be generally believed by the republicans that Harrison will call an extra session of Congress in October. Of course everybody knows that there is no earthly occasion for an extra session except to give the republicans two months to fight over the organization of the House and to perfect their arrangements to get at least three-fourths of the contested seats.

Blaine, Windom and Proctor deny that they propose resigning, as was rumored.

Many people from Washington, have gone to Alexandria today to witness the travelling of a huge stone monument to the Confederate dead.

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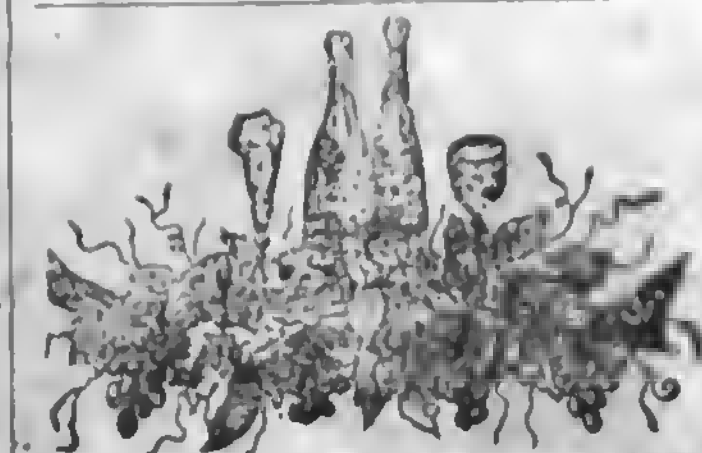
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regular meeting of this
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ceding each Full Moon, unless the
moon falls on Friday, then on that
evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

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HOME NEWS

—Geo. W. Siple, of Green Bank,
was in town Friday last.

—Geo. Ginger, of Dunmore was
in Huntersville last Saturday.

—R. A. Coulter, of Aylmer was
in to see us last Saturday.

—County Supt. Mathews, was in
city Monday.

—R. K. Burns, of Academy was
in Huntersville Monday.

—Harry Moore, of Dunmore was
in town last week.

—J. W. McNeil, of Edray, was
in to see us Monday.

—Rev. W. T. Price of Marlinton
was in to see us Monday.

—Dr. Mathew Wallace, of Mill
Int was in to see us Tuesday.

—Quite a little snow in several
parts of the county last Saturday.
It's that for the 25th of May!

—Luggy harness and Saddles at
\$10 and up to \$40 at A. P. Leist's
Beverly, W. Va. 30-2m

—The County Court, Messrs. C.
Eberd, S. B. Hannab and Geo.
Pisore were in town Monday.

—To John Worts & Co, Frank-
ford, W. Va. for Deering Mowers and
S. Binders. may 9-12t

—The County Court met last
Friday to count the election re-
sults.

—Sewing machines from \$25 to \$50;
wanted, for sale by A. P. Leist,
Beverly, W. Va. 30-2m.

—The school election is over and
M. Mathews, elected Co. Super-
intendent.

—One Slaven who has been at-
tending the Hillsboro Academy has
returned.

—Miss Mary Conry, has returned
from the Hillsboro Academy where
she has been an attendant.

—John Worts & Co., of Frankford,
W. Va., will be here during June
with a lot of Mowers. Don't
forget to see them. may 9-12t

—Isn't it about time somebody
was doing something toward get-
ting up a big Fourth of July cele-
bration?

—By the Deering Mowers and
S. Binders, the best machines
that made of John Worts & Co.
Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—One Jess Smith, a logman, is
wanted, for rape, committed on one
Mr. Perkins, on the river near
Hillsboro.

—Mrs. C. A. Damron and family
arriving for parents Mr. J. C.
Lory, at this place. Mr. Damron
came with them but returned Mon-
day.

—Quite an enjoyable afternoon
was spent Sunday in singing at this
place, led by Prof. S. B. Moore
and A. J. Smith, of Edray, and M.
A. Friel.

—M. G. Mathews, the only can-
didate for County Superintendent
was elected by a handsome vote.
The vote taken at Academy for a
six month school was defeated by
two.

—Rev. W. E. Miller, of Hillsboro
preached at the Methodist Church
at this place on Monday night and
Tuesday. His sermons were inter-
esting and instructive and very
much appreciated by the audience.

—The residence of Bruce and
Chamley at Mingo was destroyed
by fire last Saturday. The fire origi-
nated from a defective flue. The
property destroyed is known as the
"Huntersville Hotel".

Arbogast, of Green Bank, were in
town Tuesday. The Doctor says
if a person were to depend upon the
United States under the present ad-
ministration there would be no cer-
tainty about getting married. On
Friday last he mailed a dollar to
the Clerk with the request to send
by return mail a marriage license,
but no letter nor dollar has yet
reached the clerk; so the Doctor
had to come to town himself.

—The Pocahontas Musical Asso-
ciation held very pleasant sessions
at Frost, May 23-26, under the di-
rection of Prof. S. B. Moore, aided
by a corps of Musical teachers, and
organists. The attendance was
large, and enthusiastic, and the in-
terest in sacred music enhanced.
Prof. Sweeney, Smith and Buck-
man, Capt. Gilmer, from Highland,
Rev. G. P. Moore, Prof. A. C.
Moore and M. A. Friel, were among
the more prominent of the lecturers.
Rev. O. B. Sharp, was secretary,
Misses Ida Herold, Nina Herold,
Ida Smith and Mrs. Laura Herold
rendered very efficient service upon
the organ, that added much to the
success of the convention. Out-
lines of an address, to be published
by request of the convention, may
be looked for in our next issue.

—Geo. Marteny, a young man
about 17 years old, was instantly
killed yesterday, Thursday, near his
home, two miles east of Beverly, by
the accidental discharge of a gun
in his own hands. He had his gun
ready to shoot a squirrel on a tree
near by, and it is supposed, that for
getting that he had it cocked sat it
down on the ground with sufficient
force to discharge it, the ball enter-
ing his breast and passing through
his body lodged just under the skin.
He clasped his hands upon the
wound and ran about twenty-five
yards, when he fell and instantly
expired. A younger brother, who
saw the accident, immediately in-
formed his parents and the lifeless
body was carried to the house near
by. He was a quiet, industrious,
well-behaved boy, and the tragedy
has cast a gloom over the commu-
nity.—Enterprise.

Church Notes for June

Sacramental meeting at Liberty
church, 1st Sabbath of June, 11 o'
clock, a. m. Preliminary services
Saturday night.

Sacramental services at Martin's
Bottom, 3rd Sabbath of June.
Preaching services Saturday morn-
ing before, 11. a. m. The aid of Rev.
D. S. Sydnestricker is expected.

All day meeting at Mary Gibson's
Chapel, on Elk, on the 5th Sabbath
of June. Parties will please bring
their baskets and spend the day in
social singing and religious exer-
cises. W. T. P.

Split Rock Splinters.

Sunday school was organized at
this place Sunday the 19 last with
an enrollment of forty.

Mr. Gibbs who has been visiting
friends in this county and Miss Cl-
die Tallaterra who has been the
guest of Col. Gatewood the past
two weeks, left for their homes
Wednesday morning.

Twenty-three scholars enrolled at
the Big Spring school.

Capt. Stoler was over on Elk a
few days ago but as he was afraid
of snakes he did not stay long.
One morning he met two ladies
who had started to gather wild
flowers. They saw a very large
snake and called to Capt. Stoler,
after he had passed to come back
and help to kill it, but he pulled off
his hat and ran until he reached
Col. Gatewood's. There the ladies
found him in home afterwards sit-
ting in a comfortable arm chair, his
thoughts fully killed the snake and
when they went in Capt. Stoler
jumped up and said "Wasn't that
a monster snake we killed ladies?"

Win. Quikley and Will Mr.
Quigblin and Misses Mollie Smith
and Mary Quikley attended the
Commencement exercises of the
Hillsboro M. & E. Academy.

Rev. Wm. E. Miller is absent
helping Rev. W. E. Ballenger with
the Quarterly meeting at Hummors.

The Quarterly meeting of the M.
E. Church will be held here next
Saturday and Sunday. Bro. Miller
will be assisted by Bro. Kitzer, P.
E.

Mrs. Minnie Wisinger, of Ronge-
ville, passed through town last
week on her way to visit her parents
on Beaver creek.

Married—the 5th of May at the
residence of the bride's parent in
Burk's Valley, Miss Caroline Rider
to Mr. Geo. Dunbrack, of Nava-
mia and at the same time by the
same minister, Mr. David Dean to
Miss Susan Rider. The young in-
dians were sisters and the one that
Mr. Dunbrack married had never
been over a mile from home in her
life.

PRUNELLA

The Buckhannon papers say they
have on exhibition in that town
now, a portion of the skeleton of a
giant, which, when living measured
twenty-eight feet in height. One
half of the jaw bone, extending
from the point of the chin to the
back, measures twenty-eight inches
and weighs sixty five pounds. Three
front teeth are missing, the balance,
four molars, are intact and about
the size of a pint cup. The tibia
or shin bone, from the knee to the
ankle, measures about five feet; a

ever, is gone. The rib bone is
about thirty three inches in length.
There is also on exhibition the jaw
bone and shin bone of an ordinary
sized man. The depressions in the
one correspond exactly with the other
also does the nerves, etc. This skele-
ton was unearthed by a Mr. Mig-
gan, in the northern part of Louisi-
ana, in 1878, and it is estimated to
have weighed when living, eight
thousand pounds.

Minnesota has a law for the sup-
pression of intemperance, the operation of
which will be watched with a great
deal of interest. It makes it a
crime to be drunk, either in public
or in private, and it punishes by
fine and imprisonment.

There is, in our mind, something
wholesome in this law, and we be-
lieve it will accomplish more in the
way of reforming the intemperate
than any legislation yet devised. It
will prevent the frequency of the
example, and increase accordingly,
the disgrace of the crime.

Make it odious to be intoxicated
—as it ought to be—and there will
be fewer cases of drunkenness, and
less use of intoxicating drinks.—
Charleston Gazette.

While Bisbark was at college he
fought twenty-eight duels.

A. R. SMITH,

Academy, W. Va.

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver
Coffins upon very short notice and at
reasonable prices.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS,

—AND GO TO—

LOURY & DOYLE'S

Where you can see a large assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER

Ready Made Clothing,

Also a nice line of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, ladies gents. and chil-
dren's SHOES, and the latest styles in ladies
HATS, just from New York.

Call and see them, and we assure polite and careful attention will be
shown you.

They are also Proprietors of

Huntersville Hotel,

Where, if you stop, you will receive the best accommodations.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mailhack leaves Frankford for
Huntersville, every Monday, Wednes-
day and Friday mornings, and from
Huntersville for Frankford every Tues-
day, Thursday and Saturday mornings.
Charges reasonable.

JOHN FRACK, Carrier.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit
Court of Pocahontas County, rendered
in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Bly vs
James P. Clinger and Wm. C. McClure,
on the 8th day of April 1889. I am ap-
pointed commissioner appointed by said de-
cree to sell on the

12th DAY OF JUNE 1889

at the front of the Court house
door of this County to sell at public auc-
tion to the highest bidder, for Cash, a
certain tract of land containing about
35 acres, the property of the defendant
James P. Clinger situated on the Waters
of Humphrey Creek adjoining the lands
of the Estate of A. D. Gilman and others.
The tract of land is fertile and produc-
tive and in a partial state of cultivation.

J. M. McCLURE,

Special Com'r.

I, John J. Beard, Clerk of the Circuit
Court of Pocahontas County, certify
that the above Commissioner has given
bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,
Clerk of the Court.

Orders of Publication. No. 1.

At rules held in the Circuit Court
Clerk's office of Pocahontas County,
West Virginia, on the first Monday in
May 1889.

Chas. L. Austin & als. vs. In chy. No. 1.

Wm. F. Arbogast & als.

The object of this suit is to have a
partition or sale of a tract of land contain-
ing 6.460 acres, known as the lots No. 7,
8 and 11, lying on the Alleghany in
this in Pocahontas County and the pro-
ceeds thereof divided among the co-
defendants therein according to their respec-
tive rights and interests, and it is ordered
by affidavit filed that Chas. W. White, An-
son O. Wade, Paul A. May, Helen M.
May, Richard W. White, Fred V. Ruck-
man, Thos. W. Thum, Drayville E.
Thum, Thos. James Arbogast, Fred
B. Shultz, Amos Thum, Thos. O. Thum, H.
Len Thum, Clara Central, B. A. Porter
and John H. White, are non residents of
the State of West Virginia, that the
heirs of Edward H. Hays, and of An-
son Hays are unknown, and that due
diligence has been used on the part of
the plaintiffs, without effect, to ascer-
tain in what county Margaret Hays re-
sides. It is ordered that they do ap-
pear here within one month after the date
of this publication of this order and do
what is necessary to protect their in-
terests in this suit.

Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, C. K.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may 9-11 m printers fee 10 07

No. 2.

At rules held in the Circuit Court
Clerk's office of Pocahontas County,
West Virginia, on the first Monday in
May 1889.

Chas. L. Austin & als. vs. In chy. No. 2.

Wm. F. Arbogast & als.

The object of this suit is to have a
sale of a tract of land contain-
ing about 1.735 acres lying on the
Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas
County and the proceeds divided among
those entitled thereto according to
their respective rights and interests,
and it appearing from affidavit filed
that Anson O. Wade, Chas. W. White,
William, Peter, John and A. M. Hart-
man, Mary Driscoll, Andrew, John, An-
gel and Amos Stephenson, John V. B.
Wade and Mobin his wife, and Jennetta
Groves are non residents of the State of
West Virginia, and that the heirs of Su-
san Potts, deed, are unknown, and that
due diligence has been used on the part
of the plaintiff without effect, to ascer-
tain in what county Lorenza Hum-
phries and John his wife, Allen Ste-
phenson, Julia Regor, formerly Ar-
nold reside, it is ordered that they do
appear here within one month after the
date of the first publication of this or-
der, and do what is necessary to protect
their interests in this suit.

Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, C. K.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may 9-11 m printers fee 210 16

No. 3.

At rules held in the Circuit Court,
Clerk's office of Pocahontas County,
West Virginia on the first Monday in
May, 1889.

Chas. L. Austin, & als. vs. In chy. No. 3.

Wm. F. Arbogast, & als.

The object of this suit is to have a
sale of a tract of land contain-
ing about 1.735 acres lying on the
Alleghany Mountain in Pocahontas
County, and the proceeds divided
among those entitled thereto according
to their respective rights and interests,
and it appearing from affidavit filed last
Anson O., and Chas. Wade, William,
Peter, John and A. M. Hartman, Mary
Driscoll, Andrew, John, Angelo and Amos
Stephenson, John V. B. Wade and Mobin
his wife and Jennetta Groves are non-
residents of the State of West Virginia,
and that the heirs of Susan Potts, deed
are unknown, and that due diligence
has been used on the part of the plaintiffs
without effect to ascertain in what coun-
ty Lorenza Humphries and John his
wife, Julia Regor formerly Arnold and
Allen Stephenson reside. It is ordered
that they do appear here within one
month after the date of the first pub-
lication of this order, and do what is nec-
essary to protect their interests in this
suit.

Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, C. K.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may 9-11 m printers fee 10 07

Order of Publication

At rules held in the Circuit Court
Clerk's office of Pocahontas County,
West Virginia, on the first Monday in
May, 1889.

George J. Hill & als. vs. In chy.

Rebecca J. Hill & als.

The object of this suit is to settle the
accounts of the administrator of George
J. Hill, dec'd. To correct the credi-
tors of said decedent. To subject the
real estate of which said Geo. Hill, dec'd
died seized to the payment of his debts
and to construe the will of the said Geo.
J. Hill, and it appearing from affidavit
filed that Thos. J. Hill, James E. Hill
and Elizabeth J. Hill, are non resi-
dents of the State of West Virginia, it is
ordered that they do appear here within
one month after the date of the first
publication of this order and do what is
necessary to protect their interests in
this suit.

Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, C. K.

L. P. ROORE, p. q.
may 9-11 m printers fee 10 07

STANDARD PATENT

at

Rapid Falls, W. Va.

I am prepared to make in the best
style and order, Boots and shoes of all
kinds, also repairing done in neat style.
May 10 89 J. C. FARMER.

STANDARD PATENT

At rules held in the Circuit Court
Clerk's office of Pocahontas County,
West Virginia, on the first Monday in
May 1889.

Chas. W. White, vs. In chy. No. 1.

Wm. F. Arbogast & als.

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partition or sale of a tract of land contain-
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8 and 11, lying on the Alleghany in
this in Pocahontas County and the pro-
ceeds thereof divided among the co-
defendants therein according to their respec-
tive rights and interests, and it is ordered
by affidavit filed that Chas. W. White, An-
son O. Wade, Paul A. May, Helen M.
May, Richard W. White, Fred V. Ruck-
man, Thos. W. Thum, Drayville E.
Thum, Thos. James Arbogast, Fred
B. Shultz, Amos Thum, Thos. O. Thum, H.
Len Thum, Clara Central, B. A. Porter
and John H. White, are non residents of
the State of West Virginia, that the
heirs of Edward H. Hays, and of An-
son Hays are unknown, and that due
diligence has been used on the part of
the plaintiffs, without effect, to ascer-
tain in what county Margaret Hays re-
sides. It is ordered that they do ap-
pear here within one month after the
date of this publication of this order and
do what is necessary to protect their in-
terests in this suit.

Teste: JOHN J. BEARD, C. K.

L. H. STEPHENSON,
C. F. MOORE, p. q.
may 9-11 m printers fee 10 07

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ents, with many of a great class in
your State, county, or town, cost free
Adm.

THE COURTS.

F. MOORE,

T. H. McCLINTIC,

D. A. STOFER.

U S. RUCKER

W. ABBUCKLE.

W. L. FEE.

J. RYDER,

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH.

R. S. P. PATTERSON.

Wolf's ACME Blacking
BEATS the World. It is the Best
HARNESS DRESSING
The BEST for Men's Boots

Love and a Blizzard.

When morning came the storm showed no signs of abating. The raftles of the cabin, though coarse, were abundant, and the remnants of the pigme collection were served for breakfast. At noon, the men of the band went to the corner to feed the hounds, leaving the bugle stationed in the little boat, to blow the bugle in a guide to their

There will be no...
at the Post-office at Huntersville, Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

June 13 1889.

ENTER THE FLOOD.

amidst of a calamity, or immediately after its occurrence, we apt to overrate the injury. Ten days ago the Knapp Valley seemed to be an all-time wreck, and those who had the greatest loss were lamented. But no sooner had the waters subsided everybody worked with renewed energy, but few traces of that destruction are left. True some work was done that can never be repaired, and some few will be affected by the recent flood, but to come; still when we look at our losses along with the few here, how insignificant they are. We might indeed murder become disheartened if we suffered of Johnstown, but injuries could not be estimated in dollars and cents, but at the loss of human life. Within the Pocahontas County we had of no one who even lost much less a life. Then let us not about with long faces because the waters carried away a hundred rails, or destroyed a few of corn or wheat; these can be replaced; but let us rather be thankful and rejoice that our lives and the lives of our friends. Indeed our lives are not worthy to be mentioned when we compose them with

damage by the recent floods.

FOR TIMES: All over the except in Pocahontas County, the County Courts have been called to consider and adopt necessary to repair the damage to public property by the floods. No precaution of anyone could have prevented the damage we have suffered since it has been visited common with others, who have suffered much more, it will be a waste of time to stand idle until another flood, the waters shall complete the recent flood began.

and that the middle pier to be at Marlin's Bottom is so that another flood will be destroyed for us a bridge at something over \$11,000 if repaired at once, at a relatively small expense, it can be done.

the roads, along all the running through this County in a terrible condition, and the new roads will have to be. Why should not our roads meet at once and see better? It is the duty of the State, and the safety of the

ed masons, carpenters and those who understand building roads, in this work of repair; and the County Court, as far as possible should favor the workmen of Pocahontas in contracting, that this money may stay among us, and not go to increase the circulating medium of some other County or State.

I know that an increase of the levy to make these repairs will bear heavily upon our citizens at this time, but I believe they have the pluck, and pride to do their duty in repairing any public loss to Pocahontas County, and to cry down the sycophant who undertakes to ride into public favor by denouncing the County Court for doing its duty in laying a proper levy to meet the public need.

Let us hear through your paper from all sections of the County, and if the County Court can assign any good reason for not giving prompt attention to this matter, of so much importance to our citizens, we would be glad to hear also from the gentlemen who compose the Court

Yours &c.

CITIZEN.

Academy W. Va. June 8.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, June 7.—"Cheap John" Wanamaker is treading on dangerous ground. He wants to abolish Sunday work in the post offices, and in order to get some foundation to work on he has sent a circular letter to the postmasters of one hundred of the largest cities asking for suggestions as to how Sunday work may be stopped etc. Of course all good men believe that the Sabbath should be observed in as general a manner as possible, but at the same time all sensible men know that a certain amount of work must be performed by somebody even on that day, and the carrying and rapid handling of the mails is a work too important to be stopped at any time, for any cause. In fact the efficiency of the Post Office department is more in need of being increased than decreased in this very matter of Sunday handling of mails and if Wanamaker isn't very careful he will raise a tempest in the business world that will be strong enough to sweep him out of the office that cost him so much money. And there is another view of the subject that should not be lost sight of. In the more than one hundred years of its existence no attempt has ever been made to have this Government officially recognize any religious denomination or sect, and the precedent would be a dangerous one to establish. Suppose for instance that Wanamaker, who is a Presbyterian, should succeed in having all work stopped in our post offices on Sundays during his administration of the post office department. So far all right, but now suppose that in the unexpected upheaval of politics he should be succeeded by a Hebrew, or a Seven day Adventist, both of which sects regard Saturday as the sabbath day, and that he should insist on having all post office work stopped on his sabbath. Then what a row we should have. Church and State both have important functions to perform in this as well as every other country, but let us keep them separate and distinct, for if history teaches anything it is the utter futility of successfully uniting the

suffering brothers and sisters of the Conemaugh Valley, upon whom such a terrible calamity has fallen. A public meeting was held to provide organized methods of collecting money and clothing; it was attended by an immense crowd and was presided over by the President who made a strong appeal for subscriptions. About \$50,000 in cash has been raised besides an enormous quantity of blankets clothing disinfectants etc. Everybody seemed disposed to give something; poor people who were unable to give money gave a blanket or a cast off garment; bootblacks and news boys handed in their nickles alongside the millionaires thousand dollar checks, and the children emptied the pennies out of their little banks in order to turn them over to the Committee. For the first half of the week nothing was talked about or seemingly thought about but the awful news from Johnstown. Washington's flood had done a damage to property public and private of several millions of dollars but that was entirely forgotten in the face of the great loss of life by the Pennsylvania horror.

Already the republican acting Commissioner of the General Land office has begun to undo the good work of the democratic administration. He has given notice that he intends abolishing the Board of Review and the Division of Contests, both established under Mr. Cleveland's administration and both recognizes as being in the interests of the homesteader and against the land-grabber. But as the last named class have for many years, with the exception of from '85 to '89, controlled that office the change can hardly be surprising.

The Civil Service Commission is busily engaged in discovering "more nests." It has just reported a large one in the New York custom house, and is now in Troy, N. Y. hoping to find one in the post office. Next week it is to start west on a grand tour of discovery which will embrace a dozen cities.

It is rather early to begin the naming of choices for 1892, but the following from the Atlanta Constitution is worth reproducing:

If the Democratic party fails to make Grover Cleveland its leader in the campaign of 1892, it will repeat the stupidities folly in which it set aside Mr. Tilden in 1880 for General Hancock. Grover Cleveland is the leader under whom the Democracy can march to triumph in 1892 and he is proving himself more and more worthy of the great work to which he is consecrated—the redeeming of the government from the hands of the Democratic party, which is the party of the people.

Heavy storms of rain and hail at Huejutla, Mexico, have caused the river to inundate that town, drowning many persons and cattle, washing away many houses and destroying crops.

Married persons who have no children are seeking to adopt the children orphaned by the flood. None of these little ones will be allowed to suffer.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ANGELL, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Sleeplessness, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, Worms, gives sleep, and promotes the growth of children. Without injurious medication. THE CHERRY-CREAN COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

MILES 4 NEARER

OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER.

C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va., and M. O'FARRELL, have established a new

LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE

At the foot of the ALLEGANY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class

WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,
[Successors to Fudge & McClinton,]
Mt. Grove, - - Va.,
—DEALERS IN—
All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.
Orders filled promptly.
Also a full line of general Merchandise.
Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

If you need a mower or reaper you will do well to communicate with the undersigned, who is agent for the celebrated
WALTER A. WOOD MACHINES.

All inquiries as to terms etc. will receive prompt attention.
Address,
I. B. MOORE,
Sunset, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. W. WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.
Substantial and comfortable accommodations.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 85, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—Circuit Court convenes next Monday.

—Atty H. S. Rucker was down at Hillsboro last Saturday.

Go to John Warts & Co, Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t

—C. J. Stalling of Academy, and Mrs. Eli Doyle, of Valley Center, Va., were at Huntersville Hotel last Friday.

Buggy harness and Saddles at \$3, \$10 and up to \$40 at A. P. Leist's Rousecroft, W. Va. 30-2m

—Atty C. F. Moore and Mrs. John J. Board, were down at Hillsboro last Saturday.

John Warts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t

—The bridal tour of Dr. C. L. Austin was not so extensive as was contemplated. Being brought to a halt at McDowell by the high waters, the party had to be content with visiting that place, Monterey and Top of Alleghany.

—We were pleased to learn that our young friend Clawson McNeill, of Swago, who was a law student at Morgantown, graduates at the head of his class with distinction.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Warts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—Any one wishing to procure a good half-bred or sheep-horse would do well to attend the next County Court: no doubt the bridge at Huntersville can be bought low. And we do not doubt that the road around the mountain will be given to any one who will haul it away; some pieces of it are left that would answer to patch up mud holes.

Sewing machines from \$25 to \$50; warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist, Rousecroft, W. Va. 30-2m.

Barren 2 Eggs

A problem for some of the school boys to solve: "If it takes a letter 20 days to go from Green Bank to Huntersville a distance of 20 miles, how long will it take Andy Hughes to travel around the world at the rate he travels."

Capt E. A. Smith, is up from the ark.

The lumber company did not lose as much as reported at first.

M. J. Moore, brother-in-law of Capt. E. A. Smith is here from near Johnstown, Pa.

Mrs. E. A. Smith has two sisters living in Johnstown.

The road overseers have had their hands out up this way, and have fixed up the roads in pretty good shape. Let others do likewise.

C. F. Moore was up Sunday and gave a very interesting lecture to the Danmore Sunday school.

Not much sign of war, so says Jake Cary and Phil Edmiston. They are both girls and all doing well.

A. K. Jackson, has returned to Rousecroft.

Registered at Hotel Wakemans last week and this—J. Lowy, of Baltimore, O. Gay, the celebrated Breach cook, S. H. Jackson, A. H. Jackson, W. J. Pritchard, H. M. Moore, C. P. Tins, Jos. Biple.

He is a very cabbage plant while the weather is wet.

C. F. Moore, the central success has been in dry sales in Pocahontas and adjoining counties. Give him a call.

It is reported some fishermen near Gallilee, toiled all night and caught nothing. A party of Martins Bottom fishermen toiled part of the night recently and caught one cat fish and sixteen dog fish. The dog fish in make up is pretty much month and latest like some greedy people in the world. One of the young fishers fell into water, he thinks ten feet deep, upon examining his boot legs however, and finding the boots not full of water, the estimate of deepness may be modified. One thing is true he has been cool as a water melon ever since on the matter of fishing.

Mrs. Florida Price the estimable wife of Calvin Price Esq. of Clover Creek, who has been quite ill is reported better. This is gratifying to a large circle of attached friends.

The casualties of the flood, at this place, while inconvenient, did not occasion very much irreparable damage.

D. H. Garber lost one raft of cherry and walnut lumber. He thinks that most of it can be identified as the sawing was done by a vertical saw.

It looks as if the question of riparian rights, will need attention in the near future. As our lawyers are wise, this word is enough.

H. K. S.

Mail Sub-Contracting.

The mail route between this place and Traveler's Repose, has been sub-contracted for by John F. Wanless and C. O. W. Sharp, at about \$500. How's that? a mail 60 miles a day, every day in the year except Sunday, over mountains, streams and everything else for \$500.

We can't understand why men that claim to have good judgment will let a man from another State come in here and tell us what we shall work for; and take his mail routes off his hands at about half the actual cost that it will take to run them.

It looks as though some men will have a mail route if they have to pay some one to get it. Why is it? Is it an honor to carry a mail on an old poor horse over mountains, streams and through all sorts of weather and in mud and snow three feet deep and arrive at all hours in the night? If there is any honor in it we fail to see it.

The government don't want the mails carried for nothing; it is able to pay for it, if you will ask it; and why will you let these infernal star route contractors come in here and above their contracts at a starving price off on you.

It's none of our business what you work for; but it worries us to have our mails come in, at all hours in the night. It would worry the devil himself.

What we want is good service, and we don't believe any one can give good service on a route as the above for \$500

School Commencement.

The second Commencement of Hillsboro Training School took place last Tuesday night June 4th., in the Pavilion erected for the purpose in the presence of a large audience. Every foot of space was occupied and many forced to stand throughout the exercises which they did good naturedly.

The appearance of the stage with the light hearted students arranged in a semicircle presented a pleasing scene. The stage settings were beautiful flowers, and the central place a horseshoe formed of roses and mock orange enhanced the beauty of the scene presented to the vast audience. The paintings and drawings of the art pupils were handsomely arranged on the back ground and right of the stage. On the left were well executed specimens of penmanship by the will-

Miss Helen Clark and Mollie Peters, both of whom did excellent work as could be seen by some lovely paintings and drawings exhibited that night, and proved that they have a talented teacher at the head of this department. Miss Rose Shearer's writing class as well as her art class, show decided improvement in that line. Promptly at 8 o'clock to the strains of a beautiful march the students took their seats upon the stage. Miss G. M. Shearer, Principal, occupied a seat on the right, at the head of the class. On the left was the Motto "Peace be still" on the right "Vincent of Patitur" and just back of the Piano, in a half circle the lovely old german word "Wilkommen". As the last strains of the overture died away Miss G. M. Shearer invoked the blessings of the Almighty God upon the students, and the audience. As it would take too much space to make special mention of each piece. We will give the order of the program which was as follows:

Note the Bright Hours only opening chorus by the whole school.

Salutatory—by Edna Clarice Shearer

Boothook—Illustrated Recitation by Earuest Marshall, John Peters and Forrest Harper.

Trouble your Head with your own Affairs—Recitation by Miss Delia Edgar, which was nicely prepared and well delivered.

Perserverance Polka Trio—by Misses Onelda Shearer, Maggie McNeel and Nettie Callison.

Will no Maiden Marry Me I'll Vocal Solo—by Ges Eskridge which was one of the best things of the evening. Mr. Gus noted the song to perfection as was shown by the hearty applause which followed it.

Ingenuity Essay, by Miss Annie McNeel, which was certainly an excellently gotten up essay on this difficult subject, and could only have been written by one possessing this qualification. Her essay abounded in fine thoughts which were expressed in a way that secured for her, close attention.

Some Day I'll Wander Back again—Vocal Solo and Cbo. by Misses Nedda and Rose Shearer and Jeanie Clark.

Earnest Marshall 1st orator of the evening.

Parade March—by Misses Nedda Shearer and D. Marshall.

The Battle of Banker Hill—beautiful recitation by Miss Vordis Clark.

Golden Ringlets.

Selection of Trades—by six boys and one little girl.

Children's Glee Song—by seven-teen children.

A short recess was now given while attention was called to the art collection by Miss G. M. Shearer.

Part II

"A Voice From the Waves" Vocal Solo—by Misses Fannie and Rose Shearer.

Our Eskridge 2nd Orator of the evening subject, Our Honored Dead. "Drifting With the Tide" Vocal Solo and Cbo.—by Misses Ross, Fannie and Nedda Shearer.

Miss Duffie Marshall, Historian of the Evening, Class of H. T. School

Cymbeline Galop—by Miss Nedda Shearer on the Organ and Misses Annie McNeel Della and Heasie Edgar on Pianos.

Commonplace Griller Robert Reading—by Miss Vertie Marshall.

Huntresses Vocal Duet—by Misses Georgia and Rose Shearer.

Onionally, Rec.—by Miss D. Marshall, Fan Drill and Wand Exercise.

Valedictory by Jeanie Clark, Remarks, Distinction cards &c.

the little boys with wands and such as in match. The whole drill showed good and careful training.

There was in all about 300 movements in the two which were made in perfect time. Distinction cards were awarded to those who had not been tardy at morning worship and were received by Miss Nedda and Master John Peters, Marshall and Virgie Isabel and Ella and Villa Marshall. Distinction cards were also awarded to those who averaged over 85 percent in daily recitations and examinations and were received by Misses Duffie Marshall and Jeanie Clark. The music was especially good and the pieces "A Voice From the Wave" "Drifting With the Tide" "Huntresses" and "Cymbeline Galop" deserve special mention as they were beautiful pieces, in fact pieces that can hardly be surpassed. All acquitted themselves most creditably and show they have teachers at the front who know what they are about. Miss Shearer is one of the best teachers we have ever had in our midst and deserves the patronage of the public. Her training both mental and moral is certainly deserving of the highest praise. Truly conscientious teachers are hard to find, but are certainly to be appreciated when we have them. Decided improvements have been made in the Art and music departments, the past season and we certainly wish her success.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver Coffins upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

NOTICE TO TRAVELLERS.

The mail hack leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL FLACK, Driver.

Order of Publication.

R. S. Turk vs. Geo. W. McDonald

The object of this suit is to have partition made of three tracts of land containing respectively 1624 3/4 and 167 acres of land lying on the waters of the Big Spring Branch of Elk River in Pocahontas County West Virginia, between the plaintiff and defendant, and to enjoin and inhibit the defendant George W. McDonald, and all others from cutting and removing the merchantable timber from said lands until partition thereof is made.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Geo. W. McDonald is a non resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit. The plaintiff has executed his bond as required by the order granting said injunction.

Teste JOHN J. BEARD Clerk.

June 6 4t Printers fee \$5.00

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs James P. Ginger and Wm. C. McIlhenny, on the 3rd day of April 1899 I as special commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

17th DAY OF JUNE 1899

proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 25 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginger situated on the waters of Stamping Creek, adjoining the lands of the heirs of A. D. Grimes and others. This tract of land is fertile and productive and in a partial state of cultivation.

L. M. McILHENNY,

Special Commissioner
I John J. Board, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BEARD,

17th Cr. Ct. may 25 4-

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County of Pocahontas.

Court, A. N. Campbell.
Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
M. J. McNeel.
Co. Courts. J. J. Board.
C. O. Arbogast.
(C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannah
G. P. Moore.
Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

convenes on the first
April, 3rd Monday in June
day in October.
Court convenes on the 1st
January, March, October
Tuesday in July July in

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
ice in the courts of Poca-
hontas counties, and in
court of Appeals.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
ice in the courts of Poca-
hontas counties, and in
court of Appeals.

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ice in the courts of Poca-
hontas counties.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
ice in the courts of Poca-
hontas counties.

Attorney-at-Law.

Lewisburg, W. Va.
ice in the courts of Green-
briar counties.
attention given to claims for
Pocahontas county.

Attorney-at-Law.

Beverly, W. Va.
ice in the Circuit Court
the county.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.
WEYMOUTH.

Attorney-at-Law.

Beverly, W. Va.
t Pocahontas County ev-
and Fall. The exact
b visit will appear in
E.

Attorney-at-Law.

Huntersville, W. Va.



ACME Blacking
GREAT LABOR SAVER.
LASTS A WEEK.
DOESN'T AFFECT IT
REQUIRE.
A SHINY WATERPROOF.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The practical plain, young girl,
Not afraid of the rain young girl,
A poetical poy
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper of self young girl.
A home to her place young girl,
A never wilt face young girl,
A teller serene,
A life pure and clean
A princess of peace young girl.
A wear her own hair young girl,
A free from store young girl,
Improve every hour,
No sickly sunflower,
A wealth of rare sense young girl.
An early retiring young girl,
An active, aspiring young girl,
A morning ariser,
A dandy despoiser
A progressive American girl.
An honestly courting young girl,
A never seen flirting young girl,
A quiet and pure,
A modest, demure,
A fit for a wife young girl.
A sought everywhere young girl,
A future most fair young girl,
An ever discreet.
We too seldom meet,
This queen among queens young girl.
—Mrs E. E. Woods, in N. Y. World.

Old Siegel and His Son.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

Many years ago, while making a tour through that beautiful tract of mountain scenery in the south of Bavaria known as the Saltzgamm, I stayed for a fortnight at Berchtesgaden. I spent much of my time there in fishing for grayling and in taking to the chamois-hunters, with many of whom I had made acquaintance during a previous visit. I used often to sit for hours listening to their hunting stories, and on one occasion I hunted with them.

The mountains immediately around Berchtesgaden are kept as a royal chamois preserve, and as the King was expected to arrive shortly, none but his Majesty's own jugers were allowed, during the time I was there, to disturb the chamois.

I was, however, very anxious to have at least one day's sport, and arranged with old Siegel and his son Franz, chamois hunters whom I had known for some time, and on whom I could depend, to have a "jagd" on the morrow. Siegel persuaded Gotting, a friend of his, to come with us.

We started early in the morning, and after trailing for several hours up through the dark pine woods which became more scant and scrubby the higher we went, emerged at last on the open snowfields.

We now separated; Franz and Gotting made a long detour to the left, while Siegel and I hastened on to reach some commanding position above, in case any chamois were driven up. After an hour's more climbing, we halted on the top of a precipice, which shaped in the form of a crescent, made a complete cul de sac for any chamois driven up by our friends below.

We had hardly been watching ten minutes when two chamois appeared in sight, bounding up the mountain side and coming directly toward us. When the foremost had come within range, I fired and missed, as most men would have done, firing as I did at so small an object from a height almost perpendicularly above it.

The beast turned, and springing with wonderful speed over the sharp rocks, was soon out of sight. I fired a second shot just as they were disappearing, and think I struck one of them, but it continued to run, and we never saw it

the others time to overtake us.

Suddenly we heard, far down below us, a shot, and then all was again silent. We were much surprised, as it is one of the first rules in this kind of hunting never, except when absolutely necessary, even to raise the voice, much less, of course, to fire a rifle, which scares the chamois completely.

We knew that Gotting and Franz, directly below us as they were, could not possibly have seen a chamois, as our shots must have driven them quite out of reach. After a minutes anxious listening, we fancied we heard shouts, and fearing we knew not what, called loudly Franz's name.

We then heard—and this time quite distinctly—the voice of Gotting saying:

"Come down! come down! It's all over! Franz has shot himself!"

Siegel and I were standing together ankle deep in the snow. I glanced into his face, and I think I shall never forget the look of mingled saw there. Before I knew what he was about, he had seized his rifle, and presented the muzzle to his head, and was feeling with his foot in a frenzied manner for the trigger.

I snatched the piece away just in time; he did not try to recover it, but throwing himself on the snow, burst into a most passionate, most eloquent torrent of praise of his son's many virtues. He told me what a good son he had always been to him, anxious to fulfil his slightest wish.

I at length succeeded in partially soothing him, and in rousing him to action. We scrambled down as fast as we could guided by Gotting's shouts.

It was a long time before we reached them; to me it seemed an age. I accused myself of being the author of all this misery, and my anxiety was heightened by the reflection that we were in reality porching, and we should very likely, in consequence of this misfortune get into trouble on our return.

We found poor Franz lying shot through the back and in great pain among stunted "kule-holz"—a plant something like our whinabush. It appeared that he had, contrary to all juger rules, carried his rifle capped, and that in walking through the kule-holz, he had stumbled and fallen, and his rifle had somehow or other exploded, causing a severe wound.

We staunch the blood as well as we could with our handkerchiefs, and then held a consultation. Gotting said he knew of a chalet some way off to which he thought we might manage to carry Franz.

I fitted him up as carefully as possible, and walked for some way over the abominable kule-holz, which threatening to trip one up every moment. I managed, I think, to go about two hundred yards with my burden, and then, exhausted, had to lay him down. His father tried to carry him next, but unmoved and half-dropped by his team, had also soon to give it up.

Gotting was the only one of the party who could carry Franz to any great length of time over the rough ground we were now compelled to travel on; he was a small man but seemed to be when and unburdened.

It was, however, evident that the

slay with the wounded man, while Siegel and I should go forward and attempt to reach the chalet. Gotting was the only one of the party who had ever been there, and that was years before. He gave us directions how to find it.

We were to pass to the right or left of certain peaks he pointed out to us, and then he said we should see a large field of snow. We were to cross this, and the chalet was in a hollow about half a mile above and to the left.

Well, we started—Siegel and I—leaving all the provisions except a few sandwiches with Franz and Gotting. A weary walk brought us to the peak where, according to Gotting, we were to see the snow field. But there was nothing of the sort there; peak rose upon peak, but there was no great, level snow-field stretching away at our feet, such as he had described.

We looked at each other in dismay. To add to our distress, the weather, which had hitherto been beautiful, began to get overcast. Light wreaths of mist were setting on the highest summits of the mountain, sure signs of a coming storm.

However, there was no use in going back. We should perhaps not be able to find Franz and Gotting again if, bewildered as we now were, we attempted to get back to them. Our only chance was forward.

Tired and dispirited we walked on turning around only to look at the gathering clouds which were now pillowing themselves dark and threatening behind us. The wind, too began to rise. We determined to go downward; indeed, we were too much exhausted to go any higher, or waste any more time in looking for the chalet.

The ground seemed to get more rough the lower we went, and the tremendous gusts of wind which whistled round us made the descent most dangerous. Great, spattering raindrops now began to fall and we halted on a ledge of rock, utterly worn out.

The storm increased and in a short time was at its height. The rain came down in torrents, completely drenching us. The lightning with blinding flashes played all round, blessing and illuminating for an instant the awful grandeur of the scene, while the thunder pealed and crashed overhead, each crash and wall of rock echoing the sound and increasing it and hundred-fold.

We had thrown our rifles away, afraid that the lightning would strike them, and stood waiting for the storm to abate. When we resumed our descent we were trembling with cold in every limb. The air, which was warm enough before, was now chillingly cold and the wind drove snow and bits of ice against our faces with blinding force.

I went first, and for a long time neither of us spoke. Only when a particularly dangerous place was reached I gave the warning "Look to the right!" or "To the left!" as the case might be.

Siegel led the way when I was tired, and thus we proceeded with greatest caution, as a false step would have been almost certain death, till we got to more level ground.

Here we again encountered thickets of kule-holz. We were already

was a sheer descent of at least eighty feet.

This was a dreadful disappointment. We walked along the edge for some way, but as far as we could see the Wind extended for miles. I had already thrown myself on the ground and had given up all hopes of life, when a shout from Siegel who had gone on a little way, made me once more spring to my feet.

I hastened to him. He was standing over a narrow hole in the rock almost hidden by bushes of the kule-holz.

"We are saved! we are saved!" he cried. He explained to me how, when I had given up in despair, he suddenly thought that he remembered the place we were in, and had remembered, too, that if it were indeed the part of the mountain he supposed it to be, there was a circular hole in the rock forming the Wind by which the chamois hunters scaled this otherwise inaccessible place. He had gone on, had found the opening, and fearful of losing the spot had stood over it and called till I came.

We slid safely down this chimney like hole, which is not much more than twenty feet in depth, and easily descending the lower part of the Wind, which is here much broken, arrived, furnished and half frozen, at 10 o'clock at night, at a woodman's hut Siegel knew of in the valley below. Here we obtained warmth and shelter.

Three of the woodmen immediately started up the mountain and returned in a few hours with poor Franz, who was very much exhausted, not so much from cold—as Gotting had contrived to light a fire, and they had provisions—as from loss of blood.

I once asked Siegel what he would have done if he had not found that opening. "We should," he said, "have struck our alpenstocks into the ground, and have walked round them all the night to keep off sleep, which if it conquered us would, of course, have been fatal. If we lived till day broke we should have tried to find our way back to the others."

Whether we were likely to succeed in so doing, cold, hunger and exhausted as we were, the reader may judge.

As for Franz, he completely recovered from his wound, and I have hunted many a time with him since that memorable day.—Youth's Companion.

HOW'S THIS

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Dr. J. C. Cheney's Catarrh Cure.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

It is the undersigned, have known Dr. J. C. Cheney for the last 15 years, and he has been perfectly successful in all his cases of Catarrh and has been able to carry out any obligation made by them from.

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F. H. VAY, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O.

Half a Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

"I know that you love me," he said, sentimentally, as he held her to his vest. "I know that you love me," she repeated, "because when I lay my head against your breast your heart beats so loud that I can hear it." "That," gasped the poor fellow as the awful truth dawned

Subscribed by _____

Mr. Wm R. Thompson, Jr., of New York, for the plaintiff.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Huntersville, W. Va.
June 20 1889.

Jefferson Davis celebrated his eighty first birthday at Beauvoir last Monday. He was in fine health and spirits.

Old Inbal Early's speech at Winchester will be a godsend to the republican papers. The general stuck to it that the confederate cause was right, and was particularly rough on the confederates who have deserted since the war.

Humanity.
To the man gifted with sufficient spiritual strength to enable him to look over the heads of the crowd, humanity is a curious study.

From his perch on the edge of a cloud such a man can look down in wonder and pity on the restless throng—doing and nadoing, striving and suffering, sorrowing and sin-stricken. God has given to humanity the earth and the fullness thereof, and, not satisfied with the glorious heritage as it comes from His hand, mortals are forever struggling to make such changes as will adapt its conditions nearer in accordance with their erratic imagings.

As an illustration, there are the millions of treasure expended and the thousands of lives wasted in the attempt to break the continuity of the western hemisphere and send the blue billows of the Pacific and the wild breakers of the Atlantic dashing away to meet and embrace each other among the hills of Panama. The people of the east and the people of the west have, by much labor and pain, hung a rope of steel across the ocean, and, having caught the secret of the summer lightning, they talk in strange whispers from one side to the other of the world.

To mankind collectively, humanity is tender and charitable. To the individual, however, how un pitying it is. On the field of battle he who destroys most of his fellow creatures is the greatest hero. But he that kills his neighbor in a moment of passion is punished most unrelentingly, and above his devoted head the hand of the avenger is forever uplifted.

Ah, humanity, humanity! In its strange and unreasoning perversity the gentle voice of the living God is drowned by its unceasing clamoring. The moment that the soul awakes and finds itself an inhabitant of time, begins to plan some method to do. Wild and willful, prone to wonder, unstable in its convictions, and strange up-purges, carried by a thousand unceasing temptations.

"How the days make them!" came the longing cry from the soul and with the dawn of Calvary, Christ came and gave us the plan of the world's redemption. He entered Eden from the east, bearing the fruit of life, and he entered Calvary from the west, bearing the fruit of redemption.

the cry is wailing from the anguish-stricken heart of a suffering God. But its terror deepens and its passion intensifies as it goes wailing and echoing down the path of the ages, and every day and every hour and every moment—every heart-broth of time—is burdened by that woful refrain: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Some of the Great Floods of History Described.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

It becomes interesting to note some of the great floods of history. One of the most notable was that which, according to the old Historian Camden, washed away Earl Godwin's land on the coast of Kent, and left only the Godwin Sands. Holland has furnished many a coast flood. At Dort, in 1446, the sea broke in through the dykes and drowned the people of seventy-two villages, in all 100,000 persons. The dykes failed in 1530 and nearly 400,000 people died. The celebrated Ripon flood in Yorkshire, was in 1771, and in 1787 over 2000 persons lost their lives by the sudden torrents from the mountains of Navarra. In 1813 the overflow of the Danube drowned 3000 Turkish soldiers on a small island near Widen, and in Silesia the floods practically ruined the French army under McDonnell. The Vistula overflowed and broke its dykes in 1812 and swept away 10,000 cattle and 4000 houses.

Two famous floods in France were those of 1840 and 1846. The former was in the southeast, and upward of 1,000 houses were swept away by the Rhone. The other was in the central and south-western part of France, and destroyed \$20,000,000 worth of property, including numerous costly railroad viaducts.

By the bursting of the reservoir at Lorea, in Spain, twenty square leagues were devastated, and over 1,000 persons were drowned, April 11, 1802. The property damage was estimated at \$7,000,000.

The giving way of the dam of the Bradfield reservoir near Sheffield, England, on March 11, 1864, let loose a flood which swept fourteen miles of valley in two hours and caused a loss of \$1,800,000, besides drowning 250 persons. This is the disaster which is made to figure in Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place." The area of the Bradfield reservoir was seventy-eight acres, and its dam at the highest place was 95 feet high.

The Williamsburg, Mass., disaster was on May 17th, 1861. The dam of a 100 acre reservoir gave way, and \$1,000,000 worth of property was ruined. One hundred and fifty persons lost their lives.

The South Fork reservoir accident of Friday night surpasses all similar casualties in every respect. This reservoir had an area of over 2,800 acres, and its waters, when freed from confinement, devastated an area of hundreds of square miles.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL.

The Census Bureau issues an Important Circular Monthly Statistics.

The following is received from the Census Bureau:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
CENSUS OFFICE,
WASHINGTON D. C., May 1, 1889.
To The Medical Profession:

The various medical associations and the medical profession will be glad to learn that Dr. John B. Billings, Surgeon U. S. Army, has been appointed to take charge of the Bureau of the Mortality and Vital Statistics of the United States as returned by the Eleventh Census.

All the United States has no system of registration of vital statistics.

near an approximate estimate of the birth and death rates of much the larger part of the country, which is entirely unprovided with any satisfactory system of State and municipal registration.

In view of this, the Census Office, during the month of May this year, will issue to the medical profession throughout the country "Physician's Registers" for the purpose of obtaining more accurate returns of deaths than it is possible for the enumerators to make. It is earnestly hoped that physicians in every part of the country will co-operate with the Census Office in this important work. The record should be kept from June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890. Nearly 20,000 of these registration books were filled up and returned to the office 1880, and nearly all of them used for statistical purposes. It is hoped that double this number will be obtained for the Eleventh Census.

Physicians not receiving Registers can obtain them by sending their names and addresses to the Census Office, and, with the Register, an official envelope which requires no stamp will be provided for their return to Washington.

If all medical and surgical practitioners throughout the country will lend their aid, the mortality and vital statistics of the Eleventh Census will be more comprehensive and complete than they have ever been. Every physician should take a personal pride in having this report as full and accurate as it is possible to make it.

It is hereby promised that all information obtained through this source shall be held strictly confidential.

ROBERT P. PORTER,
Superintendent of Censuses.

Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. WOODWARD'S SWEET STARCH should always be used when children are eating teeth. It relieves the little sufferer from the pain, soothes the inflamed gums, produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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GOOD FLOUR.
24 cts pr. pound, meal 75 cts per bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also his flour of A. Barlow's Huntersville, and Barlow & Moore's, Eloy for 3 cts. mar. 28.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McIloughlin dec'd., are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all parties indebted to said David McIloughlin are required to come forward at once and settle up.

Respectfully,
Uman Haveren,
Admin'r of David McIloughlin dec'd.
June 20 4-w Green Bank W. Va.

The Sponge is Mightier than the Brush.



THROW AWAY THE SHOE BRUSH
and use a sponge and water, which will keep your shoes bright and clean if you use

Wolf's ACME Blacking

The women know a good thing and will have it, and the men ought to have it too. It is a good thing to have a little Wolf's ACME Blacking in the house. It is a good thing to have a little Wolf's ACME Blacking in the house. It is a good thing to have a little Wolf's ACME Blacking in the house.

CASTORIA

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARTHUR, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, Worms, gives sleep, and promotes the growth of the child. Without injurious medication.

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At the foot of the ALLEGANY MOUNTAIN on the Warm Springs Road Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class

WHISKIES, WINES & C., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO & C.

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All brands of
LIQUORS,
At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.
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Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

If you need a mower or reaper you will do well to communicate with the undersigned, who is agent for the celebrated
WALTER A. WOOD MACHINES.

All inquiries as to terms etc. will receive prompt attention.
Address,
I. B. MOORE,
Sunset, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
GEO. + W. + WAGNER, PROPRIETORS
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.
Charges reasonable.
Pay up and see for yourself.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting at this Lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

631

HOME NEWS

—We understand there will be a big picnic at Dunmore this year.

—There were a good deal of business done at this term of the Court.

—We will give the full proceedings of the Circuit Court next week.

—Lots of new subscribers this week.

—Thanks to those who paid no cash this week.

Go to John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12

—Good envelopes at THE TIMES office for 15c per 100.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12

—Hon. C. P. Dorr has retired from the Webster Springs Coll, and it will be conducted hereafter by Messrs R. S. Woodell and E. H. Martou. Success to the new managers.

Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made at John Wurts & Co., Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12

—We return thanks to the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, for invitation to the annual commencement and semi centennial celebration to be held there the 4th of July.

—The Greenbrier Independent, one of our very best weekly exchanges has passed its 24th birthday. It is welcomed by its many readers in Pocahontas, and may it long live and prosper.

—The Chancery suit of Frank Barrett vs. Wm. M. McAllister and others was at this term of the Court submitted to special Judge J. W. Arnette. The case was argued at length by C. F. Moore, of this place and R. B. Knight, of Charleston for the plaintiff, and C. P. Jones and John W. Stephenson for the defendants. A decree was entered in favor of the plaintiff for \$2500 and costs. There has never been a decision in this Court that excited more interest on the part of the people, nor one in which the oral argument was more entertaining. It is probable the case will be carried to the Court of Appeals.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

of Huntersville District will meet at Huntersville on Friday, June 22nd, 1899, for the purpose of settling with the clerk and attending to all other business that may be necessary. By order of the President, JAMES W. WARWICK, Jr., Secretary of Board.

Dunmore Doings.

R. P. Bloom, was in town last week.

The carding machine is in full blast at Dunmore.

There will be singing at the Cross Road school house on Sunday, 25th, at 2 p. m. Let all attend and bring your books.

L. N. Moore and family were on a visit to Edray last week.

J. W. Moore will start for Johns town, Pa. this week for his family.

Miss R. A. Smith's sister living at Johnstown, during the flood was saved.

Circuit Court Notes.

—Court can't convene on Monday 17th; Judge A. M. Campbell presiding.

—The lawyers attending Court from distant were C. P. Jones and L. H. Stephenson of Martinsburg, W. M. McAllister and John W. Stephenson of Charleston.

Lowmberg; Wm. Sloan, of Cayuga and E. H. Knight, of Charleston.

Quite a large crowd were in attendance Monday.

B. F. Hurlow, late proprietor of the Greenbrier Independent was among us.

We will give the proceedings next week.

Notes by the Way.

It is a matter far beyond thanks-giving and praise to witness the cheerful alacrity with which our people hasten to repair the effects of the recent flood.

During the whole spring season, there seemed to be unusual industry all over the county, clearing land, repairing fence, and improving roadways.

Taken for everything there is no region on the face of the earth, that surpasses West Virginia, and Potomac may be made equal to any county in the state, for all material comforts. Patient industry is sure of its reward in a region like this.

AN INTERESTING SUNDAY SCHOOL.

There is a flourishing Sunday school, at New Hope school house on Brown's Creek, near Huntersville, under the joint management of Mr. James W. Warwick and W. T. Moore.

On a recent Sabbath afternoon the writer witnessed a scene there, not to be met with in any other Sabbath school in the world.

The first Sabbath School ever taught in West Virginia, and for that matter, anywhere west of the Alleghenies was conducted by Mrs. Mary Warwick in her old age.

Though she was so infirm, that when seated, she could not arise from her chair without assistance, yet she would have her servants to place her on a horse, and she would ride four miles to a log school house located near what is now called the "Jerry Friel cabin" on Jacob Sharp's property, where she met her Sunday School. She was the only teacher, and would open her school at 8 or 9 o'clock and continue teaching until ten or two in the afternoon, then she would go to William Sharp's, rest awhile, take dinner and thereupon return to her home at Clover Lick.

One of her favorite scholars was little Lizzie Sharp, now known and much esteemed by many of your readers, as good old Aunt Bettie McEloughlin verging close to ninety years of age. She was at the Sunday School the afternoon referred to, and seemed interested in all that was going on. Mr. Warwick is a great, grand son, of her old Teacher, and Aunt Bettie says she can see her old Teacher's eye in Jimmy Warwick's head. It was a touching coincidence, that two such persons, should meet in Sabbath school, after seventy-five years should have passed away, and in if historic significance in the literature of Sunday school.

AN IMPRESSIVE BURIAL SCENE.

Last week the pleasing information was furnished by one of your correspondents and published, that Mrs. Florida Price, was thought to be better of her serious illness.

It now appears this was but a moment, for she died Tuesday morning, June 18th, aged 33 years. She was one of five daughters, in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Roy, near Elkwater, Randolph Co., West Va.

About two years since, she was married to J. Calvin Price, Esq., and soon after they took up their residence on Clover Creek.

Two little boys are left under her care, and a wide circle of relatives and attached friends, mourn the loss of a most excellent person.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, June 19th, she was buried from the Clover Lick Chapel followed by

who a. Ship was entered in the historic flower-bell graveyard, close to the grave of her great-grand mother Mary Warwick, mentioned in a former note.

Outside of the casket, the writer, has rarely seen a grave more beautifully adorned up. It was adorned with freshly cut turf, and adorned with crosses, and tastefully arranged garlands and wreaths of roses and evergreens.

The beautiful testimonies she bore of her confidence in the love and power of Jesus to save, are of the most consoling character.

Thinking of her, one is most touchingly reminded of these lines as beautifully appropriate

"She sleeps in the Valley so sweet,
About her the green willows wave,
We planted the rose at her feet,
To bloom and decay near her grave.
She sleeps in the valley so sweet,
No sound of her disturbs her repose;
So quiet in this calm retreat,
She rests safe, secure from life's woes.

How calmly she rested in God;
"To thy arms, O Saviour I come,"
Come quickly, come quickly, O Lord,
And welcome thy wanderer home.
She sleeps in the Valley so sweet,
Her spirit has taken its flight,
Her form is but dust under our feet,
While she is an angel of light.

W. T. P.

The Heroine of the Flood.

If the valley of Tennessee has its heroes it also has its heroines.

The story of one woman's sublime courage and unselfishness at its supreme moment of peril makes a bright page in the gloomy record of the Johnstown calamity.

Mrs. Ogle, the manager of the Western Union Telegraph office at Johnstown, stood by her key to the last. She was undisturbed time and again that certain death awaited her if she did not seek safety in flight. But the brave little woman thought of the thousands of people in the valley below and stuck to her post, sending out message after message of warning.

Suddenly a deafening roar filled the air, and a black wave, mountain high, could be seen rolling down upon the doomed city.

The pale-faced woman gave one look and dashed the tears from her eyes.

"This is my last message!" she cried, and turned to the operator at South Fork.

There was no time to find another word. The mud torrent struck the building and an instant later the lifeless heroine of the flood was washed through the raging waters, onward through the rocky mountain passes, and downward to the smiling plains below.

Thus bravest are the tenderest, and the tenderest are the bravest.

The Floods of the Future.

The Dunsmuir valley disaster must not be viewed simply as a calamity. It is a warning.

When the hounds invigilate Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, and carp invade the houses of that city, we see the shadows of coming events—something even worse than the Johnstown horror.

We have more than once pointed out in these columns the probable consequences of the floods that will visit this country in future. The destruction of our forests will make the cloud forest as familiar to us as the formula to the dwellers in our western plains. You remember, in his work on "The Influence of Forest Growth on Climate," says: "The old experience that the destruction of woods accentuates extremes, and more especially enhances the danger of floods, has not thus far been contradicted. Nay, it is rather confirmed by modern science in the instances which, in the North Tyrol, for example, recur so frequently, and which it is vainly sought to prevent by artificial works."

We are unforgetfully settling in our country the very machinery that must necessarily increase the area and the destructive power of these

floods, but we take no thought of the morrow. We read of half a million lives lost by the overflow of Yellow River in China, and smile when the comforting thought occurs to us that it is on the other side of the world. We hear of the cloud forest in the south of France after that region was stripped of its timber—cloud forest which turned cow-paths into slipping torrents and swept away houses, cattle and human beings. But all this, we say is in France. The awful warning comes nearer and in a desolating shape, from time to time, until we have its breathless culmination and climax at Johnstown.

The thoughtful observer who has watched these events, studied their lessons, and looked ahead into the future, can come to but one conclusion. A century hence Magnolia's New Zealander may not be here to shake his woolly head over our ruins, but the scientific and progressive American of that day will have many strange chapters of history to relate. He will tell his children the story of our scores of dead cities that went down in the black night of a mighty deluge. He will describe the destruction of Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and New Orleans. In Georgia and Tennessee he will name the cities of—but this comes too near home to be calmly discussed, and predictions would not be relaxed by any of us.

It is enough to say that a century hence, when the Intelligent American of that day takes a glance backward, he will bitterly denounce our criminal waste and neglect in the matter of forestry, and it will be a mystery in his eyes that we allowed so many warnings to pass on heedless and rushed on to our doom.

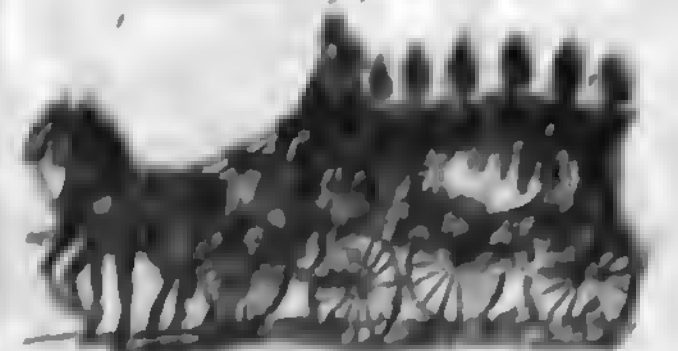
—Atlanta Constitution.



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A. R. SMITH, Academy, W. Va.



Wheeler's is prepared to furnish a delivery of goods upon very short notice and at reasonable prices.

Office to Take Applications
The mail truck leaves Frankford for Huntersville, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and from Huntersville for Frankford every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. Charges reasonable.

JOEL PLACK, Carrier.

Order of Publication.

K. S. Turk
Geo. W. McDonald
The object of this suit is to have partition made of three tracts of land, containing respectively 104, 244 and 157 acres of land lying on the waters of the Big Spring Branch of Elk River in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, between the plaintiff and defendant, and to Kujala and inhibit the defendant (George W. McDonald, and all others from cutting and removing the Merchantable timber from said lands until partition thereof is made.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant Geo. W. McDonald is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest in this suit. The plaintiff has executed this bond as required by the order granting said injunction.

Teste JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.
June 6 41 Printers fee \$2.42

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Silva vs. James P. Ginner and Wm. M. McAllister, on the 3rd day of April, 1899, I as special Commissioner appointed by said decree shall on the

14th DAY OF JUNE 1899 proceed in front of the Court house door of this County to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for Cash, a certain tract of land containing about 35 acres, the property of the defendant James P. Ginner situated on the waters of Stamping Creek, adjacent to the lands of the heirs of A. D. Ginner and others. This tract of land is fertile, productive and is a partial view of the town.

I, J. M. B. BEARD, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, certify that the above Commissioner has given bond as required by law.
JOHN J. BEARD, Clerk.
Printers fee \$2.70

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One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.25. After 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.
June 20 1889.

Faithful.

Two boys were at work rigging a small sailboat. It lay in an inlet on the New Jersey coast, and had been hired from them for the season by a stranger from New York.

"Come along, Bob," said of the boys. "It's all right now. We'll go to see the ball match, if we don't start at once."

Bob had taken down some of the old ropes, and had rigged the boat with new ones. The halyards he had not yet examined.

"They're all right," urged his companion, trying them,—"strong enough to last for years."

"No; I'll put in new halyards. I promised to make a thorough job of it."

"Theo you'll miss the game. I'm off."

Tom ran across the field; Bob hesitated as he looked after him. It was a sharp disappointment to miss the game. The old halyards were worn but they were still stout.

"They'll stand this summer well enough," muttered Bob.

Then with a quick, decisive movement he cut them, and proceeded to put in new ropes. "I'll make the job thorough," he said.

That very evening the New York gentleman took a party of his friends out for a sail, among them several persons whose lives were especially valuable to the community, and whose death would have been a calamity. When they were a mile from the land, a three squall struck the boat. They steered toward the shore. The boat was carrying too much sail for such a wind.

"The wind gives way we are going," said a physician to the party, in a low voice.

"It all depends on the halyards. They are new. But there's a terrific strain on them."

Every eye in the boat was upon the short knotted ropes. They creaked ominously; but they bore the strain, and in a short time the boat was driven up on the beach. Bob's boat late of new rope had saved the lives of all on board.—*Yonkers Compositor.*

TO THOSE OUT TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

He was a handsome rover,
And to France he did go over,
And he told there
Full of life there
That a Frenchman born was he;
And he now calls Paris, Paris,
And his sister Mary, Marie,
Here, his mother,
Here, his brother,
And his lady love, Marie.

A traveling man for a certain house was put in the winter chair. "Do you solemnly swear," said the clerk, "that the evidence you shall give in the case now on hearing, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" The man hesitated and then said, "I've been selling goods for and for five years, but I'll do my

best of a good fisherman is not a happy one, neither is it very remunerative. They have to make their money in a short season and they are liable to lose their lives, which sometimes get caught in passing vessels. The nets cost several hundred dollars each. The net consists of two rope lines, each about 1000 feet long, with small pieces of lead fastened to one line six feet apart and pieces of egg-shaped wood fastened to the other line. A fine line net with meshes three and a quarter to three and five eighths inches in size is strung on the lines, which are placed about twelve feet apart. The fishes are caught by the gills. Their head passes through the meshes, and when they try to retreat they are held prisoners by the silken twine. But if the nets are not lifted at the change of the tide they are liable to make their escape, and then there is mourning among the fishermen.

Two men operate a boat. The boats now used are thirty feet long and flat bottomed. They are cheaper than the keel boats and more stable. They are stout, and yet light and easy to handle. One man rows, and the other tends or throws the net, generally in the shape of a letter "L." When the net is cast, a line is fastened from the boat to the nearest end of the net, and away the party goes, drifting with the tide.

Sometimes the net is liable to catch on an obstruction or on the keel of a steamer or a tugboat, and then the net is damaged \$50 or more. After drifting with the tide for a time the men tending the net commence to haul in. Soon there is a splash, and a nice shad is found "gilled." Perhaps this is the only one, and maybe there are ten thirty or a hundred more.

Then the boat is rowed back over the course and the same routine is gone through until the tide changes or the fishermen are thoroughly exhausted. The fishing is done in the night, and when the air is clear and the moon shines out the sight presented by the hundreds of fishermen, with their white lamp lit boats, in a fine one. The fishermen have to suffer many hardships, though, on a foggy or cold night.

In the morning the fishermen carry their nets ashore and clean and mend them. They are then wound on a reel. The speculators that are to be found in every fishing town buy the shad and ship it to the city.

There is great rivalry among the fishermen to see who will catch the first shad. The lucky one receives \$10 from the speculators. A fisherman generally averages \$1000 for his season's labor.—*N. Y. Star.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

One of the essentials of sowing is a fertile soil.

Boys and girls are the best crop raised on the farm.

Every farm ought to have its experimental patch.

It is better to do harm every bull than to have one man killed.

Murdered potatoes have proved to be a remedy for the white grub.

The early killed in the early killed weed, and the weed that robs the crop least.

If you are careful to keep the furrows straight you will do faster and better plowing.

The smaller the field the more times required and the more land taken from cultivation.

A diversity of crops distillates work, receipts and expenses more evenly through the year and through the years.

The planter is injuring our apple. To prevent this eat plums among the apples. Spray the apple once, and the plums three times to drive the insect.

In no other way can the farmer so methodically do the work of nature to his advantage as by using the, for under drainage both lengthens

At the Theatre.—Johnson (riding excitedly): "Down with that red umbrella in the front!" Mrs. Johnson (drawing him back): "For mercy sake finish up! That ain't an umbrella; it's a new spring hat."

Mrs. Jason: "Jehiel was there ever any such person as the final killer?" Mr. Jason: "What Jehiel questions you do ask. How the dickens do I know? I never met him." Mrs. Jason: "Oh I know that."

Dinner-out: "Walter, how's this? I have just discovered a collar button in my soup." Walter: "Yes, sir, you're do lucky man. We has prize soup on Monday and Wednesday. A handsome gift in every twentieth plate."

Mendicant: Please help a poor blind man, Klod old lady: Blind? Why bless me, there's a shilling for you. Mendicant: Thank ye, heartily, an' then. I knowed the blind I see ye' couldn't ye was a kind hearted old woman.

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, exhibited a huge scar on his head, which looked as though it might have been made with a bro-shovel. The evidence was considered satisfactory.

Judge (to prisoner): "Your wife says you dragged her out of bed by the hair." Prisoner: "I didn't touch her hair, your honour. It was hanging on the back of a chair where she put it the night before." Case dismissed.

We are never weary of reading a good epitaph—one which indicates the work of a lifetime in a few short, crisp words. Here is one, for instance, which needs no explanation. It was inscribed on the tomb of a cannibal: "He loved his fellow-men."

Ragley (sternly): Aurelia, let this thing stop Mr. Do Twirligor. Aurelia: Oh; paw, do not forbid Albert the house. Ragley: He may come every night in the week if he pleases, but he shall not bring his dog into my parlor. Last night its howlings kept me awake for an hour. Aurelia: Why paw, that was Albert singing a selection from "Ermine."

Between the Acts.—"How truly rural that scene was," said a husband to his wife as the curtain descended after the first act, and then he went out to see a man. At the close of the play—it was a five act play—he again expressed his admiration for the truly rural scenery, but as he pronounced the "fooly loom" his wife got him home as quickly as possible.

Another praised the man very much and inquired who was his butcher. "His name is Addison," "Addison?" echoed the guest; "pray is he any relation to the poet?" "I can't say; but this I know, he is well-don without his steel by his side."

A GENTLEMAN, having been visited by Prostration, General Weakness, Premature Decay, and all the evil effects of early indiscretion and youthful folly, is anxious to make known to others the simple mode of self-cure. To those who wish and will give him their symptoms, he will send (free) by return mail a copy of the recipe, so successfully used in his case.

Address in confidence, JAMES W. FRY, 212 Cedar St., N. Y.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

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I am prepared to make in the best style and order, Boots and Shoes of all kinds, also repairing done in neat style. May 16 6 m. J. C. THOMPSON

IF YOUR BACK ACHES
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing. It is general debility. Try **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**. It will cure you and give a good appetite. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

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CURE SICK
Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as: Dizziness, Nausea, Dropsical, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the base of so many ills that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. **CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.**

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

WILKINSON'S DIRECT TO CONSUMER
Selling 25 to 40 per cent.
No Middleman's Profit
See list of traveling men.
Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.
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EXTRA GIFTS \$1,000.00 CASH. 100 WATCHES.

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In order that we may secure 100,000 subscribers to *Washburn's Home Journal* we have decided to distribute to them on July 1st, 1890, a **CASH PRIZE** of \$1,000.00, and 100 **WATCHES**, each worth \$10.00, and 100 **COPIES** of the *Washburn's Home Journal*, each worth \$1.00, to the 100,000 subscribers who have secured the same by July 1st, 1890.

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LIST OF PRIZES.

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Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Representing Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, J. J. Beard.
Recorder, C. O. Arbogast.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 1st Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Monday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is every term.

F. MOORE.
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

M. MCCLINTIC.
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
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A. STOFER.
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S. RUCKER.
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
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W. ARBUCKLE.
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

L. KEE.
Atty.-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

J. J. RYDER.
Atty.-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

D. J. R. WEYBURN.
DENTIST,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in Pocahontas County and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

R. J. SCOTT & SURGEON,
Huntersville, W. Va.



WATERPROOF BOOTS

Little Beer.
Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
In your meek and lowly sphere,
Many a thirsty neck you wet,
Drowning many a vain regret,
In your song there's lots of cheer,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
Place my name on record here,
That all the liquids known,
From temperate to intemperate zone,
Standest thou without a peer,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
I do love thee. Yes, I fear
My affections too intense,
Cling around thee deep and dense,
Loved not wisely, but too dear,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
Stream of amber bright and clear
Do you mind the days that I
Tried to drink the brewery dry?
Oft you got me on my ear,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle little beer,
Ah! How many a bitter tear
Sparkles in thy shining foam—
Many a desolated home—
Many a sorrow, dark and drear,
Little beer!

Gurgle, gurgle, little beer,
You may think it rather queer,
But I feel that I must shun
You or give the job up, one.
No more schooner will I steer,
Little beer!

—M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Constitution.

Three Marine Mysteries.

I suppose that a hundred ships come and go where one is lost, but when one reflects on the dangers to which they are exposed he must marvel that so many escape. I saw a list of thirty-six missing ships the other day, missing from American English and French ports, and the fate of each was unknown or guessed at. Say that half of them foundered in mid-ocean, five were run down in collision, five more were wrecked on capes or shoals where all hands perished, and what became of the rest? Say that three of the remainder were destroyed by fire and what fate shall we attach to the other five? From the moment a vessel leaves port to begin her voyage she is exposed to danger, and though a sailor may be ever so brave and hardy, he cannot shake off the knowledge that he lives on the verge of the grave. There are gales, and fogs, and collisions, and fire, and hidden rocks, and powerful currents; and so I repeat that it is a marvel more sailing craft are not added to the long some list of missing which is recorded year by year.

In the year 1885, as the British bark Lord Oldham, of which I was second mate, was approaching the Canary Islands, and when about 150 miles distant, we were caught in the tail end of a cyclone and badly knocked about. We got out with some slight loss and a great deal of discomfort, and were bearing up again to our course when a great calamity happened. Half an hour before midnight, while the bark was doing her best under a fresh breeze, a sudden and great shock was felt. Her masts went by the board, and as I reached the deck, a minute after the shock, the hull seemed to split open from stem to stern. I had gone below to get a glass of bitter, leaving the deck only thirty seconds before the shock came. I was knocked down and confused, but it could not have been over sixty seconds before I regained the deck. It was not in time to be carried overboard. I went with a lot of rifle, from the deck, and used the frightened crew of the bark and a quarter of an hour later, when I had looked out all the gunnery of the vessel, I

and my watch certainly all wide awake at the moment of the collision. The only explanation I can give is that they were somehow caught and crushed. I drifted during the rest of the night, and was picked up in the morning by a vessel bound to. By that time the wreckage had drifted apart until nothing could be found. Nothing whatever was picked up or cast upon any shore, and had I not been saved, the fate of the bark could only have been guessed at.

What did she collide with? The lookouts were on the bow, and alert and the night so clear that a ship could have been seen a mile away. The chart showed clear water for a hundred miles about, and we must have run full tilt upon some vessel which had been dismantled and bilged in the hurricane. If loaded with timber, her decks would have been awash, and she would have been as bad as a rock to collide with. There was only one shock, and the whole bows of the bark were crushed in by it.

Three years later, while off the Banks of Brazil in a small English ship called the White Cloud, another strange thing happened. I was first mate of this ship, and about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the weather being very blue and the wind light, I had all the men on deck setting up the rigging, some of which had slackened away. A man aloft suddenly hailed the deck with the information that a large whale was bearing down on the ship head on. We were a merchant vessel, and the sight of a whale had no interest for us. We went on with our work for three or four minutes, when the man again hailed me with:

"It that fellow holds his course he will be dead on to us. He's a big fellow, and coming like an iron steamer."

I ran forward to get a look, and the sea was so smooth that I had no difficulty in making out the whale. He was still a mile away, coming down at about steamer speed, and holding a course as straight as if somebody ahead of him was steering by compass. I was not a bit alarmed, expecting to see him show flukes every moment, but the Captain came on deck and ordered the man at the wheel to break off two or three points. This brought the whale on our port bow. As I told you, I expected to see him show every moment. It was astonishing that he had not discovered us long before. I could scarcely believe my eyes as he held on, and by and by we had him alongside. I am telling you the truth when I say he actually rubbed us as we passed each other, and the odor of him was so rank that some of the men cried out in disgust. That whale was ninety feet long. He was so thick, and he had a head on him like a brick wall. So far as we could see he was carrying no harpoon and had no trunk wound, but he was much grown and formed as if he had knocked about for a couple of hundred years. The fact of his holding his own in such a full headed way was alarming, and when we were clear of him we fell to congratulating our crew over the close shave.

We were perhaps a mile apart when the whale showed around. The man at the wheel discovered what he was doing, so that he did not intend to attack. The fellow had not died until we could not

men were ordered to get water and provisions into her, and as the whale headed up for us we went off before the light breeze to give him all the room we could. Three or four minutes settled the question of whether he was after the ship or sailing his own course. He headed up for her, coming faster and faster, and when he was two cables length away there was a great white wall of water rolling before him, and his speed was from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. He struck us full on the starboard quarter, and the shock was as if two ships had collided. Planks and ribs gave way before him, and as he receded from the blow our ship settled down stern first and was under water within two minutes. Everybody was knocked down by the shock, and everybody got up to rush for the yawl. I was snatched down almost as soon as I reached my feet, and after a struggle, in which I came out first best by a close shave, I was shot to the surface amid a lot of deck rattle. There were two or three men around me at first, and as I was heaved up I caught sight of the yawl with at least two men in her. The whale was still at hand, lying very quiet, but I feared he would soon be aroused and attack us in turn, and I seized the galley door and paddled away to get out of his reach. While doing this a squall came down and hung on for twenty minutes, and when it had passed I could see nothing of him nor whale.

That afternoon, an hour before sundown, I was picked up by the American whaler Richard Knox. She already had our yawl, which she had found bottom up, but had not seen any of the men nor met with any wreckage. I was again the only one saved, and but for my testimony the fate of the ship would have forever remained a mystery. As to why the whale attacked us was made more clear after my rescue. The Knox had raised and chased him the evening before, and he had been "galled" or annoyed so often during the month past that he had become ugly. He came for us with the intention of sending the ship to the bottom, and he succeeded only too well in carrying out his purpose.

A third mystery was the case of the Janet Wilcox, an American brig bound for Rio de Janeiro. I was second mate of her when the owner raised her. We had had bad weather for a good store at the voyage, but the trip was new and staunch, and was at no time in imminent peril. About 300 miles off Rio, while enjoying a bit of good weather, we came morning round a long point full of men dead ahead of us. Indeed, the boat had taken down her sail and was waiting for us to come up. There were two men dead ahead of her, and they had plenty of water and provisions. The story they told was that they were a part of the crew of a large British ship which had been burned two days before. They claimed that all had got off in the launch, but that the boat had become separated in the heavy weather. They were a hard looking lot, composed of all nationalities, and when we had taken them aboard our captain was by no means satisfied with their story. One of them claimed to be second mate, and as the crew had all got off in two boats, it was a

so all hands were ordered to keep an eye on the fellows.

We got a good start of wind and had run down to within fifty or sixty miles of the coast when the fellows showed their hands. They had been allowed to mingle freely with our crew, but had carefully abstained from a remark to indicate that they had an evil purpose in view. Their boat was large and unwieldy, and we had towed it as far as rather than to cast it loose or to attempt to hold it upboard. I was on watch from eight to twelve, and nothing suspicious occurred during the first three hours. About 11 o'clock, as I stood near the man at the the wheel, I was hailed from the foremast with:

"Mr. Morlin, will you please step forward and take a look at something we can't make out!"

I afterward recalled that it was not the voice of one of my watch, but I did not heed the matter at the time. I started forward, and had reached the waist of the vessel when two men seized me, lifted me clear of the deck, and before I could recover from my astonishment was flung overboard head first. It was more by instinct than any plan of my own that I swam for the boat towing astern. Had the brig not been sailing close hauled, and therefore sailing at a moderate pace, I should not have reached it. It was a close shave, and as I hung to the gunwale for a moment I heard a great confusion on the brig. It was mutiny, of course, and I was the first victim. My idea was to get aboard again as soon as possible, and the only way was to get in into the yawl, pull her close up, and then show up the painter. After an effort or two I pulled myself in, and just then there were oaths and cries and pistol shots from the brig, followed by a couple of splashes alongside, which meant that two bodies, living or dead, had gone overboard. I had held of the painter when it was loosened from above, and I drifted rapidly astern. The fight continued as long as was within hearing. I was out of it entirely and could only hope that our crew, who were all good men, would overcome the ruffians in the struggle.

After the brig was out of sight I got sail on the boat, and followed her to the best of my judgment. It was fast in the gray of morning that I was picked up by a British ship bound into Rio. It wasn't so very mysterious that we picked up the boat and that her crew attempted our capture, but it certainly was queer that from the hour she left me to this day that tag has never been heard of. But for my escape she would have been rated as lost, and the insurance paid. As it was the insurance company contested payment, and won their case in court. The insurance of that day, at least, did not provide for any such emergency. The naval and merchant service of every power was notified of the circumstances, and for two or three years every man was under observation, but the tag was never overhauled, nor any of her old crew heard of. My idea is that she foundered within a few days with all hands, but afterward I saw a certain ship as the men said, nor was any tag heard of. They said that they must have been lying in wait for her, but I am sure that they would not

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff,
Clk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r of Co. Ct. (C. E. Beard, Pres't.
S. B. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE.
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W. L. KEE.
Atty. at-Law,
Martinsburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County.

F. J. STUBBS.
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
D. J. K. WYCKOFF.
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

PH. LEONE, DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the Times.

J. E. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.



WATERPROOF BOOTS
MADE IN AMERICA

Little Beer.
Gurgie, gurgie, little beer,
In your meek and lowly sphere,
Many a thirsty neck you wet,
Drowning many a vain regret,
In your song there's lots of cheer,
Little beer!

Gurgie, gurgie, little beer,
Place my name on record here,
That all the liquids known,
From temperate to intemperate zone,
Standest thou without a peer,
Little beer!

Gurgie, gurgie, little beer,
I do love thee. Yes, I fear
My affections too intense,
Cling around thee deep and dense,
Loved not wisely, but too dear,
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Stream of amber bright and clear
Do you mind the days that I
Tried to drink the brewery dry?
Oft you got me on my ear,
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Ah! How many a bitter tear
Sparkles in thy abiding foam—
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You or give the job up, one.
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In the year 1885, as the British bark Lord Obilom, of which I was second mate, was approaching the Canary Islands, and when about 150 miles distant, we were caught in the tail end of a cyclone and badly knocked about. We got out with some slight loss and a great deal of discomfort, and were heading up again to our course when a great calamity happened. Half an hour before midnight, while the bark was doing her best under a fresh breeze, a sudden and great shock was felt. Her masts went by the board, and, as I reached the deck, a minute after the shock, the hull seemed to split open from stem to stern. I had gone below to get a glass of bitter, leaving the deck only thirty seconds before the shock came. I was knocked down and contused, but it could not have been over thirty seconds before I regained the deck. It was just in time to be carried overboard. I went with a lot of rattle, from the deck, and amid the frightful cries of the men, and a quarter of an hour later, when I had looked up all the corners of the horizon, I

and my watch certainly all while awake at the moment of the collision. The only explanation I can give is that they were somehow caught and crushed. I drifted during the rest of the night, and was picked up in the morning by a vessel bound in. By that time the wreckage had drifted apart until nothing could be found. Nothing whatever was picked up or cast up on any shore, and had I not been saved, the fate of the bark could only have been guessed at.

What did she collide with? The lookouts were on the bow, and alert and the night so clear that a ship could have been seen a mile away. The chart showed clear water for a hundred miles about, and we must have run full tilt upon some vessel which had been dismantled and blighted in the hurricane. If loaded with timber, her decks would have been awash, and she would have been as bad as a rock to collide with. There was only one shock, and the whole bows of the bark were crushed to by it.

Three years later, while off the Banks of Brazil in a small English ship called the White Cloud, another strange thing happened. I was first mate of this ship, and about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the weather being very fine and the wind light, I had all the men on deck setting up the rigging, some of which had slackened away. A man aloft suddenly hailed the deck with the information that a large whale was bearing down on the ship head on. We were a merchant vessel, and the sight of a whale had no interest for us. We went on with our work for three or four minutes, when the mate again hailed me with:

"If that fellow holds his course he will be dead on his back. He's a big fellow, and coming like an iron steamer."

I ran forward to get a look, and the sea was so smooth that I had no difficulty in making out the whale. He was still a mile away, coming down at about steamer speed, and holding a course as straight as if somebody aboard of him was steering by compass. I was not a bit alarmed, expecting to see him show flukes every moment, but the Captain came on deck and ordered the man at the wheel to break off two or three points. This brought the whale on our port bow. As I told you, I expected to see him soon every moment. It was astonishing that he had not discovered us long before. I could scarcely believe my eyes as he held on, and by and by we had him along side. I am telling you the truth when I say he actually ridged us as we passed each other, and the odor of him was so rank that some of the men cried out in disgust. That whale was ninety feet long. He was on luck, and he had a load on him like a brick wall. So far as we could see he was carrying no harpoons and had no trash wound, but he was moss grown and burrled as if he had knuckled about for a couple of hundred years. The fact of his holding his own in such a bull-headed way was alarming, and when we were clear of him we felt by congratulating ourselves over the close shave.

We were perhaps a mile apart when the whale started around. The moment we discovered what he was doing we knew that he meant to attack. The boats had

men were ordered to get water and provisions into her, and as the whale headed up for us we went off before the light breeze to give him all the room we could. Three or four minutes settled the question of whether he was after the ship or sailing his own course. He headed up for her, coming faster and faster, and when he was two cables' length away there was a great white wall of water rolling before him, and his speed was from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. He struck us full on the starboard quarter, and the shock was as if two ships had collided. Planks and ribs gave way before him, and as he recoiled from the blow our ship settled down stern first and was under water within two minutes. Everybody was knocked down by the shock, and everybody got up to rush for the yawl. I was sucked down almost as soon as I reached my feet, and after a struggle, in which I came out first best by a close shave, I was shot to the surface amid a lot of deck rattle. There were two or three men around me at first, and as I was heaved up I caught sight of the yawl with at least two men in her. The whale was still at hand, lying very quiet, but I feared he would soon be aroused and attack us in turn, and I seized the galley door and paddled away to get out of his reach. While doing this a squall came down and hung on for twenty minutes, and when it had passed I could see nothing of boat nor whale.

That afternoon, an hour before sundown, I was picked up by the American whaler Richard Knox. She already had our yawl, which she had found bottom up, but had not seen any of the men nor met with any wreckage. I was again the only one saved, and but for my testimony the fate of the ship would have forever remained a mystery. As to why the whale attacked us was made more clear after my rescue. The Knox had raised and chased him the evening before, and he had been "galled" or annoyed so often during the month past that he had become angry. He came for us with the intention of sending the ship to the bottom, and he succeeded only too well in carrying out his purpose.

A third mystery was the case of the Janet Wilcox, an American brig bound for Rio Janeiro. I was second mate of her when the occurrence took place. We had had weather for a good start of the voyage, but the brig was now and then at anchor, and was at anchor in front of Rio. About 300 miles off Rio, while enjoying a bit of good weather, we one morning raised a long line of men dead ahead of us. Indeed, the boat had taken down her sail and was waiting for us to come up. There were nine men aboard of her, and they had plenty of water and provisions. The story they told was that they were a part of the crew of a large British ship which had been burned two days before. They claimed that all had got off in the boats, but that the boats had become separated in the heavy weather. They were a hard looking lot, composed of all nationalities, and when we had taken them aboard our captain was by no means satisfied with their story. One of them claimed to be second mate, and as the crew had

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"Mr. Merlin, will you please step forward and take a look at something we can't make out?"

I afterward recalled that it was not the voice of one of my watch, but I did not heed the matter at the time. I started forward, and had reached the water of the vessel when two men seized me, lifted me clear of the deck, and before I could recover from my astonishment was flung overboard head first. It was more by instinct than any plan of my own that I swam for the boat towing astern. Had the brig not been sailing close hauled, and therefore sailing at a moderate pace, I should not have reached it. It was a close shave, and as I hung to the gunwale for a moment I heard a great confusion on the brig. It was motiny, of course, and I was the first victim. My idea was to get aboard again as soon as possible, and the only way was to get in into the yawl, pull her close up, and then climb up the painter. After an effort or two I pelted myself in, and just then there were oaths and cries and pistol shots from the brig, followed by a couple of splashes alongside, which meant that two bodies, living or dead, had gone overboard. I had hold of the painter when it was loosened from above, and I drifted rapidly astern. The fight continued as long as was within hearing. I was out of it entirely and could only hope that our crew, who were all good men, would overcome the mutineers in the struggle.

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HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 1, A. F. & A. M. The
 time of regular meeting of this
 Lodge is on the Friday evening pre-
 ceeding each Full Moon, unless the
 Moon falls on Friday, then on that
 evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
 S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

631

HOME NEWS

—Levi Guy, Esq., was in town Tuesday.

—Some of our townsmen have been catching some nice bass, lately.

—Atty. L. M. McClintic and wife are visiting his parents at Buckeye.

—A little fire has been quite com-
 fortable in the mornings and even-
 ings for the past few days.

Go to John Wurts & Co., Frank-
 ford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and
 Self Binders. May 9-12

—Good envelopes at THE TIMES
 office for 15c per 100.

—Dr. Heskiah McClintic, of Mo.,
 and Geo. McClintic of Corington,
 were in town last Saturday.

John Wurts & Co., of Frankfort,
 W. Va., will be here during June
 Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't
 buy until you see them. May 9-12

—Mrs. Joe Smith, and daughter,
 of Mill Point, passed through town
 Monday on their way to Green
 Bank.

Buy the Deering Mowers and
 Self Binders, the best machines
 that's made at John Wurts & Co.,
 Frankfort, W. Va. May 9-12

—Mr. J. B. Curry, of Mill Point,
 and Miss Ruelle Nottingham, of
 Green Bank made us a pleasant
 call Monday.

—The stable of Attorney L. M.
 McClintic was broken open, and
 his horse taken out and ridden
 Tuesday night.

—I've read a history of the
 Johnstown flood, send to C. B.
 Switzer, Danmore, who will fur-
 nish you a copy as soon as they are
 out.

—Atty L. M. McClintic, D. A.
 Fisher and R. F. White, have gone
 to Williams river, to spend a few
 day fishing.

—We wish some body would
 bring us a mess of fish. Here we
 have to stay all the time, in old
 newspapers and dirt, up to our ears
 and work like a dog on aigger, and
 can't get a chance to go fishin'.

—W. Anderson and Mr. Sam.
 Gay, better known as "Devil Sam,"
 of near Edray, and Miss Oenna,
 daughter of Mr. A. M. Taylor, of
 Williams river will be married next
 Wednesday.

—Wood heading is getting to be
 a common occurrence about town
 and we are afraid wood won't
 be so plentiful during the
 summer. They say we are
 to stop cutting since "Mr. Face-
 book" is out of the administration.

Do you know

For corn that will shine,
 go to the mill and work
 the mill when you can.

The 1st of June is coming and
 we'll have a good crowd and
 make the day a success.

Capt. Z. Smith is off to Rou-
 verette.

D. R. M. Elmer is off to Maxton
 C. B.

Dr. Jno. Taggart is off to Wheeling
 to get some medicine and get
 his mail.

—Aunt A. Taylor and wife are off
 to the mill.

—Mrs. J. Taylor is off for Blount
 Co.

—Mr. J. Taylor is visiting here.

—Mrs. Taylor and Miss Taylor are
 off to the mill and dipping at Edray
 Co.

—Aunt A. Taylor is off to the
 mill.

—The mill is off to the mill.

place on Sunday, the 30th, at 2, p.
 m.

Part of the timbermen are get-
 ting out with timber on Greenbrier
 river.

Dr. Lacy, will preach at Claver
 Link on Sunday 30th inst.

Mrs. Boyd Bartlett, of Mill Point,
 is visiting friends in this section.

Rev. Jasper Sharp and family of
 Beverly, W. Va., are visiting rela-
 tives in this county.

—Couldn't some one give us a
 snake story about a foot long.

Morgan Wickman has been on
 the sick list for a few days.

Success to THE TIMES.

TOM SAWYER.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

Court convened on Monday 17th,
 with Judge A. N. Campbell on the
 bench:

CHANCERY CASES.

C. L. Austin & Co. vs. Wm. F. Ar-
 bust & Co. No. 1, decree of parti-
 tion; No. 2 and 3 decree of sale.

Hugh M. Carpenter's adm'r vs.
 Margaret M. Carpenter & Co., order
 of reference.

Susan C. Pyles vs. Jas. Pyle's
 Heirs, decree confirming assign-
 ment of widows dower.

Allen D. Grimes' adm'r vs. Allen
 D. Grimes' Heirs & Co., decree con-
 firming sale.

Geo. C. Hill's Adm'r vs. Rebecca
 J. Hill & Co., order of reference.

Jno. W. McNeel's Adm'r vs. Jno.
 W. McNeel's Heirs & Co., decree con-
 firming sale.

Jno. Sharp's Adm'r vs. Jno.
 Sharp's Legatees, cause dismissed.

Jas. Pyles' Adm'r vs. Jas. Pyles'
 Heirs & Co., cause dismissed.

Frank Barret vs. Wm. M. Mc-
 Alister & Co., decree entered in favor
 of Plaintiff.

STATE CASES.

Perry Townsend A. & B. No. 1,
 judgment on confession, and fined
 \$25; No 2 carrying deadly weapons,
 found guilty.

Jane Allen, A. & B., not pros.

Wm. Hill, A. & B., found not
 guilty.

Sallie Hill, A. & B. found guilty
 and fined \$1.00.

Adam Polin, No. 4, unlawfully
 selling liquor, found not guilty.

A. J. Kertner, unlawfully selling
 liquor, judgment confessed.

J. D. Hamilton A. & B. judgment
 confessed.

W. L. Taylor, A. & B. found not
 guilty.

Z. T. Welch, selling dead-
 ly weapons to minor, found not
 guilty.

J. B. Apperson, unlawfully distil-
 ling, judgment confessed.

Jno. A. Alderman, misdeamea-
 nor, not pros.

Suicide in Irish Corner.

On last Friday, the 14th, Dr. M.
 A. Gates was summoned to the
 scene of a tragical occurrence, by
 which a human soul was hurried in-
 to eternity. On that morning Mrs.
 Mary Mann, wife of Davis A. Mann,
 farmer, living in Irish Corner, dis-
 trict, about two miles south of Rou-
 verette, hung herself in a granary,
 between the hours of 8 and 10 a.m.

On receipt of the intelligence
 Justice T. H. Adgill summoned a
 coroner's jury and proceeded to
 hold an inquest, by which the fol-
 lowing facts were developed:

Davis A. Mann, husband of the
 deceased testified that he had been
 away that morning to a neighbor's
 on business. His wife had spent
 the night at her mother's, about one
 mile from home, and returned home
 about 8 o'clock a.m. He returned
 about ten a.m., and not finding his
 wife about the house, began to look
 for her. Not seeing her, he returned
 to the house for some tobacco,
 which he always kept in a partition
 in place in a drawer. On opening
 the drawer he found a note at which
 the following is the substance:

"I hope the Lord will
 bless you for you have done all you
 could to get me well, but my heart
 had got so sick as that I was no
 longer able to stay in a body else-
 where, so I have decided to take
 my own life."

people would not see me. I got in
 such a fix that I wasn't allowed to
 live any longer. Had ideas run in
 all your troubles. I never thought
 that I would ever have to take my
 own dear life. You done all you
 could."

On reading the note he hurried
 out to a small out-house (used for
 a granary) where he found her ly-
 ing on the floor. She had made a
 slip noose with a piece of cord
 about the size of wood twine, put it
 around her neck, tied the end to a
 rafter, and lay down. He did not
 touch her being satisfied she was
 dead, but ran to a neighbor's and
 gave the alarm.

Dr. Gates, the family physician,
 testified that she was of sound
 mind, but that ill-health had prob-
 ably destroyed her desire to live.
 Her death was the result of strang-
 ulation, and the character of the
 surroundings indicated delirium.
 as she could easily have saved
 herself.

A neighbor woman testified that
 only an hour before the occurrence
 she overheard deceased remark
 that she was tired of living.

The jury returned a verdict that
 the deceased came to death by her
 own hand.

Mrs. Mann was the daughter of
 Mr. George W. Morgan, and was
 about 24 years of age. She was
 buried on Friday in the Morgan
 graveyard.—Greenbrier Messenger.

What Do they do With It

We know what the young men
 graduates will do with the book
 learning, be the same much or lit-
 tie, which lies back of the diploma.
 They will try to get a living with
 it; and as their learning has been
 more or less practical their chances
 will be better or worse. The young
 man just from college is expected
 to find or make a way to apply
 what he has learned.

What about the young women
 graduates? What are they going
 to do with it? What can they do
 with it? Fewer avenues being open
 to them, their course of instruction
 should have been on lines the most
 practical, the most likely to fit them
 for usefulness to themselves and
 society. Little dashes of polite
 learning not too well learned are
 but a thin veneer on a very slight
 foundation.

The day is coming when the girls
 of America as well as the boys will
 be educated to do something that
 will bring them a living. An ill-
 young woman in a family will be no
 better thought of than an idle
 young man.—Edy.

The Republic—"Her Mark."

Some of the newspapers are
 printing a fac simile of the auto-
 graph of Abraham Lincoln's mouth-
 or.

Plain Sarah Lincoln signed a doc-
 ument in a very simple and old-
 fashioned way. A friendly hand
 traced her name, with the explana-
 tory words, "Her mark," and Sa-
 rah then made the familiar "X."

That one mark is an epitome of
 the history of the republic. From
 such crude and simple beginnings
 have sprung our culture and civil-
 ization. Humble Sarah Lincoln
 gave to the world a man who wrote
 his name in imperishable letters of
 light on one of the proudest pages
 of our minds.

It is the story of the republic—
 out of the depths to the highest
 place in the temple of fame—out of
 the darkness and into the light—
 Abraham's Constitution.

Gov. Lee has heard a requisition
 upon the Governor of Missouri for
 Robert Warwick, who was indicted
 in the County Court of Highland
 county, Va., in January, 1884, for
 the murder of E. D. Atchison. War-
 wick made his escape from jail af-
 ter the killing of Atchison, and
 eluded arrest until a few days ago
 when he was captured in Shelby

Ex Senator Cameron, of Pa., is
 very ill.

The Prohibition Amendment was
 defeated in Pennsylvania by 200,
 000 majority.

A policeman was shot badly but
 not fatally, in Wheeling, on the
 11th, by a man whom he attempted
 to arrest.

It is said that a cousin of the rich
 Astor family in New York recently
 committed suicide to avoid starva-
 tion. "This is a sad world, after all."

Mrs. Hayes, the wife of ex Presi-
 dent Hayes, was stricken with ap-
 plexy on the 21st inst., at her home
 in Fremont, O.

In England and France many
 women dress in men's clothes all
 the time. They claim that when
 they pass themselves off for men
 they get better wages and suffer
 less annoyance.

Sitting still gives indications of
 reminding a "bad Indian" for a
 while longer. It was thought that
 he was about to check his baggage
 for the happy hunting grounds a
 few days ago, but he is now report-
 ed as recovering. The doughty
 chieftain may be old, but he seems
 to still be very tough.

A young man named Joseph
 Smith, on the 2d, threw a stone at
 the cars as they were passing Wey-
 or's Cave Station, on the Shenan-
 doah Valley Road, at high speed.
 It struck the cars, and rebounding
 struck Smith on the head, killing
 him instantly.

William Nye has sailed for
 Europe to interview the queen. But
 Mr. Nye cannot get an audience
 with her maj. Court etiquette re-
 quires that all persons visiting the
 queen should comb their hair. Mr.
 Nye has no hair to comb, and con-
 sequently he will be compelled to
 play in the backyard with the
 queen's grand children and have his
 dinner sent to him.

GRAND PICNIC.

On July the 4th, there will be a
 basket picnic near Danmore. A
 large platform is erected for dan-
 cing. Good music will be in atten-
 dance. Refreshments on the ground
 and flying balloons and other
 amusements.
 Everybody is invited.
 By order of Committee.

Administrator's Notice.

All parties interested in the estate
 of David McLaughlin deceased are
 required to present the same at once to his ad-
 ministrator for payment, and all parties
 indebted to said David McLaughlin are
 required to come forward at once and
 settle up.

Respectfully,
 EDWARD McLAUGHLIN
 Adm'r of David McLaughlin deceased
 June 20 4-w
 Green Bank W. Va.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.

AND GO TO—

McLAUGHLIN & DOYLE'S

Where you can see a large assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER

Ready Made Clothing,

Also a new line of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, ladies gents, and chil-

dren's SHOES, and the latest styles in ladies

HATS, just from New York.

Call and see them, and we assure polite and careful attention will be

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They are also proprietors of

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A. R. SMITH,
 Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver
 coffins upon very short notice and at
 reasonable price.

Address: Main St.

The following Advisory accounts are
 located at for settlement:
 C. I. Austin Adm'r of Estate of A.
 Smith deceased.
 S. B. Hannah Ex'r of Estate of A.
 Gunn.
 L. M. McCLINTIC, Court of Appeals.

WANTED.

6000 lb of dry soap.
 Address: Prison Hill
 James, W. Va.

GOOD FLOUR.

24 lb. per pound, meal 75 cts per
 bushel at H. H. McClintic's mill, also
 his flour at A. Barlow's Huntersville,
 and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 8
 cts. Mar. 25.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail coach leaves Frankfort for
 Huntersville, every Monday, Wednes-
 day and Friday mornings, and from
 Huntersville for Frankfort every Tues-
 day, Thursday and Saturday mornings.
 Charges reasonable.
 JOEL FLACK, Carrier.

NOTICE.

I will not hereafter sell mill stuff on
 credit, and all who owe me will please
 come forward and settle their accounts
 at once, and save further trouble.
 Flour 22.50 per 100 lbs and corn 75 cts
 per bu.

Geo. H. McLaughlin,
 Edray.

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Only First-Class Literary Institution in
 the State.

Fifteen Professors and Teachers.

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Classical Course.

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Tuition Free to West Virginia Students.

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JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

June 27 1889.

VERY SLIGHT CLEWS.

How Tom Marshall Once Upon a Time Detected a Burglar.

"Tom" Marshall was at one time the favorite hero of the bar in Kentucky. His keenness, his wit, his magnetic power over a jury, whether he happened to be drunk or sober, gave rise to numberless anecdotes about him. One of the least known is the following:

Marshall, after a prolonged holiday, found himself in a little inland town, the center of an admiring circle of newly-made friends who were ignorant of his real position or occupation. Chief among these was a young dentist, a hard-working, frugal fellow, when by dint of strict economy, had saved a few hundred dollars. He was about to be married, and bought a snug little house, and withdrew his money one day from the bank to pay for it.

The bargain was to be completed on the following day. He carried the money to his chamber, a small room back of his shop, and, locking up the roll of bills in his secret drawer, went to bed.

About midnight he was awakened by the flash of a dark lantern in his face. He sprang up. A man was climbing out of the open window. His desk was open and rifled. He rushed upon the thief, who fired at him twice and escaped. The poor dentist, on the eve of his wedding-day, was left dangerously wounded and penniless.

The country was searched for traces of the thief, but in vain. Marshall took a keen interest in the matter, questioned the policemen closely, and when they gave up in despair, asked permission to visit the dentist's rooms. After a close search, he found upon the floor a small pellet of burned paper, which he carried home. It was the wadding out the thief's pistols. When examined, it proved to be half of a receipt for water tax, signed by John Jones, town clerk.

The date was entire, but the name of the man paying his tax was torn off, excepting two letters, Pe—. Marshall at once searched the records of the town clerk, and found on the given date Peter Scott had paid his water tax. Peter was arrested, and the money was found in his possession.

Marshall soon after left the village, followed by the blessings of the grateful dentist and his bride. Long afterward they discovered that their friend was the famous eccentric lawyer of Kentucky.

Another story which lingers in the gothic about the courts in the same State is of an old lawyer named Hunt, who, in the early part of this century, was known as "the old blind," so unerring was his power of a criminal. On one occasion he was employed to defend

himself against the negro, but Hunt was convinced of his innocence. The thief, too, had dropped a bit of cloth on the floor, apparently the torn lining of a hat, about which Hunt's keen scent detected a faint, peculiar perfume.

"The man who wore this is a runner," he said to a detective.

There was but one launery within forty miles. One of the owners was a dissipated young man. He was watched and soon detected in passing some of the stolen money. Being arrested, he confessed his guilt, and Hunt's client was saved.

The old saying, "Murder will out," is true only when some intellect is acute enough to gather the proof of guilt from trifles which other men neglect.—Youth's Companion.

The World Full of Death Traps.

According to the American Analyst, the worst enemies of the human race are the doctors, who try to prolong our miserable existence in a world full of death traps. One medico tells you not to eat or drink too much. Another says that you must only eat what you fancy, because otherwise you will bolt your food without giving to each morsel the thirty-six mastications which are necessary for digestion. You must wear a respirator over your mouth, a pad on your chest, and a swath of flannel round your loins. If you live in town, you will die of fog; if you go to the country, you will be poisoned by bad drainage; if you drink water, you are tempting the typhoid fever; milk spells scurvy, and tea cake is sudden death. Do you shun these tempestuous pleasures of the senses and take refuge in the recreations of the mind? Do you borrow a novel from the circulating library? That is to import the germs of disease into a healthy household. The volume in your hands may have been pursued by a person recovering from an infectious illness!

Farm and Garden Notes.

Don't forget the dust bath.

Don't plant corn that will not grow.

Be sure and test your corn before planting.

Don't plow the land when wet or sticky.

One of the essentials of soil is a fertile soil.

Mix the dry horse manure with the wet cow manure.

Cooked rice, fed cold, is good for diarrhoea in chicks.

Don't breed a draft mare to a trotter or a thoroughbred.

Don't feed sulphur to young chicks—it produces leg weakness.

Hard-boiled eggs and cornmeal makes a good first feed for ducklings.

Don't breed to a mishapen ungainly horse, even if he has a long pedigree.

It is a mistaken idea that a lion's nest ought to do duty a year with-renewing.

A gentleman who was driving up Fourth street avenue the other day came to several empty barrels in the street, and he halted and asked of a boy who sat on the curb:

"Say boy, who rolled those barrels out here?"

"Pa did. We are cleaning house," was the answer.

"Whose children are those out there in the street?"

"They are ours. My son 'em out to get rid of them."

"Is that your dog making such a noise in the back yard?"

"Yes, sir. We are seeing how long he can keep it up."

"And I suppose you logged that ladder out here?"

"Yes, sir—I'm playing with it."

"Well, you seem to be doing about as you want up here?"

Chinewell—"What is she?" Jawidge—"My daughter."

Proud Mother—"I am glad to hear you say so, my dear; but what has reformed you so suddenly?"

"Last evening Mr. Whitefellow proposed to me just at the moment when my jaws got stuck, so couldn't say anything, and he went off."

Flap—"I'm in love, and the only disagreeable thing about it is that the girl is older than I."

Jack—"How old are you now?"

"I'm eighteen."

"And the lady in what?"

"Twenty-two."

"Well, make your mind easy. By the time you are twenty-one she'll be only twenty."

Husband (after some words with his wife)—"Well let us drop it. I don't care to say any more about it. And, besides I like to talk to a sensible person when I am talking."

Wife (with a sarcastic laugh)—"You don't always do it, then."

H.—"I don't."

W.—"No I sometimes hear you talking to yourself."

Household Hints

Wash out common oil stains in cold water.

The nicest fire to broil with is made of charcoal.

Burnt alum is the best cure for proud flesh in "man or beast."

Piebles may be groomed with cabbage leaves. Never use coloring.

When dress silks become wet put it between the hands to dry quickly.

"William," said Mrs. Trembly, "hear that horrid dog! Isn't it awful?"

"Is that the same dog that kept us awake last night?"

"I think so. It sounds malarkey doesn't it?"

"Didn't you ever hear that the howling of a dog was a sure sign of death in the family?"

"No. Whose family?"

"The dog's," said Trembly in a firm voice as stepped out of bed and reached for his revolver.

"Well, sir," said an old gentleman indignantly, "what are doing around here again. I thought the delicate hint I gave you just as you left the front door last night, would give you to understand that I don't like you very well." And the speaker looked at his boot in a contemplative way.

"It did said the young man," as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face. "But I thought I would come and ask you—"

"Ask me what?"

"If you would like to join our football association."

FOR THE BLOOD.
Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

A GENTLEMAN, having been
vicious Prostration, Seminal Weakness, Premature Decay, and all the evil
effects of early indiscretion and youthful
folly, is anxious to make known to
others the simple mode of self-cure. To
those who wish and will give him their
sympathy, he will send (free) by re-
turn mail a copy of the recipe so suc-
cessfully used in his case.

SHOEMAKER'S SHOP
at
Huntersville, W. Va.
I am prepared to make in the best
style and order, Boots and Shoes of all
kinds, also repairing done in best style.
May 10 6 m. J. C. THOMPSON

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine
has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE
Headache and relieve all the troubles that
lead to a bilious state of the system, such as
indigestion, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after
eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most
remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**
are equally valuable in Constipation, curing
and preventing this annoying complaint, while
they also correct all disorders of the stomach,
stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.
Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost precious to those
who suffer from this distressing complaint,
but fortunately their goodness does not end
here, and those who once try them will find
these little pills valuable in so many ways that
they will not be willing to do without them.
But after all sick head

ACHE
is the kind of so many throes that have to where
we make our great head. Our pills cure a
while others do not.
(CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small
and very easy to take. One or two pills make a
dose. They are strictly vegetable and do
not grip or purge, but by their gentle action
please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents,
five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

LADIES
Needing a tonic or children (that want building
up) should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indiges-
tion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

DIRECT TO CONSUMER
NATURE'S OWN
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK

BONANZA
MY FIRST WORD IS
Bargains!
To all comers, I offer the oppor-
tunity of the season to

Dry Goods,
Hats, Clothing,
Notions, Groceries,
Hardware Queens-
ware, Tinware,
Trunks, Valises
&c.

I will sell as low as
could be bought in the
city.

JACOB BONER,
Huntersville, W. Va.

IF YOU NEED

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill
Heads, Envelopes, Drop Caps, etc.,
Tags, Business Cards, Circulars,
Blanks, Blank Bonds, Posters,
Briefs for the Court of Appeals, etc.

GET THEM AT THE
JOB OFFICE.

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Scott's Emulsion
Cod Liver Oil
HYPOPHOSPHATE.

It is used and endorsed by
doctors because it is the best.

It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as effective as pure
Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called
Stimulants.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not sepa-
rate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption,
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ease, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

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HAVE JUST GOT \$3,000 MY SHARE
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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 4, 1889.

Terms of Subscription, \$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No. 50.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
 President of Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
 Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
 Deputy Sheriff, J. J. Board.
 Clerk of Circuit & Co. Courts, J. J. Board.
 Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
 Com. Sec. of Co., C. E. Board, Pres't.
 S. R. Hannah.
 G. P. Moore.
 Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 5th Monday in October.
 County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law,
 Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC.

Attorney-at-Law,
 Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER.

Attorney-at-Law,
 Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

H. A. RUCKER.

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
 Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE.

Attorney-at-Law,
 Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
 Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE.

Atty.-at-Law,
 Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

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Attorney-at-Law,
 Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. M. WEYMOUTH.

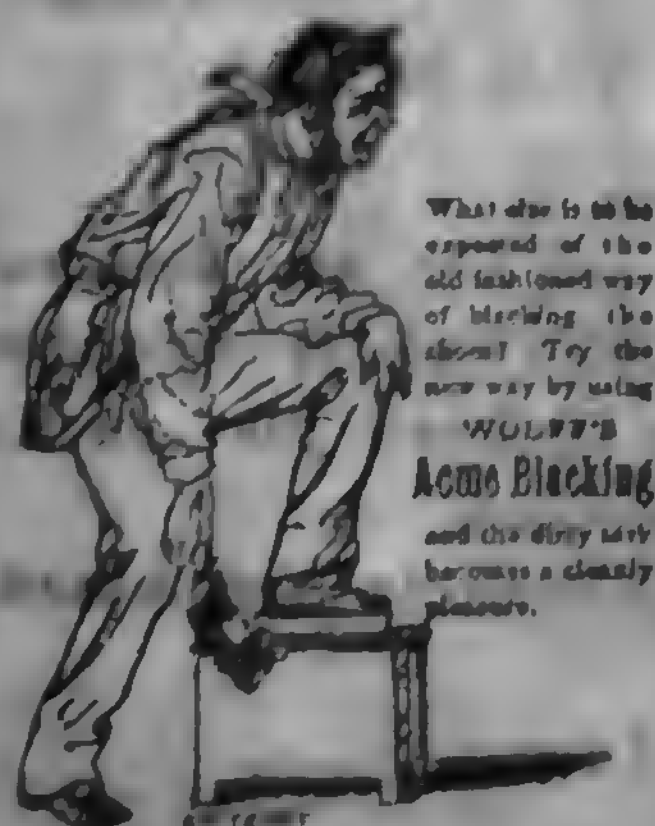
RESIDENT DENTIST,
 Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

D. B. P. PATTERSON.

Physician & Surgeon,
 Huntersville, W. Va.

Sweat-Groan-Growl.



Wolff's ACME Blacking
 REQUIRES NO BRUSH.

Slander.

"Twas but a breath—
 And yet the fair good name was wilted,
 And friends once fond grew stilled,
 And life was worse than death.

One venomous word,
 That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
 Its craven whisper, hushed and low—
 And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one,
 That muttered low for very shame,
 The thing the slanderer dare not name
 And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
 And yet so mighty in its power,
 A human soul in one short hour
 Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Prize Winners.

We played progressive euchre
 The livelong winter through,
 She was a skillful player,
 And I was lucky, too.

Our luck gave rise to envy,
 And us together drew,
 Whereat—since she was charming—
 I murmured not. Would you?

So, when the playing ended,
 Each night she took my arm,
 And acting as her escort,
 I yielded to love's charm.

A year now we've been married,
 And, much to our surprise,
 Somehow we both keep thinking
 We won the booby prize.

Mine or Thine.

"You refuse me, then?"

The tone in which the few words were spoken was low and even, as if they were of no moment, but the face of Philip Lowry contradicted the forced composure. His eyes—large dark eyes full of intellect and character—were fixed upon the face of his companion with no expression of pain, and his lips quivered under his heavy moustache.

Maudie Ingersoll looked at him with scorn in her blazing blue eyes, her lips curled contemptuously, and her cheeks flushed with anger.

Always a beautiful woman, her usually cold impassive face was doubly fascinating when lighted with passion.

"Refuse you?" she said quickly; "Yes. You do not love me, you do not wish to marry me. You came here in obedience to the wish of my uncle, and you ask me to be your wife because he wishes you to share the wealth he left to me. I will not submit to such arbitrary wishes—to such forced wooing!"

"You mistake," was the reply; and now the voice was eager and full of passion; "I did come here because my friend—my adopted father—desired it; but my resolve was taken before I came. If I could love you, I would obey him; if not, I determined never to ask for your hand. Maudie, I love you. Were your uncle's wealth to be lost to you to-day, I should still plead for your hand. My whole life shall prove my love, if you will accept it. Darling!" for he saw her blue eyes soften, "you do love me?"

Her face grew hard again, and she said laughingly.

"We have talked too long. I must decline the honor you propose."

And before he could speak again, she swept past him and went to her own room, locking the door that no one might surprise her in the violent fit of weeping she could no longer control.

Love him! How could she help but love him! With a noble face, a well trained figure, to captivate her fancy, he combined more powers of intellect to command admiration and a tenderness almost womanly, to win her love. She had resisted each and all, and yet they conquered her.

With her whole heart Maudie Ingersoll loved Philip Lowry. But she was proud, a woman accustomed

was added to her personal charms.

When her uncle, Stephen Ingersoll, had sent for her from the boarding school where she was educated, he had told her that the dearest wish of his heart had been to see her the wife of his adopted son. There had been a life-long friendship between Stephen Ingersoll and Philip Lowry's father, and the boy had been a precious legacy of love. He had been educated at home sent abroad, and studied law as a profession, but his adopted father had left him but four thousand pounds out of his large fortune. There was, however, a sealed letter, and it contained two requests. One was that on his twenty-fifth birthday he should ask Maudie to be his wife, and the other that he should go to Mr. Ingersoll's lawyer on the same day, and hear what he had to communicate.

Smarting still under Maudie's refusal, yet sure that she loved him, Philip left the house that had been his boyhood's home to fulfil the desire of his benefactor before returning to the city where he had opened a law office.

Conscious that he had not been influenced by Maudie's wealth in his wooing, it galled him to think of the avowed cause of her rejection, and it required a long walk to work off his anger before he was sufficiently composed to present himself to Mr. Freyhold, the late Mr. Ingersoll's lawyer.

He was a fussy little man, brimming over with importance, and he shook Philip's hand, and almost pushed him into a chair in his feverish impatience to impart his tidings.

"My late client," he said, after the first interchange of greeting was over, "was, as you are aware, Mr. Lowry, a very peculiar man—a man of force, to be sure, but—well, you may not be aware of the fact, but he was vacillating in some respects—very much so about the final disposal of his property."

"I did not know that, certainly," Philip said.

"No! Well, he made fourteen wills in this office; some left every thing to you, some left all to Miss Maudie, some divided the property. But the last one—the very last one—which was not to be opened until to-day, leaves Miss Maudie four thousand pounds, and leaves you sole heir to all the rest. But Mr. Ingersoll, although he made no such condition in his will, was satisfied that this will would make no material difference to his niece, but simply place the money in her husband's hands. He told me that."

"Can I see the will?"

"Certainly—certainly. It is, you see, quite brief, but plainly expresses his wish."

"And if this one did not exist?"

"Why the money would still be Miss Maudie's."

"I see. Mr. Ingersoll, you understand, Mr. Freyhold, wrote this will under a mistaken impression. Miss Maudie is not engaged to me."

"Not engaged to you! But I thought you were to see her to-day, before you came here."

"She had a woman's privilege, and she took advantage of it. I did see her, and she rejected me."

"Then she will love her money. How my soul! But that is hard now, isn't it? Perhaps if she understood—"

But here Mr. Freyhold choked himself, seeing the wrath upon the young man's countenance.

"I understand you, sir," Philip said coldly, "but you are quite mis-

laid, even if I gave her the opportunity. But the question need not be discussed. I love her! I tell you this that you may know why I refuse to accept riches that are taken from her. This will bring under a mistaken impression is better—there!"

And as he spoke he tore the document with his strong nervous hands across and across, and tossed the fragments into the waste paper basket.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the little lawyer. "Are you aware that there is half a million of money in the estate?"

"I am quite aware of that fact," was the quiet reply; "and I wish Miss Maudie every happiness its possession can give her."

But the wish, sincere as it was, did not bring to Maudie Ingersoll either happiness or rest. She had not known the strength of her love till her lover had left her. The hours when she had expected his daily visits dragged heavily, and Mrs. Marsh, the companion who represented propriety in the house of the heiress, wondered uneasily if Miss Ingersoll had, after all, a bad temper. She had been cold and proud, but never snappish before; but her sore heart made her irritable, and Mrs. Marsh certainly was trying in her praises of Mr. Lowry, and openly expressed wonder at his sudden departure.

Society was dull since Philip was no longer Maudie's escort; the opera lost its charm when he was not beside her; her admirers all seemed silly and wearisome, comparing their rapid small talk with Philip's vigorous intellect and well chosen conversation.

But two years dragged along, and the wound, self-inflicted had ceased to be an ever present agony. Maudie had taken up study, charity, constant occupation of varied kinds, and tried to believe she had quite lived down her heartache. The self-deception asserted itself one morning when business called her to Mr. Freyhold's office. The fussy little man, after the errand had been executed, said regretfully:

"That is sad news from Mr. Lowry. A fine young man."

"I have heard no news of him," Maudie said, her heart suddenly fluttering at her side with sickening rapidity.

"No! He has been seriously injured in a railway collision. He was on his way here, and was brought on in the next train, and is at the National Hotel. There is but little hope of his recovery, and if his life is spared, his left arm is gone—amputated to-day. Dear, dear! He could not do again what he did two years ago in this office."

"What was that?" Maudie asked in a low choking voice.

"He would not have told you, and he may not thank me for doing so; but he, Philip Lowry, in this office, two years ago, tore into a hundred pieces the last will of Stephen Ingersoll, which left him half to the property that is now yours."

While to her lips, Maudie Ingersoll heard this story that contradicted so completely the mercenary motive with which she had charged her lover. It struck her like a blow, this proof of his devotion and generosity, but she called presently.

"Thank you for telling me," she said, and was gone, while Mr. Freyhold, listening as her carriage rolled away from his door, rubbed his hands together and said aloud:

"Bless my soul! I do believe I've

his injuries, but from loss of blood, crushed by the loss of his arm. Philip Lowry lay in his room at the National Hotel, almost hoping to die.

He had not gone home to mope over a broken heart, but had manfully borne his lost love. Still, the pain, numbed somewhat, was not dead, and when the physical love torture was added, the love of life seemed gone from him.

"As well to die as to live crippled and alone!" he thought drearily, as he lay back weary and faint. "How long, I wonder, must I lie here?"

The nurse was frowning about, the doctor had just gone, and there seemed only an endless blank before him when there came a soft wish of silk across the floor.

Very slowly it approached the bed, until, bending over him, Philip saw Maudie's face.

Very low her voice sounded, scarcely above a whisper, but he heard every word as she said:

"Philip, will you forgive me? I love you! I cannot live without your love. Will you let me be your wife now, Philip?"

"But you do not know, he said feebly; "my arm—"

"I know all," she said, her lips pressing his.

"Oh, my love, do not send me away."

"I cannot," he whispered.

Mrs. Marsh will never cease to tell of her amazement at the hasty summons to attend a wedding at the National Hotel, for Maudie left Philip no more. It was his wife who nursed him back to health, and there is no question of "mine or thine" in their possession of Stephen Ingersoll's wealth.

Good for a Museum.

From the Youth's Companion.

The old lady who never spoke ill of anyone and even intimated that Satan himself set some good people an example of perseverance, must have been a relative to the woman who lived in Sussex, England, in the days when the kettle was hung from the crane in an open fireplace. An English clergyman tells the story:

A man whose wife was blessed with a remarkably even temper went over the way to a neighbor one evening and said:

"Neighbor, I should like to see my wife cross for once. I've tried all I know and I can't make her cross no way."

"You can't make your wife cross?" said his neighbor. "I wish I could make mine anything else. But you do just what I tell you, and if that won't act nothing will. You bring her in some night a lot of the crookedest sticks you can get, throw 'em won't lie in no form, and see how she makes out then."

The pieces of wood were accordingly brought in awkward and crooked and contrary as could be found. The man went away early to work and at noon returned to see the results of his experiment. He was greeted with a smile and the general request: "Pound 'em in some more of those crooked sticks, if you can find them! They do just fit around the kettle so nicely!"

Frog (to elephant)—How far are you jump, you big animal?

Elephant—I can't jump at all, froggy woggy.

Frog (hooting his old sarders)—You're unlucky. When I see an enemy approaching, with a few jumps I am out of danger.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

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Half col'n	6.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
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Huntersville, W. Va.

July 4 1889.

THE FOURTH.

The time is again at hand to celebrate the birth of American liberty. The people of the United States, all ages and sexes, are engaged in commemorating an event in their history that marks the beginning of free institutions.

But the Fourth is not what it was a century ago. Perhaps we make more noise, and enter into the jubilation with more eagerness than our forefathers did; but it is not with the same feeling. We celebrate a liberty that is ours by gift and good fortune, but those who assembled one hundred years ago to commemorate the event, celebrated a liberty bought dearly, bought with blood and privation. Never having tasted the bitterness of foreign oppression, it is impossible for us in the evening of the nineteenth century to appreciate fully, the blessing of freedom. It is not to be wondered at that they who fought to release our land from foreign bonds should have entered with all their hearts into the celebration of that day where tyranny was forever banished from American soil. Proud of their victory, they commemorated the event with hearts full of gratitude to the God of battle, who rules the destinies of nations.

But what is the spirit of to-day's excitement? It is to be feared that many who are to-day most jubilant never once reflect on the origin of the day. A dance, or a drunk, or a fight, is to some the most desirable manner in which to commemorate the occasion, with little thought or care for the sacrifices or triumphs of others. Let us not forget what the day means, and take time for at least one grateful thought of our worthy ancestors who secured us the right to rejoice without fear.

Gubernatorial Contest.

GRAFTON, W. Va., June 20th.—Including the alleged returns from Kanawha county, General Nathan Goff had a majority over Judge A. B. Fleming of 110 votes in the November election. In the contest before the legislative committee, votes stricken out increasing this alleged majority by five votes. To-day Messrs. Keo, Sprigg, Lively, Maxwell and Morris were present at the session of the committee. The returns from Brooke county were considered. Fleming challenged 139 votes and Goff challenged 44 votes. Of those challenged by Fleming 84 votes were stricken out. Of those challenged by Goff five votes were stricken out, showing a clear gain of 79 votes in Brooke county and a net gain, so far in the contest, of 74 votes for Judge Fleming. General Goff's apparent majority at the present time, therefore, is reduced from one hundred and ten to thirty-six votes.

How the Republicans howl fraud and declare the votes were dishonestly secured on a "technicality." If only the election had been held on a day when the weather was not so hot.

number would have been thrown out. The contest committee has been entirely impartial in its work thus far. If there has been any partiality shown it has been shown to Goff, almost all of his objections being purely technical as the records show.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Blaine's young man with bangs, William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, has been appointed Minister to Germany. There is nothing strange about this appointment which was known and discussed in Berlin, where Phelps was with the Siaman Commission, six weeks ago, except the absurd attempt on the part of Blaine, Harrison and Phelps to make it appear to the public that the latter was very much surprised when tendered the commission as minister, when as a matter of fact the thing has been fully settled over since shortly after the Senate rejected the nomination of Murat Halstead to the same position. By accident I discovered the cause for this little display. Phelps wants to spend the most of the summer in this country, and it was concluded that if it was given out that the position had been given him unexpectedly, he could plead "private business" as an excuse for not going to Berlin for several months. Verily the tricks of the politicians are many.

Commissioner of Pensions Tanner is supposed to be rather thick-skinned but the charges of favoritism towards a certain firm of pension agents here which were recently made against the Pension office "broke him all up," as the boys say. Before leaving for the west, where he goes to attend several soldiers' meetings, he called on the President to assure him that he was innocent of the charges. He also told the President that when he returned from this trip he proposed making a personal investigation in order to ascertain whether there was any basis for the charges.

There is to be a big discharge at the Government printing office to-morrow. I am informed that Public Printer Palmer has instructed the foremen in the several departments that he wanted none but democrats selected for dismissal.

The Indiana republicans that stay at home must be very different from those that come to Washington, or else Representative Owens, of that State, who is just from home, be fibbing when he says, speaking of his constituents: "The people of the State feel that superior to patronage, personal ambition for place, and all that, is the sense that Indiana has a President whose administration they may be proud of." For several reasons I am constrained to believe that Mr. Owens is only giving the man in the White House "taffy" with the hope of "cutting on" to something for some of his intransigent constituents. First, because in the eyes of all the republicans from Indiana that I have ever seen nothing was superior to official patronage. Secondly, the administration of the Indiana man has hardly been long enough or its acts important enough to either be proud of or ashamed of.

The traveler who is at present occupying the White House is working the railroads in great shape. He returned from Cape May Monday night and to-day he has gone back there. He will return here the first of the week, bringing his family. I recently on Wednesday he is to carry the old lady and the ladies to Deer Park where a dandy hotel cottage has been placed at his disposal for the summer. He is then to go to the Fourth of July celebration at Woodstock. How many democrats do more travel than this, in the same time.

The Civil Service Commission

four. The Commissioners are all appointed and almost discouraged. In only one place did they find the law being strictly carried out—Chicago. The visits of inspection will be kept up and unless the courage of the Commission shall all come out the law will be strictly enforced without fear or favor. This treatment, if persisted in, will make the law a permanent thing or it will cause it to be repealed.

Mr. Porter, Superintendent of the Census, proposes to set up a little opposition to the Civil Service Commission. He refuses to take his clerks through the Commission, and has arranged a list of questions which he says all applicants must answer satisfactorily before appointment. The only difference is, if furnished by the Civil Service Commission some of the clerks would be democrats, while Porter's plan makes sure of all being republicans.

Special orders have been given collectors of internal revenue as to watching fruit distillers, during the coming season.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Send for circulars, free. F. J. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Eight years ago there were only forty cotton seed oil mills in the south with a capital of \$3,500,000. Now there are 175 mills, with a capital of \$16,000,000.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Wenzel's Sore Throat Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer, soothes the throat, keeps the child quiet, and the little mother writes as "bright as a button." As a very pleasant to taste, it soothes the child, softens the gums, allows all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Democratic State Convention of Virginia, will be held in Richmond on the 14th, of August when the next governor will be nominated.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The death of Hon. Simon Cameron, has removed a good man and one of the most conspicuous figures in American politics. He started in life at the printer's case.

O. P. Huntington is building a ship yard at Newport News which he claims will be the largest establishment of the kind in the United States.

"A little common sense," says the New York World, "is as much equal to a whole volume of grammar." It is a pity that this idea cannot be hammered into the heads of pedagogues, grammarians and verbal chills.

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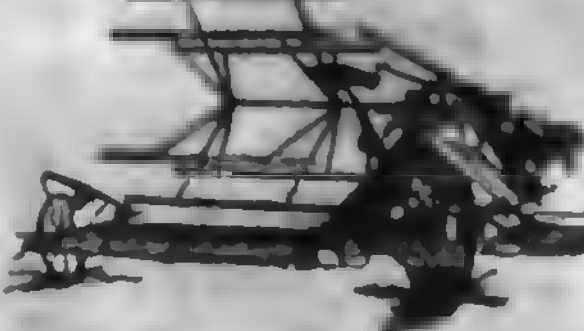
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WASONIC NOTICE

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
NO. 65, A. F. & A. M.—The time of regular meeting of this lodge is on the Friday evening preceding each Full Moon, unless the Moon falls on Friday, then on that evening.

J. H. DOYLE, W. M.,
 S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

6-31

HOME NEWS

—County Court meets next Tuesday.
 —Dr. M. Wallace was in town Tuesday.
 —The new mail carriers come in Monday.
 —We believe it has rained every day for six weeks.
 —Atty. C. F. Moore, went up to Danmore to-day (Wednesday).
 —Levi Gay, Esq., was in our city Monday.
 —Good envelopes at THE TIMES office for 15c per 100.
 —Deputy Sheriff L. W. Herold, of Frost was in town Monday.
 —Mr. P. M. Harper, of Sunset was in town the 1st of the month.
 —Wm. H. Gross, Esq., went to Covington Monday on business.
 —Go to John Werts & Co, Frankford, Va., for Deering Mowers and Self Binders. may 9-12t.
 —Teacher's Institute will be held at this place, commencing August 26th.
 —Mails three times a week from here to Frost and White Sulphur now.
 —Some communications were crowded out this week for lack of space, but will appear next.
 —John Werts & Co., of Frankford, W. Va., will be here during June Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't buy until you see them. may 9-12t
 —Mr. Don't O'Connell, of Anthony's creek was in the city a few days this week.
 —French Mull, Esq., went down to Frankford, on a business trip the first of the week.
 —Buy the Deering Mowers and Self Binders, the best machines that's made of John Werts & Co. Frankford, W. Va. may 9-12
 —We failed to call attention last week to the ad of the University of West Virginia in that issue.
 —Oats and corn are looking fine, grass is good, and wheat is almost ready to cut.
 —The board of education met Monday, for the purpose of settling up and allowing accounts.
 —H. P. McGlaughlin, Esq., went to Highland Co., on a pleasure trip last week.
 —Jas. A. McNeel, Esq., of Knapp's creek was in Huntersville Monday.
 —Remember THE TIMES is \$1.00 in advance and \$1.25 after six months and \$1.50 at the end of the year.
 —Mrs. Isaac McNeel, her son Samuels and little daughter, of Mill Point were the guests of Mrs. Jas. J. Beard, the first of the week.
 —Mr. Wm. H. Cuckley, wife and little son of Danmore, were the guests of Atty. C. F. Moore Tuesday.
 —Look out there! you'll stop on some poor unfortunate democratic fourth class postmaster's head, they are lying perniciously all over the country.
 —If you want a Look Lover boy and grain rake or any repairs Call on
 H. P. MCGLAUGHLIN agent
 Huntersville W. Va.
 —We have received the July number of the Cosmopolitan. It is chock full of illustrated reading matter, and those who want a good magazine can do no better than to

—Rev. W. T. Price, of Peshonhous county, was in Lexington Tuesday on his way to Roccoville to meet his daughter, Miss Susie, who has been attending school in Richmond, Va.—Independent.

—Messrs. A. J. Mires and J. A. Harold, of Pendleton county are in town. These gentlemen are here for the purpose of bidding on the bridge abutments to be replaced under the bridge across Knapp's creek at this place.

—Mr. Jas. W. Warwick Jr., of this place left last week to attend the Centennial and Commencement exercises of the Virginia Military Institute. Mr. Warwick is an old student of the Institute, and we predict for him a good time at the reunion of his old class mates.

Preaching Arrangements.

Sacramental meeting at Huntersville, the second Sabbath of July. Preparatory service, Friday night before, Saturday morning, and Saturday night.

Sacramental meeting at Danmore the fourth Sabbath of July. Preparatory services Friday night, and Saturday night before.

The assistance of a visiting minister is expected, Bro. Frierson or Wilcox. There will be no dinner on the ground, services morning and night on Sabbath.

W. T. P.

Hillsboro Happenings.

Miss Grace Clark is visiting friends and relatives at Marlinton.

Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker has been in poor health for some time. He has labored faithfully for his congregation at this place for years, without any vacation, and we all think that he richly deserves one now and should spend it in complete rest from his duties.

Mr. H. Nathan and Misses Georgia and Rose Shearer left Saturday morning to visit relatives at Williams' river.

The following are the officers elected by the Hillsboro Division of the Sons of Temperance, for the coming quarter:

G. R. Curry, Worthy Patriarch; G. W. Clark, Worthy Associate; Recording Scribe Miss G. M. Shearer; Assistant Recording Scribe, Miss Verdie Clark; Financial Scribe, Miss Kate Marshall; Treasurer, Mr. A. R. Smith; Conductor, Mr. Thos. Van; Asst. Con., Mr. Geo. Eskridge; Chaplain, Rev. Wm. E. Miller; Inside sentinel Miss M. Curry; Outside sentinel, Mr. Wm. Wiley.

The wedding of Mr. Edward Hill, of Farmington, Washington Ty., to Miss Jennie C. Beard, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Beard was solemnized last Wednesday at the residence of the brides parents. The attendants were Messrs. Joe McNeel, Dick Beard, Sam McNeel and John Hill, and Misses Lou Jagon, Blanche Clark, Kate Beard and Pauline McNeel. The bride was attired in a handsome blue henricetta cloth, trimmed with old gold plush. Her waiters wore lovely walking costumes. The bride received many handsome bridal presents, among which were a silver butter dish by Mr. Dick Beard, silver teaspoons by Mr. Duke Beard, table cloth and napkins by Mrs. Wallace Beard, whisk broom and holder by Miss Annetta Jagon, toilet set by Miss Lou Jagon, and many other handsome and useful presents, too numerous to mention. They were tendered a handsome reception at Mr. Geo. Hill's, father of the groom, on Wednesday evening. The happy couple will leave soon for Washington Ty., where they will make their future home. Miss Jennie was one of our prettiest young ladies, and very popular, and we are sorry to

Sons of Temperance.

Peshonhous District Division, Sons of Temperance, will meet at Hillsboro, Wednesday, July 17th, 1889, 10 o'clock, a. m. All Subdivisions will see that they are fully represented.

The Committee on programme, has assigned to the several delegations the following subjects upon which to prepare essays, to be read at meeting of Division:

- 1st. To and Interest in our Division—Gen. R. Curry.
- 2nd. For organizing new Divisions—E. H. Moore.
- 3rd. To Reestablish Dormant and Suspended Divisions—W. S. Anderson.
- 4th. For organizing Bands of Hope—Miss G. M. Shearer.
- 5th. For Distributing Temperance Literature—Miss L. M. Overholt.
- 6th. For Interchanging Fraternal Visits among the Divisions—D. A. Peck.
- 7th. For Visiting Public and Sunday schools and Addressing the Children—T. A. Bruffey.
- 8th. For Collecting Funds for our Work—J. H. Wellford and J. O. Hill.
- 9th. Relation of the Church to the Temperance cause—Rev. W. E. Miller.
- 10th. Responsibility of the Christian Church for the Liquor Traffic—J. C. Louny Sr.
11. Woman's Position on the Temperance Question—Mrs. J. J. Beard.
- 12th. Necessary for Thorough Organization—W. H. Overholt.

All members of the order are cordially invited to attend our sessions.

C. W. ESKRIDGE, D. W. P.
 J. C. LOUNY JR., D. S.

A False Christ.

The little town of Rockford, Ill., is the seat of a man who pretends to be Christ returned to the earth. He has Auburn hair and beard and taking advantage of a resemblance to the conventional pictures of Jesus he declares that though his body is new and does not show the wounds into which doubting Thomas thrust his fingers, his countenance is the same. His life, outside of his blasphemous claim to divinity, is said to be blameless and his calm suavity of manner coupled with more than ordinary intelligence gives him a marvelous influence over his followers. His claim was expressed to a correspondent of the New York Examiner as follows:

"I am the Christ. I am the perfect man. I am God. I possess all of the divine attributes, and am sinless. This is my second advent on earth, and the time is not far off when I shall make such manifestations of my divinity and power as will astound the world, and bring believers to me by the thousands and tens of thousands. I have unlimited power. I do not this time often work miracles, for I wish now to convert the world to truth without intervention of the supernatural, but I can work them, and have done so for those who believe. (His followers testify that he works miracles.) I shall be here many years, but I am only incarnate in this body as material and mortal flesh. When it becomes corrupt in death I shall enter another body and still live on earth." (Here in the back for a successor to hang his claim upon.) "Many things in the gospel about my crucifixion and my burial on earth are inaccurate, and I am now writing a new version of the New Testament that will be correct."

had it. She had a considerable following in Illinois, Michigan, Missouri and Missouri. Among the converts was George Jacob Schweinfurth a young unmarried Methodist minister who now claims divinity.

"When Mrs. Beckmann died in 1883 she promised her followers that she would rise from the dead in three days. They waited seven days with unwavering faith and then Mr. Beckmann, who had never been hunchbacked, took the responsibility of burying the corpse which had already become offensive.

Then Schweinfurth came forward. He claimed to have had a vision "through the windows of Doran Beckmann's soul," and she had revealed to him that he was Christ, the Holy one. "My spirit passes into thee," she said to him as she left the world, "and thus transforms the whole being. Go forth pure and sinless, the only son of God spiritually begotten of me. Thou shalt bring all nations to worship thee."

The Beckmannites accepted his story, and their numbers increased. He told them that through a gradual transformation of his body he was to become Christ, physically as well as spiritually. Not long ago he assembled his followers in Chicago and told them that the transformation was complete and that he was now the Christ.

Schweinfurth's following is remarkable. Already the sect has branches in Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Louisville, Cincinnati and a number of small towns. His followers are so overcome with this infatuation that they hold their property subject to their idol, and it is stated that not less than \$50,000 worth of property around Rockford and \$100,000 in Chicago has been deeded to him. An old man named Spencer Weldon has given Schweinfurth a magnificent farm of 800 acres, four miles south of Rockford, and there the pretender lives in princely style. He has put \$20,000 worth of improvements on the place and lives in a large, elegantly furnished mansion, surrounded with beautiful lawns, drives, towers and all the appointments of luxury. His dress is modern, and his clothing is stylish and elegant, and his deportment is that of a gentleman. His language is a careful imitation of Christ's, and he is said to be calm, quiet and polite, with no evidence of insanity in his actions.

His mission they call heaven, and here all new converts are expected to go and receive instructions with the personal influence of the man they worship. Some of these pilgrims Schweinfurth sends into a field of labor, others to their homes, and on others especially favored he confers the degree of "angel," and takes them into his household. About sixty-five of these angels—filly women and fifteen men—now live in the mansion with their leader. This state of affairs aroused suspicion, and some Chicago gentlemen, whose families had been broken up by the conversion of their wives and daughters, sent a female member of a Chicago Methodist church to investigate the matter. She was to enter the mansion, ingratiate herself in the pretender's favor, and, if possible, discover grounds for a criminal prosecution. The woman went and was converted, returning to Chicago a zealous believer.

The pretender has taken a remarkable hold upon people of up-jumped intelligence among these ignorant ministers. A former Congregational minister, who is an attorney at York and Ambler, is pastor at the Chicago branch, and the leading spirit in Kansas city is the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. The numbers are very numerous and hold to the man with a fanaticism.

notice the second coming of Christ. In one case they had to be ejected from a meeting by force.

This recalls the beginning of Mormonism which had its birth in the same region. In some respects Schweinfurth appears to be the successor of Joseph Smith, and his influence over his followers, according to accounts, is not less remarkable.

Such a spectacle in this age of schools shows that education does not relieve the world of fanaticism. This sect grew up in a region of schools, and counts among its adherents many persons of education and apparent intelligence. So far no charge of immoral conduct has been lodged against them, and the "angels" in Schweinfurth's "heaven," so far as the world knows, have done nothing to prove that they areimps. About the only thing that seems to do justice to the case is the remark of Pack in the Midsummer Night's Dream, "What fools these mortals be."

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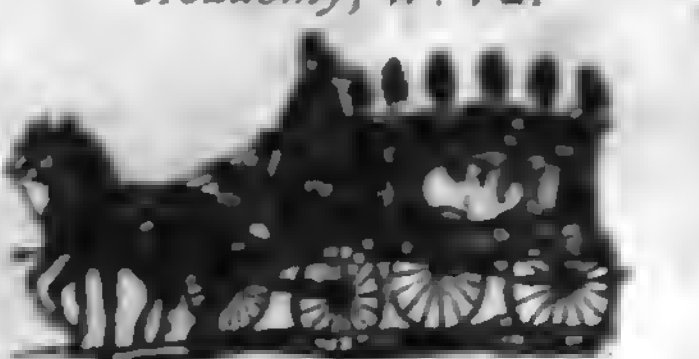
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 S. B. Henshaw Ex'or of Barbara A. Gump.
 L. M. McCLINTIC, Com'r of Accts.

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Administrator's Notice.

All parties holding claims against David McLaughlin dec'd., are required to present the same at once to his administrator for payment, and all persons indebted to said David McLaughlin are required to come forward at once and

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Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, C. O. Arbogast.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. E. Board, Pres't.
Com. & Co. Ct. S. B. Hannah.
Geo. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyors, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 3rd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

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D. A. STOFER,

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B. WICKER,

Notary-at-Law & Notary Public,
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J. W. BRUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

A. L. KEE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

W. M. HATH,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

W. M. HATH,

Attorney-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

E. S. P. PATTERSON,

Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

What a Comfort!



No Pain - Fast No Back Ache!

W. M. HATH,

Attorney-at-Law,

W. M. HATH,

AN INCIDENT.

As down the vale at Johnstown,
The raging waters spread,
Carrying wreck and ruin
Upon their bosom red,
A mother in an attic,
With seven children dear,
Looked out in vain for succor
From death which was so near.

None came and one sweet infant
She gave unto the flood,
She saw it shortly perish
From where she helpless stood,
Another and another
Went down that raging Styx,
Till of her darling seven
Death had devoured six.

In agony the last one
She lifted to put out;
The child with trembling accents,
Between his faith and doubt,
This question asked "Dear mother,
You've always told me how
God cares for me at all times;
Will He care for me now?"

Unto the rushing torrent
Him, too, the mother gave,
With prayers to the Almighty
This last dear one to save -
Around the throne in glory,
Are standing all the seven,
Upon the flood they floated
Strait through the Gates of Heaven.

The Story of a Picture.

BY H. E. CLAMP.

It is about 10 o'clock p. m., the hour when life in its lightest and most frivolous form is on parade in the upper part of the city's great artery of traffic—Broadway.

Madison square is brilliant with a thousand lights; the great hotels are thronged with idle groups, while up and down the sidewalks continues the steady stream of foot passengers which will not diminish much before midnight. The crowd upon the pavements and in the hotels is frequently augmented, for a few minutes by persons leaving the theatres in the vicinity during the enroute for an airing, refreshments or cigars.

The crowd on promenade is a motley one, composed for the most part of well-dressed men and women, and from the uninitiated tones and gestures, the gay jests and light laughter, distinguishable above the steady tramp of feet, the rattling of cab wheels and the jingling of car bells, one might think that care rested but lightly upon the shoulders of most who are here.

Among the crowd of busy talkers, thoughtless idlers and devotees of pleasure, walking at a leisurely pace and with a thoughtful air, comes a man whose genius has already made his name a household word in many lands. It is Geoffrey Vall, the artist. The handsome, scholarly face, with its delicate white complexion, his large, soft black eyes and sweeping black mustache which fringes his sensitive mouth, his graceful carriage and the plain but faultless style of his attire, stamps him really as a man of superior type even to those who do not recognize in the lone individual the well-known figure of metropolitan life.

Above the fargon of sounds in the streets also occasionally from a side street the tones of a piano organ, accompanied by the voice of a person singing some Italian songs. The artist pauses for a moment to listen to the unusually pathetic ring of this voice, and as he approaches is struck by the appearance of the singer. It is a young girl, about sixteen years of age, with a Maltese like face touched with a look of most exquisite sorrow. Is it possible that the earnest looking Italian yonder can have any connection with this lovely child? It is not of this the artist thinks as he lingers, throwing coherence to the old organ. It is of how that lovely face would look on canvas!

Suddenly the girl sees his artistly gaze and her eyes drop to the ground, throwing coherence to the old organ. It is of how that lovely face would look on canvas!

flush of surprise mantles her cheek. The artist is yet more charmed, although he divers his gaze, still following the couple from street to street.

Finally the organ is closed up and the two performers prepare to go home. Geoffrey Vall approaches the Italian as he is about to go and catches him upon the shoulder.

"Is it your daughter?" he asks, pointing to the girl.

The man nods his head.

"I am an artist and would like to paint her picture," said Geoffrey.

The man shook his head in disappointment.

"If you will allow her to come to my studio every day for a month I will pay you liberally."

"How much?" asked the man, gruffly.

"One hundred dollars," answered the artist after a moment's reflection.

"She would earn me more than that with the organ."

"Then we will say two hundred."

The man's greed was satisfied, and he consented to the terms.

"When shall she commence?"

"To-morrow, if it suits you," said the artist.

"Very well," answered the man, and Geoffrey handed him his card.

Geoffrey turned homeward, pleased with his discovery. For a long time he had meditated painting a series of pictures representing the emotions. "Here is my 'Angel of Sorrow' idealized already," he said to himself as he pursued his way through the still crowded thoroughfare home.

The pretty Italian found Geoffrey Vall in his studio awaiting her visit on the following day.

The strong light in the studio, where the curtains were purposely drawn back, revealed to the artist that he had not been deceived with regard to her appearance. The face was delicate, refined and hitherto unscathed.

She had evidently put on her best clothes—a dress of some soft black stuff and a shawl of the same color had wrapped round her head and shoulders.

"You have posed as a model before?" asked Geoffrey, noting the artistic effort of this simple costume.

"What is your name?" asked the artist.

"Consuelo."

"Consuelo," repeated the artist, "and you look inconsolable."

The girl did not understand his remark, but her large dark eyes were turned upon him wondering why.

"Well, Consuelo, we must make the best of our time," said the artist. "Come, I will arrange you as I wish you to sit," and he placed a chair for her, arranging with some care her attitude and drapery.

"You do not feel that, do you?" asked Geoffrey, kindly.

"Oh, no," answered the girl, looking at him with wonder again. It was impossible to her that she should feel that in his presence.

The grave, gentle way in which the Italian won her confidence completely. Anesthetized to rough looks and sometimes blows, the child seemed in the atmosphere of this elegant studio to breathe the air of paradise.

But the look of sorrow did not leave her face; it was too deeply imprinted there.

Geoffrey was soon busy with his pencil. An artist's soul was in his art. To him the infinitely beautiful and infinitely struggling soul to the

oil that it might be copied on the canvas and immortalized.

Consuelo's sitting was not a long one. He thought it best not to tire her too much the first day, and at the end of the third hour rose from his easel, and thanking her, dismissed her till the morrow.

"You will come again, won't you?" said Geoffrey.

The girl's look answered him.

For the first time that she could remember Consuelo went to her miserable home Kappy. A new visit had been planned to her. She had caught a glimpse of another world with which she seemed to feel some strange kinship.

How gladly those days glided by while the Angel of Sorrow, half real and half the creation of the artist's superb fancy, grew upon the canvas!

The last sitting came. Artist and model were to part.

Geoffrey, who had grown familiar with the child, took her hand in his own when he bade her adieu. Suddenly Consuelo burst into tears.

The artist himself felt unexpectedly and strangely moved. Even to him the parting seemed painful. Why! Blind egotist! unknown to himself he had learned to love. Only at this crisis did the truth dimly dawn upon him. But why these tears of hers? Strange infatuation! Then the child must love him also. She had turned away to weep.

"Consuelo," he said gravely, "come here."

Consuelo came at his bidding.

"Look at me straight in the face."

"I cannot," she sobbed.

"Consuelo, why do you weep?"

The face could be doubted no longer except by the blind.

Geoffrey held her tenderly in his arms, murmured. The lovely head rested upon his bosom. His lips were pressed to the blushing cheek.

"Consuelo, would you like to stay here always—to be my wife?" he said rather nervously, half frightened himself.

The girl looked at him and seemed to make some sudden resolve.

Withdrawing herself from his embrace she wiped her eyes, and then without another word or look fled from the studio.

"She is frightened, but I must follow her," said the artist. How soon she had become infinitely precious to him! He hastened to the door, but no trace of Consuelo could be seen. He paused to reflect. He did not know even her address.

The Italian had already called for his money. How should he find her? What strange impulse had caused her to turn and fly so suddenly. It was inexplicable, but he must find a key to the mystery. How? Would she not return to her old avocation, accompanying the organ? If he searched the streets for a few days he would soon meet her again.

But days, weeks and months rolled by, and no trace of Consuelo or the Italian rewarded his anxious search.

So his passion died away into a vague and hopeless regret. Nothing remained of Consuelo but the blending of her beauty with his own dreams in the picture. So he devoted himself with renewed ardor to his favorite pursuit. The "Angel of Sorrow" was completed; extravagant efforts were made for it, but the picture was not for sale. Money could not buy it.

It was hanging in the artist's own studio—his greatest achievement—and many wondered at it. It stood upon the sorrowful face whence

Geoffrey Vall received many visitors at his studio. Wealthy patrons and personal friends brought others often to see the great artist's work, often audibly interrupting him when he wished to be alone, but always courteously received.

Five years had gone by since his brief love dream had had its sudden birth and tragic finale.

His gentle face had grown gentler, and perhaps a tinge of sadness had crept in between the handsome lines; but he had little to complain of so far as success was concerned.

He is busy in his studio when some callers are announced. They are foreigners, evidently, from their names. Geoffrey glances carelessly at the card, and, not recognizing the names, is about to excuse himself, but suddenly changes his mind.

His visitors are shown into the studio.

A gentleman, refined and distinguished in appearance, and a lady some year his junior. A white veil partly occludes the lady's face.

Geoffrey bows politely, and advances to meet them as they are announced. The gentleman, speaking in French, apologized for their intrusion and asks permission to look at some of the artist's work, and the lady, who has observed the artist's favorite picture, lends her companion towards it. After viewing it for some minutes, and exchanging remarks of admiration in their own tongue, the gentleman, turning to Geoffrey, asks him if the picture can be purchased.

"On no consideration," replied the artist. "It is reserved at a price which even the most extravagant would never care to go to."

"Which means that you do not wish to sell it," replied his visitor. The artist bowed in acquiescence.

"And did you ever see a face which suggested such beauty?" asked his visitor, adding "Pardon me, but I have a purpose in inquiring."

"I have seen one," replied the artist, "with which this creation of mine could but feebly compare."

As he said this his eye caught the face of the lady who had removed her veil.

"Consuelo!" cried the artist, forgetting his visitors for a moment.

But they were smiling at him pleasantly.

"Pardon me," he said. "Some fancied resemblance compelled me to utter that name."

The lady approached nearer to him. "Do you not remember me, dear?" she said, softly.

The artist looked puzzled and perplexed.

"Surely it is Consuelo; but pardon me, you have changed your name." And he glanced significantly at her companion. "And you are no more the Angel of Sorrow; you might now pass for the Angel of Joy."

Consuelo seemed to enjoy his perplexity. "And have not you found a tiny Consuelo risen?" she asked laughingly.

The artist shook his head sadly.

"Papa, this is Mr. Vall," said Consuelo, turning to her companion, who offered his hand to greet her with a pleasant smile.

"You are wondering what it all means," said Consuelo, also smiling, but it was a long story, papa will tell you when I look at some pictures toward the studio, and if you wish to repeat the question you asked me long ago repeat it to him."

The story was truly told.

Consuelo had been kidnapped

... ..

Directory of Pocahontas County.

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C. & Co. Courts. J. J. Beard, C. O. Ardogast, C. E. Beard, Pres't., S. B. Hannah, G. P. Moore, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Court convenes on the first Monday in June, Monday in October, Court convenes on the first Monday in January, March, October Tuesday in July July is

MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law. Huntersville, W. Va. Practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the court of Appeals.

MCCLINTIC.

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ARBuckle.

Attorney-at-Law. Lewisburg, W. Va. Practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Attention given to claims for land in Pocahontas county.

KEE.

Atty.-at-Law. Beverly, W. Va.

Practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

NYDER.

Attorney-at-Law. Huntersville, W. Va. H. WEYMOUTH.

IDENT DENTIST.

Beverly, W. Va.

It is a fact that the exact date of each visit will appear in the paper.

P. PATTERSON.

Physician & Surgeon. Huntersville, W. Va.

SHOE BRUSH GONE



Wearied.

I am weary—so weary;
Tired of the cares and sorrows of life—
Tired of longing for something beyond me—
Tired of bustle and din and strife—
Tired of this striving, all vainly, to win something to make our life better and better.
Tired of battling temptation and sin;
Life at its worst is a wearisome fetter.

I am weary—most weary.
Day after day I've toiled in vain;
Toiled and hoped that the night would come quickly.
Bringing me rest for my labor again;
Came the slow night, but my eyes never closed;
Always they glared my hearthstone about.
Came, not alone, but by others attended.
Filling my soul with their darkness and doubt.

I am weary, so weary—
Sitting alone at the close of the day,
Looking out over the meadow lands dreary.
Over and over I softly say,
After the night falls the morn dawneth daily.
After the storm shall the sun shine again.
Hearts be thou strong, for brave hearts perish rarely.
Fight nobly, grandly the battle with men.

EMER E. REXFORD.

Joe Burdette.

If you had told any or all of the boys on the Chicago and Overland railroad that Engineer Joe Burdette was sentimental or soft, not one of them would have believed you—that is to say, they would have believed nothing of the kind until quite recently, when something occurred about which, gentle reader, you are supposed to know nothing until duly enlightened by the narrative.

Joe has run a locomotive over the C. & O. ever since the road was built, twenty years ago. He now pulls the fastest and most important mail and passenger trains, and his name heads the list on the engineers pay roll. He has always been known and recognized as a skillful mechanic, a faithful, steady and reliable man, with nerves of steel and eyes like an eagle's; he has, from the first, attended diligently to his duties, seldom lost time on his run—and has always been respectful to his superiors, courteous to his equals and kind to his subordinates. And yet during all these twenty years, the C. & O. "boys" felt that Joe Burdette had never been really one of them-elves, and were constrained to confess that they knew very little about him.

But there was a little romance connected with Engineer Burdette and a good deal of sentiment has woven itself into his life's history.

Before Joe went to the C. & O., he was a promising young knight of the throttle in the service of a railroad company whose line ran eastward from Chicago. He was a very young man—not yet twenty—but with all the depth and intensity of a quiet, earnest nature he loved (even more than he loved his profession) a fair, sweet girl. And when pretty Anna Redman showed a preference for and finally married the handsomest but "never do well" Dick Pender, Joe Burdette loved her not one whit the less. He was bitter and sorely disappointed himself and he was, in a manly way, generous and kindly to the girl, for he could not but feel that Dick Pender would do her better instead of hurting her. But he could never say a word to Anna or to Pender or to any one else, only he would not let her get out of his sight.

husbandly pride in Pender, the advent of the little one seemed to start the thoughtless and imprincipled young man on a headlong career to the "dogs." It almost broke Joe Burdette's heart (for he had a large, tender heart under his gray-blue blouse) as he perceived that things were going from bad to worse with Pender; and the consciousness that he could not proffer any practical assistance to poor Anna only made it all the harder for him to bear. At last the worst came. The once beautiful and light-hearted girl died, and more's the pity, died of starvation and neglect.

Burdette did not learn the fate of his old love until she had been several days in her grave, and when he set about to discover the shameless father and his wicked babe, both had disappeared—no one knew whither. Joe looked up a shrewd private detective, to whom he took two hundred dollars of his savings, which he thrust into the hands of the professional solver of many social riddles. To the detective Burdette told his story. "Find the babe," said he, "and obtain her father's consent to let me keep her, and I will give you two hundred dollars more."

But neither money or skill were of any avail, and gradually Joe Burdette gave up all hopes of adopting Anna Redman's baby girl.

Six years passed away, and on a pleasant day in summer Burdette, enjoying a "lay-off," strolled through the busy streets of the great Western metropolis. As he wandered along he came upon the entrance to the central police station and prompted by mere curiosity, entered the court-room. The court was at that moment considering the deposition of a little wail, brought in from one of Chicago's bustling highways by a burly police officer. The tiny wanderer was a flaxen-haired girl with huge blue eyes and chubby hands—without hat or shoes and with but one ragged and soiled garment about the little body; so dirty and so neglected—yet wondrously fair and beautiful!

The child was, perhaps, seven years old, or less, and she said that her name was Anna—that was all she knew. But Joe Burdette knew more; he knew, beyond a peradventure, that she was the child of his old love, the child of Dick Pender's dead wife.

"Your honor," said Joe, loud in hand, addressing the court.

"What is it?" asked his honor, who, besides being a judge of firm points of criminal law, was an expert judge of human nature and had just passed a verdict of honest and square upon Joe Burdette.

"I should like to adopt that child, if possible," replied the engineer; and half an hour later, Burdette's reverent, proving highly satisfactory to the court, he walked out of the police station leading by the hand Anna Redman's little girl.

The division headquarters of that portion of the Chicago & Overland road, over which Joe Burdette steered his locomotive were at Steamville, a small but busy rail way town, and thither the engineer took his young ward.

Everybody said that Joe Burdette was crazy; but somehow no body ventured to nodding of him

an who might be—well, the land only know who or what she might be!

Whether Joe suspected the opinion, expressed and unexpressed, of his various neighbors, certain it was that he took much comfort in little Anna, and certain it is, too, that the child dearly loved him, or Dad, as she called him. With Burdette nothing was too good for the child, not even his locomotive. On fine days he frequently took the little girl into his cab, showing her every detail of the workings of his iron steed and explaining the way and the wherefore of each part just as though she had been apprenticed. Indeed, Burdette insisted that she was, and to his chief he declared (when Anna was not ten years old) that his "little'un" knew more about locomotives than half the firemen on the Chicago & Overland, and as much as some of the engineers!

Nine years had passed since Joe's memorable visit to the Chicago police court, and Burdette's girl was fast passing from girlhood to womanhood, but she was still the engineer's baby and Joe was still Dad to her.

There was a strike in progress on the Chicago & Overland, though it did not directly involve the engineers. Among other classes of the employes there existed much bitterness of feeling toward the company and excitement ran high in Steamville.

Joe Burdette, who honestly believed the strikers in this particular instance, to be in the wrong, showed them some sympathy and proposed (with the brotherhood) to stay by the company and his locomotive. This made the strikers exceedingly angry and, as a consequence, Anna was constantly fearful of some harm befalling Joe, or the dearly-loved engine—or both.

One night when Burdette had to pull mail train number four out of Steamville, Anna, in a strange but earnest manner, begged permission to accompany him.

"Why, my dear little girl," said Joe, that can hardly be. No—you stay at home and have breakfast ready in my return."

But the girl, endowed with remarkable persistence, though she could give no good or logical reason for her wish. At last Burdette yielded, and when Number Four pulled out of Steamville there was a girl, wrapped in a big shawl, huddled like a bundle on Joe's seat. In the cab. She hid herself thus so that Joe's enemies might not report him for carrying a passenger on his engine, and she remained in her hiding-place while Joe, with his hand on the lever and his eye set straight ahead, guided the throbbing locomotive through the misty darkness of a November night over the intricate maze of main tracks, side tracks, switches and sidings of the great Steamville yard.

They had got about one mile from the depot, and were still crawling very slowly through the yard filled with idle cars, when Burdette ordered his fireman who had gone to the tender to throw down some coal. Still keeping his hand on the lever, Joe peered through the leather curtain and, as he did so, was suddenly dragged from the locomotive by strong arms, whirled by two of the desperate and revengeful strike

train No. 4 to proceed on its way—unguided and unfettered—to rush with increasing speed to certain destruction. But the girl was equal, and more than equal, to the occasion. She was bright as a dollar and as sure as a whip and, as Burdette had frequently asserted, she knew as much about a locomotive as many of the engineers on the Chicago & Overland. She now saw an opportunity to save Joe's reputation, as well as to make one for herself; she also saw the chance—pay the imperative need—to save the old locomotive and many lives and so to frustrate the villainous plot of the unprincipled strikers.

How she did it not even the girl herself could tell after the exciting time was past. The mail train was scheduled to run over the division without a stop, and run it did. For three hours the plucky girl stood in the cab, guiding the train through all its dangers, both seen and unseen. She peered ahead into the darkness, she watched the steam gauge, and soon shoveled coal into the furnace like an old-time fireman. It was hard work and the hours were of well nigh interminable length; but the end came, and mail train No. 4 rolled into Chicago on time.

To-day the boys hardly call Joe Burdette "crazy," and they are willing to admit that Joe ought to have a "gold spot" for the girl who did so bravely on that eventful night. Nor is one of the Chicago & Overland employes jealous of the fact that upon the pay-roll of the C. & O. engineers appears, each recurring month, the name of Anna Pender.

Cuba, the Smile of the Sea

Nearly four centuries ago Columbus, the adventurous, in the thirteenth island of Cuba, saw happy people with rolled leaves between their lips. Above their heads were little clouds of smoke. Their faces were serene, and in their eyes the autumnal heaven of content. These people were kind, innocent, gentle and loving.

The climate of Cuba is the friend-ship of the earth and air, and of this climate the stored leaves were born—the leaves that breed in the mind of him who uses them the cloudless, happy days in which they grew.

These leaves make friends and celebrate with rites the voice of peace. They have given consolation to the world. They are the companions of the lonely, the friends of the imprisoned, of the exiled, of the worker in mines, of soldiers, of foresters, of sailors on the desolate seas; they are the givers of strength and calm to the vexed and worried minds of those who toiled with thought and dream the temples of the soul.

They tell of hope and rest. They smooth the wrinkled brows of weary-driven toilers and unshapen dreams from out the mind and fill the heart with rest and peace. Within their magic warp and woof some potent, gracious spell implants and lies, that, when released by the doll softly stand within the folds of the body and mind in sleep the captured sunlight of care and grief.

These leaves are the friends of the bedside, and their smoke, like incense, flows from nostrils of happy

Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Huntersville, W. Va.

July 18, 1889.

NEWS FOR WORKING MEN.

"There are more laboring men in Pennsylvania to-day without regular employment than at any time within the last ten years."

The above remark from a gentleman living in Pennsylvania, who has been for a short time in Pocahontas County looking after large investments here, is noted for consideration.

The Overshadowing Issue.

The Chicago Tribune, the Philadelphia Press, and in fact all the republican papers of the north, appear to have an idea that the question of "high tariff, low tariff, or no tariff," are disturbing the harmony of the south, and splitting the democratic party into four or five small pieces.

With this imaginary state of affairs on their minds, the organs are going ahead indulging in the most gleeful anticipation of the day when the solid south will be broken into fragments, and several states snugly at home in the bosom of the republican party.

Such fatuousness as this is worthy of attention, if only for the amusement it affords those who thoughtfully understand the situation. The republican organs get their cue from those democratic newspapers which, by reason of their ignorance and prejudice, have been engaged in a futile effort to make the tariff the test of democracy.

But the organs ought to perceive that there is no longer any serious attempt on the part of any respectable democratic journal to read other democrats out of the party. Brother Waterson is no longer the obstreperously vengeful kicker that he was, and the idea is gradually dawning on all democrats, of whatever shade of opinion, that the democratic party is a bigger thing than any single issue that can be mentioned. So far as the south is concerned, its people (as the Richmond Dispatch observes) are in no condition to disturb themselves over high tariff, low tariff or no tariff. They are confronted by no less and vastly more important and more pressing than any branch of the tariff question. That issue is the negro problem, and it will continue to consume the one issue, so far as the south is concerned, as long as the republican party remains the party of sectionalism and horribleness.

The northern people, it may be observed, deal with this negro problem as they please when it affects their own interests. Thus Chicago will not allow negroes to act as the trustees of its public schools, and there are white people in Ohio and republicans at that, who are willing to violate a state law rather than allow negro children to attend the white schools.

But when it comes to the south, the northern people seem to be of the opinion that the negro problem should be settled from the outside, and it is this disposition that will

keep the south solid in this line of all other issues.—Atlanta Constitution.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON July, 12.—Political ammunition and very warm weather do not usually go together in Washington, but this week is an exception, for although the thermometer has been dancing around in the nineties all the week we have had a real genuine sensation. At first it was given out that Secretary Noble had presumptuously removed Pension Commissioner Tanner on account of the way in which he had been running the Pension Office. It was stated that Tanner had resigned because the Secretary had reprimanded him and Assistant Secretary Hussey. Both of these reports turned out to have been wrong. Mr. Tanner has neither been removed, nor has he resigned. But one or the other may yet occur, as the relations between the Secretary and the Commissioner are decidedly strained. The day after Tanner's return from his western trip he received a summons from Secretary Noble to come at once to his private office. Arrived there he found Assistant Secretary Hussey, who has charge of the appeals from the pension office and who is in sympathy with the Commissioner's ideas, and Secretary Noble. An animated discussion was at once begun with Tanner and Hussey on one side, and Noble on the other. It is said that the Secretary gave them both to understand in the plainest sort of language, that they were subordinates of his. And right here is, I understand, the root of the whole trouble. The Secretary has no serious objection to anything that Tanner has done, but he objects to Tanner's way of doing them. He wants the facts impressed on the mind of the public that the pension bureau is a part of the department of the Interior, and that he (Noble) is at the head of that department.

Mr. Harrison has gone to join his family at Deer Park. It is given out at the White House that he will spend very little time here for the rest of the warm weather, not over two days a week at the outside. This taken to mean that very few Presidential appointments will be made between now and September.

Public Printer Palmer has taken his cue from the President and is going very slow in making new appointments. He has just made the most important in his gift shop clerk, and the members of his party do not like it, although the gentleman appointed is a republican. Mr. Collins the lucky man, entered the office as an apprentice, served his time and was afterwards detailed for clerical work. He has been for several years head book keeper and was not an applicant for the chief clerkship.

Mr. Harrison has positively refused to give office seekers the names of parties that make charges against them. He says to do so would be to frighten other people and prevent their telling him of bad things they might know about future applicants.

Secretary Blaine will be represented at the State department until September by his son, William, who returned from his tour of the world last week. I understand that Mr. Harrison will visit Mr. Blaine at his home as soon as he can find time to map out his first message to Congress.

A new division has been established in the department of Agriculture and War, Mr. M. M. Mendenhall has been put in charge of it. Mr. Mendenhall will be to render aid and sympathy to the reports and bulletins issued by the department, so that they may be understood by those not familiar with technical and scientific terms.

Senator Quay's friend, Tom Clegg, has captured the Collectorship of the port of Philadelphia.

Secretary Windom has prohibited the use of the steam plate printing process in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, notwithstanding the offer of the owners of them to accept the royalty named by Congress—One cent per thousand impressions. They received \$1.00 per thousand previous to July.

Washington is to have another attraction added to the many it already possesses. The historic old line-of-battle ship "Constitution" is to be brought from Portsmouth New Hampshire, where she now is, to the Washington Navy Yard, when she will be used as a receiving ship. The Constitution has a proud history.

The department of the Interior announces that no more appointments will be made in the Census Bureau until September.

Discharges of minor officials in the departments have not quite so frequent just now.

The Civil Service Commission was in New York City nearly all this week.

Secretary Rank denies that Gen. Felix Agnis of the Baltimore American gave him a blooded horse, as was published.

Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. Watson's *Castoria* should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer's pain, it produces natural, quiet sleep, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for all disorders, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The prize-fight about which all the ruffians of two continents and a very large minority of educated gentlemen have been thinking and talking for the last month came off, and today Sullivan is the undisputed champion of the world.

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Mrs. ex President John Tyler died in Richmond, Va., on the evening of the 10th.

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by local applications as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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At a Court held in and for said Court (the) at the County of Pocahontas, West Virginia, on the 12th day of July, 1889.

Extra No. 11 of the

County of Pocahontas, West Virginia.

Henry A. V. and Joseph W. P. and Co. vs. A. J. and Co. Defendants.

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